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NATIONS AND THE DECALOGUE.

I.

THE difference between the current doctrines concerning the conduct of men and those concerning the conduct of nations is an old topic of debate, wearisome and inclining to dullness; but every now and then our minds are startled by the contrast, as by the stroke of an unexpected hour, and we bound, as it were, to our feet, resolute to set the matter in our minds in a state of permanent equilibrium. Such bells have been striking frequently during the last year, owing to the difficult questions before the United States and before Great Britain. Simple propositions concerning the objects and aims of a nation have been expressed in simple language. These propositions owe their interest for us to the nature of the objects and aims advocated, and not to the particular circumstances which caused the advocates to speak. Colonel Denby, one of our commissioners to the Philippines, has said: "Commerce, not politics, is king. I learned what I know of diplomacy in a severe school. I found among my colleagues not the least hesitation in proposing to their respective governments to do anything which was supposed to be conducive to their interests. *There can be no other rule for the government of all persons who are charged with the conduct of affairs than the promotion of the welfare of their respective countries.*" "The cold, hard, practical question alone remains: Will the possession of these islands benefit us as a

nation?" Mr. Edward Dicey, C. B., writing in the Nineteenth Century of Mr. Gladstone's conduct after the battle of Majuba Hill, said: "I am willing to grant that Mr. Gladstone seriously believed that for England to make peace without an attempt to reestablish her impaired prestige was an act so magnanimous as to be certain to secure the admiration of mankind, to bring about a union of hearts between Boers and British, and to inaugurate an era of good will and peace, not only in the annals of South Africa, but of the British Empire. The conception, I fully admit, was grand, but a *failure is a failure, no matter what may have been the nobility of the motives by which its authors were inspired.*" Senator Beveridge opened the debate upon the Philippine question in the Senate by argument that the matter was a commercial speculation, that a very large profit was absolutely certain, and that the rulers of a nation had nothing more to consider. "*The Philippines are so valuable in themselves that we should hold them.*"

The interest in these passages lies in the fundamental doctrine that a state is an exceedingly simple society, with no concerns except those of its belly; and in the corollary thereto, that its rulers ought to give free rein to an appetite which in a private citizen ought to be checked and controlled. By a logical necessity, the statecraft of stuffing the belly carries its own pack of means on its back, for as

surely as we think only of the belly we shall do those things that creatures do who have only the belly to think of. Poor Richard says, "He who thinks that money is everything will do everything to get money." It is a law of life that means match ends: fair means to fair ends, foul means to foul ends.

The conception of statecraft shown in our quotations is no new doctrine. Four hundred years ago Machiavelli held similar notions, and he spoke with a frankness equal to that of Senator Beveridge; but he differs in his expositions, for he spends little space upon the ends of statecraft, taking them for granted, and discourses chiefly upon the means to those ends. He says: "How worthy it is in a ruler to keep faith, to practice fair dealing, and not cunning, everybody agrees. Nevertheless, experience in these days teaches us that those rulers have done great things who have made little account of keeping faith, who have had cunning to bewilder men's minds, and that in the end they have overcome those who have based their conduct on honest dealing. . . . A prudent ruler cannot, nor ought he to keep faith, when such fidelity shall turn against him, and the reasons which moved him to make his promises are spent. . . . And a ruler will never lack pretexts to color his breach of faith. Of this I could give numberless examples in our own times, and show how many treaties, how many promises, have been made naught by the faithlessness of rulers; and he who best has played the fox has prospered best. But it is necessary to know well how to conceal this nature, and to be a great deceiver and hypocrite; for men are so simple, and yield so readily to the wants of the moment, that he who will trick shall always find another who will suffer himself to be tricked. . . . We must recognize this, that a ruler, and especially a new ruler (one serving his first term), cannot observe all those things which men deem good; being often obliged, for the

welfare of the state, to act contrary to humanity, contrary to charity, contrary to religion. And besides, he must have a mind ready to shift as the winds and eddies of fortune bid; not to depart from good, if he can help himself, but to know how to do evil, if he must. Therefore a ruler must take great care that no word shall slip from his mouth that shall not be full of piety, trust, humanity, religion, and simple faith, and he must appear, to eye and ear, all compact of these. . . . Let a ruler, then, make the state prosper, and his methods always will be judged honorable and be praised by all; because the vulgar are always caught by appearance and by the event; and in this world there are none but the vulgar. A certain ruler of to-day — it is well not to name names — proclaims nothing but peace and faith; had he observed either, he would have toppled the state and his own reputation."¹

This passage displays a courage and a plain-dealing equal to the theme. This frankness in Machiavelli, however, deserves less praise than similar frankness in Colonel Denby or Senator Beveridge, because our English-speaking world attaches greater value to appearance than does the Latin world; thinking that if our children see a vast simulacrum of patriotic honor, piety, and propriety looming huge on the horizon, they will believe it real, until they too are old enough and have worldly wisdom enough to be let into the secret, and to hand the show as a rich legacy, uninjured, to their children. "Respect the Outside" is an English educational doctrine. All ranks stand firm, protesting the reality of the simulacrum; for if somebody should come along and give the painted Colossus a tiny push, what might not happen? When Don Quixote had made himself an helmet out of pasteboard and glue, in order to make proof of it, he set it on a block, and swinging his sword dealt

¹ The Prince, chap. xviii.

it a mighty stroke. It took him some time to put the pieces together, and he deemed it wise not to put the helmet to the test again. So our Anglo-Saxon public, with their quick instincts in practical matters, act on the rule, in international affairs, not to lay a finger on the national simulacrum of faith, honor, and religion, for fear it might tumble over. Instead of cold consideration, nimble analysis, and curious questioning of policy; instead of discussing the advantages or disadvantages of national gluttony, patriotic orators praise the piety and magnanimity and devotion with which Great Britain and the United States do their several tasks of civilizing Indians, Irish, Dervishes, Philippines, Boers, or whoever it may be; saying to themselves, Let not our children suspect that there are low animal processes in national life. Thus oratory is fit for kindergartens and little boys. Therefore all the greater praise is due to men of a new way of thinking, who have adopted somewhat of that Latin plainness of speech which is so conspicuous in Machiavelli; who publicly declare, not that a government must act with honor, faith, humanity, and religion, but that it must be resolute to procure the aggrandizement of the state.

II.

This plainness of speech is a great gain; we owe much to the men who have dared to speak out. For the English notion of the worth of appearances, however valuable it may be as a means of education for the young, however valuable for its qualities of scenery and background for a picture of a president or premier and his cabinet, however valuable as a point of vantage from which to throw stones at the Latins, is full of danger. A statesman cannot proceed safely with a major premiss which assumes that all that glitters is gold. Prop appearance as one may, the ways in which it will serve as substitute for reality are few. A national

policy is a whole composed of ends, and of means to those ends. How are we to discuss a national policy, if our rulers proclaim that the nation seeks honor, faith, religion, and those qualities which Machiavelli tells them a government should pretend to seek? Nobody can oppose such ends, debate is confined to means; and, so long as the ends are hidden by words, discussion as to whether the means adopted by the government — war, tariff, monopolies, nepotism, or whatever they are — be the wisest means or no is mere blindman's buff. But when we are told that the government has no proper aim other than the commercial welfare of the country, that noble aims which do not result in commercial welfare are to be blamed, that the sole interest of a nation lies in its belly, then we have a subject to discuss which may justify a certain difference of opinion; and gratitude is due to those plain-speaking men who have put the question so clearly before us.

These statesmen have a perfect right to adopt Machiavelli's reasoning and invoke his authority, because the situation at the beginning of the twentieth century is not so different from that in the time of Machiavelli. In Florence and in Italy there were dangers similar to those which affect the minds of statesmen to-day. Now we stand in the fear of Chinese hordes, or shudder at the premonitory thrills of a life-and-death grapple between the English and the Slav races; then there were Tedeschi, Francesi, Spagnuoli, who were not horrible imaginings, but present fears, and overran the peninsula. Now Europe is struggling for trade with the East; then the seaboard cities of Italy and France, the towns of Flanders, of the Netherlands, of Portugal and of Spain, pricked on their governments to fight for the Eastern trade and its forty per cent increase. In the sixteenth century the individual was as eager to make a fortune at little cost as he is to-day. Then, too,

the Italians felt, in like manner as we feel to-day, that they were "of earth's first blood," and bore on their shoulders the burden of civilization. Machiavelli spurred on his countrymen with Petrarch's verses: —

"Chè l'antico valore

Negli Italici cuor non è ancor morto."

Machiavelli lived contemporary with Cæsar Borgia and Bembo, cardinals; Julius della Rovere, Pope; Benvenuto Cellini, artist; Retino, man of letters; and with a society not very different, perhaps, from that drawn by Boccaccio. It is not to be wondered that as he believed that individuals had no moral standards, he also believed that a government should have no other aim than the aggrandizement of the state, and that the rules of right had nothing to do with statecraft. In this half century, Manning and Newman, cardinals, Leo XIII., Pope, John Ruskin in art, Tennyson in letters, Abraham Lincoln and Gladstone, statesmen, show the softening of our manners and the development of our ethical standards. Mr. Chamberlain, zealous though he be for the spread of civilization, as Torquemada for that of true religion, recognizes the changed customs of the time. President McKinley, resolute though he be for the enlargement of the United States, as Louis XI. for that of France, recognizes the changes in statecraft. Nevertheless, the clash of national interests is very much like what it was centuries ago. We change the fashion of the stomacher, but the old appetites remain. And if, as Senator Beveridge would say, the old appetites remain unchanged, why change the processes of feeding?

On the other hand, it may be suggested that the continuance of the same processes of feeding has perpetuated the old appetites; that on the whole the success of Europe as a commonwealth of nations has not been so conspicuous as to warrant a hasty judgment that good fruit has grown from these methods. In Italy, for example, Machiavelli's rules were

obeyed, and three hundred years of degradation followed. Relief came to Italy from the sympathy of England, the romance of France, the self-sacrifice of her own sons; no Borgia, no Medici, saved her, but the preachings of Mazzini, the deeds of Garibaldi. If doctrines in conformity to an ethical standard serve the interest of a single state, why not try them as rules of statecraft in international relations?

It does not seem unreasonable for a state to try an ethical standard. Presidents and premiers have admitted that such a standard among individuals has been of great service to humanity; that it has enabled races to prevail over others in which individuals followed only the rules of selfishness. After myriad experiments of other methods, men have fashioned a code for dealing with their fellow men; they have gradually learned to believe in the wisdom of obedience to that code. No man, except a statesman, dares publicly to disavow it. The great product of these myriad experiments of humanity is faith.

Faith is belief in the nobler experience of life. So necessary is that belief to the human race that in all the assaults of expediency there have been men to guard it, packing it as a sacred thing into little sentences. The questionings of selfish men, the curiosity of subtle minds, the skepticism of the advocates of novelty, have only served to grind and polish the great teaching of experience into language which babies can understand; and none reject it except those who have set up in its place what they please to call "knowledge of the world." The real experience of humanity is that right, justice, and high endeavor should guide the conduct of men. The reward of virtue is not always bread, nor of magnanimity to be the cynosure of envious eyes; none the less, we teach our children the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount, and in private life we strive to obey them.

Why are statesmen so fearful of the great experience of humanity, why do they dread an ethical standard, why are they men of such little faith? Why do they, at all times, in all places, shake their heads, and say, "Oh the intricacy, oh the difficulties, oh the clashing and smashing of a million interests!" We all recognize the intricacy and the difficulty surrounding the course of nations. Not from the simplicity of the task of guiding a nation do we wonder at the disregard of those rules of right conduct which govern private men, but because of its manifold dangers and of its infinite perplexities. No man is endowed with sight to see far into the future, no man can foretell the forces which will prevail a generation hence; no ship of state can steer its course by the foam of the surrounding waves. The threads of life are so many and so complicated, the forces of life so myriad, the influences of individual men so uncertain, that no man's experience will serve him for a compass. There is but one course for a statesman to pursue. He must consult the deepest and truest experience of humanity, ponder over it till he feels conviction, and then act in obedience to that conviction continually. The deepest and truest experience of mankind is embodied in its moral laws, and even in tender care of a nation's belly rulers are not wise to disregard it. There is no foresight elsewhere.

If the Ten Commandments bind a man, and prescribe what he shall do and what he shall not do, do they bind two men and three? And if two and three, then do they bind an hundred, and an hundred thousand, and an hundred million? If they bind John P. Robinson, private citizen, do they cease to bind him when he takes oath as selectman, as mayor, governor, member of Parliament, premier, or president? The distinction is worthy of Thomas Aquinas or Tartuffe. Nothing is more striking, as evidence of the nature of the public mind, than the

difference made by crossing the threshold of the Department of State or of the House of Commons. Conscience, inquisitive before, now stays flunkey-like outside, while the public unbounnets, muttering phrases about "practical matters," "affairs of the nation," "economic development," "destiny;" or else silently nods, like men at the funeral eulogy of a bad man, "*Nihil de Re Publica nisi bonum.*" What is there about the oath of office, crossing the congressional threshold, hanging of coats on the Commons' pegs, that makes a grand climacteric in a virtuous man's life, and turns his moral ideas topsy-turvy, and induces him to talk sin and folly? Can he no longer hear the great voices whispering out of the past that by justice shall a nation flourish, and by injustice shall she grow faint? Every great national wrongdoing weakens the bonds of duty between her private citizens; it enfeebles civic virtues; it encourages license and self-indulgence; it induces the rich to oppression, and the poor to crime; it is like a great shock that wrenches every nail in the ship, and by a thousand little weakenings deprives her of the robustness of her strength.

III.

The causes which mislead statesmen to disbelieve the Ten Commandments are many. They believe that the world is governed by greed and its servants; that though the Commandments be read aloud in churches, Lombard and Wall streets, together with all the little byways and alleys which branch therefrom, pay no heed. If that belief be correct, are they justified? Shall a king or a secretary of state lie because the citizens are liars? It is written, "Thou shalt not follow the multitude to sin." Shall statesmen never lead?

They disbelieve because they lack courage to hear "simple truth miscalled simplicity." They are tempted to fight the devil with his own weapons. They see

offices and honors immediately above them stretching out their arms. They distrust long aims, for men are creatures of short life, and, outside of their individual experience, are skeptical of cause and effect. They feel that might will prevail, whatever right may do. They see straight before them the easy path smoothed by the feet of little men. Their hearts are not lifted up to the great interests of the nation. They find that it is difficult for crawling things to stand erect. Thus statesmen wander to and fro over the face of the earth, seeking approval of constituents and patrons, harking to the murmurs of the crowd, and "*Nel mondo non è, se non volgo*," as Machiavelli says.

Moreover, our rulers blindfold themselves, repeating, as we know, that matters of state are so vast, so complicated, so profound, that they cannot be judged by ordinary standards, not if there were an hundred commandments instead of ten ;

"But John P.

Robinson he

Sez they did n't know everythin' down in Judee."

They persuade themselves that they practice some mystery, — priests of Cybele, thyrsus-bearers of Dionysus ; that their actions, like stars, are controlled by skyey laws of which we have no means to judge. It is true that affairs of nations are the greatest matters of business in the world, but they have little mimics. The British East India Company, the Dutch East India Company, even in greatness have not been unlike nations. Their corporate business has been vast and complicated. Lesser corporations are of the same genus, many of the same species : "*Sic canibus catulos similis*." The difference is in degree, not in kind. When the president and directors of a railroad company lower their rates till they have broken a weaker rival, then buy half the stock and one share more, or when they make a bargain with other

railroad companies not to carry freight at less than a certain price, and then privily contract with great shippers to violate that bargain, their acts are of the kind known as *those justified by reasons of state*.

Affairs corporate, in like manner as national affairs, influence those who conduct them. Brown, Jones, and Robinson are good husbands, honest, upright, church-going men, keeping faith and eschewing evil. The moment that they form the B. J. R. company, impersonality enwraps them like a witch's cloak. They have done nothing but combine their goods, yet that union acts like poison. Brown waters the stock, Jones bribes his alderman, Robinson marks the nick of time to break a bargain. In the dregs of their minds is some vague notion that a man of business is nothing but a money-getting animal ; that, as nature has made money his end, she has endowed him by implication with the right to pursue all convenient means to that end. They scent nothing but their duty to increase dividends by hook and crook for their stockholders, who, strange to say, are one Brown, one Jones, and a certain J. P. Robinson. This is the way with statesmen : they do not know that a nation has a soul.

Back of these little causes which conspire together to keep a nation from the path of the Ten Commandments, there is a great, vague, powerful force, that seems to move among the affairs of nations like a current through the waters. It is recognized by all, but it is known to men by different names. Some form this' idea of it, some that. Professor Washburn Hopkins calls it, in its relation to Great Britain, the "higher morality." Senator Beveridge calls it, in its relation to the United States, "racial tendency." He says, "their racial tendency is as resistless as the currents of the sea, or the process of the suns, or any other elemental movement of nature, of which that racial tendency is itself the

most majestic." Others, again, call it "destiny," and others the "will of God." There is always difficulty in giving the appropriate and characteristic name to a force till it be well understood. This force is very simple, and should be well understood. It is an instinct, a powerful instinct; but instincts are not blindly to be followed. Even upon an instinct must judgment be passed, whether it shall be strengthened and obeyed or thwarted and disobeyed.

It needs no knowledge of sociology and biology to see that a nation has life, health, growth, and decay, like an animal; that it has a structure, divided into parts, and maintains life by means of organs with allotted functions. It has a governing power, centralized in its head or capital, which both directs and depends upon the whole body politic. It has members of offense and defense; it has means of communication between its several parts, roads, rivers, wires, which show like a diagram of nerves and muscles; it has an ever hungry appetite, and at times betrays occasional traces of the rudiments of a conscience and of a moral sense. It is composed of a multitude of units, all of which act separately for their private good, and are often slow to act together for the benefit of the aggregate. Groups of individual units perform different functions. Such a whole is not a special creation, nor does it vary greatly from the ordinary type of organism on this planet. A nation is simply the largest of organisms; the forces which control it are primitive instincts, the "higher morality" or "racial tendency" being the chief nerve of the alimentary canal. The vibrations of this nerve shake the faith of our statesmen in the Ten Commandments.

But though a nation is an organism, and has structure and organs like another, there is a respect in which it differs from other low organic aggregates. In the latter the individual cells are of inferior nature to the aggregate to which

they belong,—it owes them no obedience; whereas, in the case of nations, citizens are of superior nature to the nation. Common organisms rightly follow what instincts they have, because instincts are the highest springs of action they know. The cell has no conscience which it can set up in opposition; it cannot appeal to a higher law or urge its own profound experience. Therefore the presumption in favor of an instinct—that it is good—does not hold in the case of nations. Statesmen cannot invoke the authority of the polyp. It must be remembered, too, that the worth of an instinct is to be judged by the length of time it has been tried, and by the success it has achieved. The instincts in man and his progenitors have been at work for ages. Man has triumphed over all his competitors; his race will endure as long as this globe is inhabitable. His instincts have proved their virtue; yet many of them must be governed, controlled, and rebuked. This national instinct, the higher morality, racial tendency, or alimentary nerve has existed but a few thousand years; its future is uncertain, its services in the past are doubtful. It has often brought war, destruction, and suspicion to Europe; it has prevented the interchange of wealth and of knowledge; it has crushed forms of civilization which would be most useful now; when has it brought peace, fraternity, or happiness? Was it national feeling that produced Socrates, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, St. Francis, Dr. Channing, Phillips Brooks? Did nationality produce Jesus?

So we find that this great force, which bears statesmen hither and thither, like cockles on the tide, is nothing but the great national instinct of greed, the craving of the belly. What power has it to excuse statesmen for breaches of the moral law?

IV.

Where there is plain wrong there must be a remedy. It is impossible to

believe that men, creatures of reason and of experience painfully bought, will leave blind nations to the blind guidance of rude instincts which spring, like maggots from cheese, out of the union of many men. We must shunt these guides. Let us not fear to follow our private faith in matters international. Let us not be cowed by apparent failure. Let us serve our God; let us refuse to worship the aggrandizement of our country. If our country is fitted to advance the cause for which Christ was crucified, we are granted the great privilege of serene patriotism. If it is not, let us face the consequences. It may be that this system of division of mankind into nations has had its day. Perhaps nations lag superfluous on the stage. The purpose that they were contrived to serve, the union of people of one blood, and the preservation of the purity of that blood, they have not served. There is not one nation of pure breed and native blood; people of the same race are divided into different nations, — England and the United States, Spain and Mexico, Portugal and Brazil, France and the Province of Quebec, Germany and Austria. They may be mere temporary makeshifts to bridge a gap while mankind prepares some better means of serving its interests. There are signs that this system of nations is breaking up, to make way for a cosmopolitan system. Science with its locomotive forces, commerce with its maxim "*Ubi bene ibi patria*," democracy with its brotherhood of man, are daily undermining the national system. World's fairs, peace conferences, international labor societies, drawings together of Latins and of Anglo-Saxons, — all indicate the coming of a new system, without need of weapons of offense and defense, and with no national belly to be filled.

The substitution of a cosmopolitan system, with its ethical laws, in the place of our national system, with its individualistic laws, will no doubt be a long task. Two famous endeavors to effect

that substitution have been made in the past by the European world. The first was the Roman attempt at universal empire, which failed because no one people can supply and adjust the amount of capacity necessary to administer the affairs of the world. The lesson from this attempt is that, not empire, but federation is the true political step toward a cosmopolitan system. The second was the attempt of the Roman Church to make a political Christendom, by bringing all nations into a common obedience to an ecclesiastical Christianity. But the evil conduct of her great priests weakened the Church, and the strong instincts of nationality foiled the attempt. The lesson from this failure is that the fruits of religion cannot grow upon political graftings. An attempt at universal empire is not likely to be made again by one nation; but it may well be that Christianity, embodying as it does the great truths of human experience, will be the chief factor in the federation of the world; that that cosmopolitanism which shall supplant the crew of nations will be a new name for Christendom; that Christian laws will oust national instincts. For though cosmopolitanism does not prevent, nor pretend to prevent, the struggles among individuals, it substitutes symbols of peace in place of national flags, those great exemplars of the brute struggle for dominion; it annuls the sanction given by national customs, by bloody victories, by vulgar history, to the doctrine that might makes right; it brings in the reign of law and of a public opinion which is continually more and more affected by Christianity. Centuries may have to pass into a millennium first, but the longer the road the greater the need of haste.

There are three matters to be recognized clearly. The first is that there is nothing peculiar or mysterious about politics or international relations. When two or three men live within hail of one another political relations begin. Poli-

ties begin when men realize that other men are forces to be considered. Men meet, bow; each drives his wagon to the right; one sells, another buys; they fence their acres in. They put their heads and arms together to chop down a tree, to mend the road, to regulate county matters with the next community. Whether they like it or not, politics have begun, ethical relations have begun, religion has come in; men cannot separate politics from ethics, nor ethics from religion; they are threefold, yet one and indivisible. From that union springs the moral law. Rightly to understand that law is the chief problem of life, and mankind has long been busy at the task; but the immediate matter for men is to understand that what is true of two men and three gathered together is true of tens of millions. Are men to recognize this law, which acts on the individual and on society, only when the company is small and they can see the whites of one another's eyes? The duty of the state is to recognize the scientific truth of the universality and persistence of the moral law, and to put it to use in state affairs.

The second immediate matter is to recognize that education is one of the main functions of a government. Misled by practical difficulties of machinery, by old custom, and by many repetitions, lawyers and lecturers talk of the executive duties of the executive, of the legislative duties of the legislature, as if those terms bounded the subject. Rarely does a man, as Bagehot did in England, stop

to look at the real nature of the functions of President and of Congress. A chief function is to instruct the people by example. The reason that a good and able man should be chosen President rather than a bad and able man is, not that he will execute the laws more promptly and more exactly, but because it is important that a conspicuous object in the nation's eye should be good. One reason that good men, and not bad, should be chosen Senators is that speeches in the Senate should fill the newspapers with lofty thought that will be good for all to read. The influence of men in high places is far-reaching; people take their standards of conduct as they do the fashions of their dress. See the effect of a virtuous court on the manners of a people.

The third matter is the immediate need of plain speech. Shams must be rent asunder, no matter how high the motives which support them. Statesmen must speak out straight from the heart. It is in this that Senator Beveridge and Colonel Denby have rendered so salutary service. Whatever may be the justice of their views on current policy, they have opened the attack against sham. Let there be plain speech, and the American people—among whom the great social experiments are to be tried—shall have the front place in the ranks of nations, to say whether the partisans of the national belly or the partisans of the national conscience shall prevail, and what America will do to make straight the way for Christendom.

H. D. Sedgwick, Jr.

THE MILTON MANUSCRIPTS AT TRINITY.

WHEN Charles Lamb originally printed his Oxford in the Vacation, in *The London Magazine* for October, 1820, he followed his remark, "Still less have I curiosity to disturb the elder repose of MSS.," by the following capricious reflections:—

"I had thought of *Lycidas* as of a full-grown beauty—as springing up with all its parts absolute—till, in an evil hour, I was shown the original copy of it, together with the other minor poems of its author, in the Library at Trinity, kept like some treasure to be proud of. I wish they had thrown them in the Cam, or sent them after the latter cantos of Spenser, into the Irish Channel. How it staggered me to see the fine things in their ore! interlined, corrected! as if their words were mortal, alterable, displaceable at pleasure! as if they might have been otherwise, and just as good! as if inspiration was made up of parts, and these fluctuating, successive, indifferent! I will never go into the workshop of any great artist again, nor desire a sight of his picture till it is fairly off the easel; no, not if Raphael were to be alive again, and painting another *Galatea*."

When Lamb came to read over these sentences, he was perhaps struck with their petulance, for they were omitted from the completed *Essays of Elia* in 1823. They represent merely a little eddy in the backwater of the critic's mind, and it would be unfair indeed to pin him down to a whimsical utterance which he deliberately repudiated. But these forgotten phrases have a certain charm of their own, and they introduce, if only in a spirit of contradiction, the subject of this paper.

It was probably in 1799 or 1800 that either Lloyd or Manning showed Lamb the handsome volume in which the man-

uscripts of Milton reposed in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge. A hundred years had passed since they had been presented to that society; another hundred have now gone by since Lamb inspected them in a mood so surprisingly unsympathetic. It has gradually been recognized that these leaves constitute, in the words of the present Vice Master of the college, "the chief treasure of Trinity Library," rich though that library be in wealth which is even yet not completely estimated. It is well that the authorities of the college should have been awakened at last to the absolutely unique and incomparable value of this possession, for it has taken the greater part of two centuries to make them aware of it; and, in the meantime, very considerable injury has been done to the precious tome, not only by the carelessness and even by the greedy dishonesty of visitors, but, as Mr. Aldis Wright says, "by the rough manner in which it was patched, to remedy the mischief caused by unintelligent admiration." I shall presently speak of the most extraordinary mutilation which it has suffered.

The natural and obvious result of the quickening of the college conscience has been to make it increasingly difficult for visitors to examine the Milton manuscripts with any closeness. The utmost courtesy had always been shown in welcoming any scholar who desired to make a collation or trace a reading. But a more and more salutary and jealous care has deprecated idle examination of the manuscripts, and has even been slow to permit those who can give an account of their interest to touch or handle the frail leaves which are so far more precious than rubies. The consequence is that, without being unknown, the manuscripts of Milton at Trinity have practi-

cally become inaccessible to the student, who, if he were privileged to hold the "pompous volume" for an instant in his hands, was far too greatly overwhelmed with the honor and alarmed by his responsibility to make any literary use of it. The authorities of Trinity College, divided between the sense of the solemn trust which the possession of the most interesting of all English manuscripts lays upon them and the wish not to act like dogs in a manger, have at last hit upon an admirable solution of the dilemma. Under the superintendence of that great scholar, to whom English literature and Cambridge alike owe so much, Mr. Aldis Wright, they have issued, in a limited edition, in very sumptuous form, an exact and complete facsimile of their Milton manuscripts. They may now inclose their treasure in a crystal casket; the excuse for its being touched by even the most learned scholar is gone. Now, too, for the first time, we can examine in peace, and without a beating heart and blinded eyes, the priceless thing in its minutest features.

It should be stated in what condition the manuscripts came to Trinity. In 1691, — seventeen years after the death of Milton, and when his poetry was just beginning to be recognized as a national glory, — Sir Henry Newton-Puckering, a considerable benefactor to the library of the college, presented to it nearly four thousand volumes. At this time, the Master was the Hon. John Montague, the immediate predecessor of Bentley. It appears that among the donations of Sir Henry Puckering was one which outweighed all the others in value, but was entirely unobserved. This was a packet of thirty loose and tattered folio leaves, almost covered with the handwriting of Milton. During the next forty years, these leaves must have brushed the very confines of dissolution; at any moment the caprice of an ignorant custodian might have condemned them to the flames. It is odd to think that the great Bentley,

deeply interested alike in texts and in Milton, had these originals at his elbow for forty years, and never suspected their existence.

It is supposed that about the year 1735 they attracted the notice of the Woodwardian Professor of Geology, Charles Mason, who had succeeded Conyers Middleton in 1731, and who was an investigator of books and libraries. He put a note upon them, — "Milton's Juvenile Poems, etc., seemingly the original," — and he drew the attention of a person more purely literary than himself to the value of his discovery. Thomas Clarke — afterwards Sir Thomas, and Master of the Rolls — "was always a lover of the Muses," and he was at the expense of a handsome shrine for the disjected members of "the most learned and almost divine Poet." But Clarke left Trinity soon after, and the guardianship of the richly bound, thin folio seems to have passed back into the hands of Mason until his death in 1762. During the eighteenth century, from the year 1738, when Birch first made reference to them, the manuscripts were frequently appealed to as authorities by the annotators and editors of Milton.

Mr. Aldis Wright speaks ruefully of the advantages which these early critics had in consulting the folio before it had "suffered from the carelessness with which it was too freely shown to visitors." Even Lamb — the unthankful Elia — had an opportunity of glancing at what we shall never see. During the present century, — indeed, not more than (I believe) forty years ago, — a slip fastened on the inside of one of the pages of the manuscript of *Comus*, and containing seventeen lines of that poem intended to take the place of those on the opposite page, was stolen. It was securely gummed or pasted on, and it resisted so successfully the snatch with which the thief tore at it that the initial letters of thirteen of the lines remained on the fragment which is left. A great

mystery is involved in this remarkable and useless theft, and there are old men who shake their heads, and "could tell, an they would," strange tales about it.

The psychology of this curious little crime has always fascinated me. I imagine the nameless culprit, certainly a man of education and position, perhaps a clergyman, doubtless a scholar of repute, walking down the florid cloisters of Neville's Court in company with a dignified college don, his friend, or a new acquaintance to whom he has been solemnly recommended. They are on the cloistered staircase, and no thought of guile is in the heart of the visitor. A heavy door wheels open, and they pass over the tessellated pavement, and between the long ranges of "storied urn or animated bust." The languorous statue of Byron looks down upon them without suspicion, as they advance; in the strange colored window blazing at the end, Sir Isaac Newton is led by the University of Cambridge (a foolish female form) to where Bacon is sitting at the feet of King George III. And still, in the magnificence and silence, no guile is in the heart of the visitor. Then, carelessly, among other objects of interest, his conductor places in his hand the folio manuscripts of Milton. He turns the pages; it rolls in upon him that this is the very handwriting of the sublimest of the English poets. He turns the leaves more slowly; here in Comus is a slip that seems loose! And now the devil is raging in the visitor's bosom; the collector awakens in him, the bibliomaniac is unchained. His college companion, all unsuspecting, turns into another bay, to select another object. In an instant the unpremeditated crime is committed; the slip is snatched out and thrust into the visitor's pocket, but so violently is it plucked that it tears, and the damning evidence of theft (and such a theft!) clings to the outraged volume forever.

The conducting don has observed nothing, and the desultory exhibition con-

tinues. More objects have to be observed, more curiosities admired. And the miserable malefactor, with that paper corpse bleeding against his breast, must lounge along the dreadful cases, interrogate his terrific companion, govern his pulsing throat by some herculean effort of the will. At last they leave the stately Library, become, to the visitor, a mere shambles, a house of invisible murder. How he totters down the marble staircase; how the great door, grinding on its hinges, pierces between his bones and marrow! And so he goes back to his own place, certain that sooner or later his insane crime will be discovered, certain that his part in it will become patent to the custodians of the college, certain of silent infamy and unaccusing outlawry, with no consolation but that sickening fragment of torn verse, which he can never show to a single friend, can never sell nor give nor bequeath; which is inherently too precious to destroy, and which is so deadly in its association that he will never trust himself to look at it, though his family are all abroad, and he locked into his study. Among literary criminals, I know not another who so burdens the imagination as this wretched mutilator of Comus.

It is the opinion of Mr. Aldis Wright that the earliest part of the precious manuscripts was written in 1633. The year before, a friend at Cambridge — perhaps Charles Diodati — had taken Milton to task for allowing Time, "the subtle thief of youth," to steal on his wing his three and twentieth year. Milton had come to the conclusion that the university was unfavorable to the development of his mind, and that it was proper for him to withdraw to a solitary place and labor under the "great Task-master's eye." He had lately said, in a letter, the first draft of which is preserved among the Trinity manuscripts, "I am sometimes¹ suspicious of myself, and do take notice of a certain belatedness in me." He had

¹ Not "something," as usually quoted.

become conscious of "a mind made and set wholly on the accomplishment of greatest things." Nor was he much in doubt what form his work should take, "in English or other tongue, prosing or versing, but chiefly this later, the style by certain vital signs being likely to live." In this solemn confidence, in this stately temper of self-consecration to the art of poetry, Milton left Cambridge toward the close of 1632.

He was in his father's hands, but we learn from the poem *Ad Patrem* that no difficulties were placed in the way of his dedication. At an age when a profession, a lucrative mode of life of some sort or other, is deemed imperative by most parents, the elder Milton consented to allow his son "to wander, a happy companion of Apollo, far from the noise of town, and shut up in deep retreats." Accordingly he joined his parents in their house at Horton, and there he lived through some five years of happy retirement, devoted to poetry, music, and mathematics. The volume at Trinity College is evidently the notebook in which, during those blossoming years, he was in the habit of putting down the first drafts of his poems, and in which he corrected, tested, and polished them.

What Horton was like, in those days, the reader of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* divines. It was a rural solitude,

"Where the rude axe, with heavèd stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt."

It is still a village, and still in front of the altar of its rustic church may be deciphered the lettering of the tomb where Milton's mother was buried in 1637. But Horton has lost its charm. Its monumental oaks and elms have fallen before the "rude axe;" its lovely, sleepy river, the Colne, has become a canal for commerce; its long meadows, undulating to the far-off keep of Windsor Castle, "bosomed high in tufted trees," have sunken to the market-garden aspect. It is the misfortune of Horton, in fact,

to be only seventeen miles from London, and its freshness, its "glimmering bowers" and "secret shades," have been exchanged for glaring suburban villas. But in the reign of Charles I. this little southern spur of the county of Bucks was still an unravished home of loveliness and quietude, and here Milton, through five delicious years, cultivated to the highest the magnificent powers of his genius.

We have spoken of the Milton book at Trinity as being the most precious manuscript of English literature in the world, and the longer we consider its constitution, the less likely are we to dispute this claim. Nothing of Shakespeare's work remains in his own handwriting; nothing important, so far as we know, of Chaucer's or of Spenser's. Of later poets, indeed, we possess manuscripts of more or less value and interest. But in no other case that I can recall, ancient or modern, has it been our privilege to examine the sheets in which, through several years of the highest creative intensity, a great poet has left on record the very movement of his mind and the hesitations and selections of his art in the act of its production. When that poet is Milton, the most splendid artist in verse whom the English race has produced, the importance of the document stands revealed beyond any need of emphasis or insistence. Now, in the Trinity manuscript, everything is the unquestioned handwriting of Milton, except some of the sonnets, which have evidently been copied by successive amanuenses.

The volume begins with *Arcades*, where the poet made a false start in the opening lines; his first thought being to write, —

"Look, nymphs and shepherds, look, here ends
our quest,
Since at last our eyes are blest."

Unfortunately, these pages have been sadly tattered, and one whole margin of each of them appears to have been

snipped away, for neatness' sake, by "the abhorred shears" of somebody, when they were bound, a hundred and sixty years ago. This is, however, the less important, as the corrections in Arcades are comparatively few.

Next follows *At a Solemn Music*, also badly mutilated. Here Milton is seen to be greatly perplexed with contending plans, and the entire poem is twice canceled, with strong cross pen-lines, and a third time written. We examine the two canceled forms of the ode with particular curiosity, since Milton's failures are more than most men's successes. Here are two lost lines: —

"While all the starry rounds, and arches blue,
Resound and echo, Hallelu!"

and, lower down, the "melodious noise" was originally succeeded by the line,

"By leaving out those harsh chromatic jars,"

which Milton's ear instinctively felt was discordant.

As an instance of the extreme and punctilious care the poet took to make his expression exactly suit his thought and his music, it may be worth the notice and analysis of the reader that he tried "ever-endless light," "ever-glorious," "uneclipsed," "where day dwells without night," "endless morn of light," "in cloudless birth of light," "in never-parting light," before finally returning to the fifth (and certainly the best) of these seven variants.

We then come to the Letter to a Friend, twice drafted, and with innumerable small corrections, proving, in the most interesting way, the extreme importance of the crisis in Milton's life of which this epistle, with its inclosed sonnet, is the memorable record. Then come clear copies of the little odes or sacred madrigals written while Milton was at Cambridge; but here the text was already settled, and these offer us no peculiarities. Nor is there much to say about the three sonnets, which are in another and a later hand. But we now

arrive at *Comus*, here simply called *A Maske*, and dated 1634. This is Milton's own writing, again, and the interlinings and canceled readings are so numerous that we are able to follow the poet in the act of composition. As in *Arcades*, he makes a false start, and the first twenty lines are stormily struck through.

Who has ever lived, but Milton, that was rich enough to throw away such beauties as,

"on whose banks
Eternal roses grow and hyacinths,"

or,

"I doubt me, gentle mortal, these may seem
Strange distances to hear and unknown
climes"?

As we proceed, the main interest is to note the unfailing skill of Milton. He alters frequently, and in altering he invariably improves. Never was there an artist in language of so sure a hand. At the first flow of inspiration, a word will often occur to him which is a good word, but not the best. Thus, in the great Song which *Comus* sings in entering, the sun originally allayed his glowing axle "in the steep *Tartessian* stream." Reading it over, the hissing sound struck the poet's delicate ear, and he found *Atlantic* instead, which reduces the whole to harmony. In the last line of the *Echo* song, the Lady was, instead of giving "resounding grace," to "hold a counterpoint to all Heaven's harmonies." Here one feels that the expression was perceived by the poet to be too technical, and even a little pedantic, and certainly the mending of it is most felicitous. Some of the lost lines from *Comus* — so completely quenched by Milton's broad pen-mark that it seems a doubtful morality to light their wicks again even for a moment — are: —

"While I see you
This dusky hollow is a paradise
And heaven-gate 's o'er my head,"

omitted from the Lady's monologue, evidently, because it delayed it;

"So fares as did forsaken Proserpine
When the big wallowing flakes of pitchy
cloud
And darkness wound her in,"

omitted from the Second Brother's speech
to make room for the more practical sug-
gestion that their sister is in

"the direful grasp
Of savage hunger or of savage beast."

From the famous praise of chastity is
dropped a line, —

"And yawning dens where glaring monsters
house;"

very fine in itself, but canceled, doubt-
less, as overemphatic in that position.
Perhaps nothing will give a more inter-
esting impression of the manuscript than
a quotation from the Spirit's Epilogue to
Comus as it first left Milton's pen. For
purposes of comparison with the present
text, I print in italics all the words which
the poet altered : —

"Then I suck the liquid air
All amidst the gardens fair
Of *Atlas*, and his *nieces* three
That sing about the golden tree."

The next four lines, as we have them,
were an afterthought. The first draft
proceeds : —

"There eternal summer dwells,
And west winds, with musky wing,
About the *myrtle* alleys fling
Balm and *cassia's* fragrant smells.
Iris there with *garnished* bow
Waters the odorous banks that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her *watchet* scarf can shew,
Yellow, watchet, green and blue,
And drenches off with *manna* dew," etc.

In every case the changes will be found
to be an improvement. After meeting
Hesperus and his daughters, we cannot
away with Atlas and his nieces, while
the most rudimentary ear must feel the
improvement gained by substituting "*ce-
darn*" for "*myrtle*," and "*Nard*" for
"*Balm*." Yet this first text was ex-
tremely pretty, and it wanted an artist
of the highest sensitiveness to divine
that what was good might thus give way
for what was even better. In the sec-

ond draft, among the seven-syllable lines,
there suddenly burst out a splendid Al-
exandrine, —

"Where grows the right-born gold upon his
native tree,"

only to be instantly canceled by the mas-
ter.

And now, with deep emotion, we turn
to an examination of *Lycidas*. My im-
pression of the manuscript of *Comus* is
that it represents the actual first concep-
tion, that here we see the poem sprout-
ing and rustling from Apollo's head.
But certainly *Lycidas* had either been in
part already scribbled down, or the au-
thor had worked it in his brain until much
of it had reached its final form. Here
long and elaborate passages are written
as they now stand, and without a single
erasure. The manuscript is dated "*Nov-
emb : 1637*," and this note precedes the
poem : "In this Monodie the author be-
wails a lerned freind unfortunately drownd
in his passage from Chester on the Irish
seas 1637." The only lines of the poem
in which we find much to note are those
in which the image of Orpheus is intro-
duced. The famous quotation is hardly
to be recognized in, —

"What could the golden-haired Calliope
For her enchanting son,
When she beheld (the gods far-sighted be)
His gory scalp roll down the Thracian lea."

The succeeding pages of this wonder-
ful volume take us from the considera-
tion of work completed to that of work
suggested, long abandoned, and finally
revived in a totally different form. Here
we have the evidence that, while he was
at Horton, Milton was closely occupied
with the idea of writing several great
poems on Biblical subjects. He had
formed, alone among his contemporaries,
the noblest conceptions of the function
of poetry. He declared it to be "a
work not to be raised from the heat of
youth, or the vapours of wine, like that
which flows at waste from the pen of
some vulgar amorist . . . nor to be ob-
tained by the invocation of Dame Mem-

ory and her seven daughters, but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases." Solemnly convinced that his own lips had been touched by this coal of consecration, Milton set himself thus early to write sacred tragedies. He sketches in this manuscript, more or less fully, a *Paradise Lost*, an *Adam Unparadised*, an *Abram in Egypt*, a *Deluge*, a *Sodom Burning*, and names or suggests innumerable other themes.

Milton's idea appears to have been, in every case, originally dramatic. He proposed to write choral plays on these Biblical subjects, and what is very curious is that, while nothing then existed of this kind in modern English poetry, the very subjects which Milton selected, and left unworked, at Horton, before 1638, were used by the Dutch poet Joost van Vondel, from whose *Lucifer* Milton was afterward to borrow. I do not think that the abundance of these coincidences — for they can be no more — has ever been pointed out. Vondel was to produce a Biblical drama of Solomon, in 1648, of Samson, of King David in Exile, of Adam Unparadised, of Noah, all subjects which were directly chosen for analogous treatment by Milton. On the other hand, it is very remarkable that the themes which had already been treated by Vondel, such as *The Israelites going out of Egypt*, (1612) and the various developments of the life of Joseph, are particularly omitted by Milton. This looks as though, among the wealth of books, new and old, which came to him at Horton, the early quartos of the greatest of Dutch poets may have been included. He would be induced to sketch more or less similar dramas, avoiding the subjects hitherto treated by Vondel. But while Milton lingered, the immense life of the Dutch poet rolled on, and one by one he unconsciously took up the very subjects

which Milton had confided to his notebook before 1638.

Besides the Biblical subjects suggested for dramas, we find the scheme of a great epic, to be called *Britain's Troy*. Of this, the contents of no fewer than thirty-three books or scenes are indicated. This, without question, was the mode in which Milton intended to carry out the design, of which he speaks in a Latin poem of 1638, "*Indigenas revocebo in carmina reges*," — "I will recall to life in songs our native kings." But in this purely Saxon epic, Arthur, whom also Milton proposed to celebrate, would have had no place. It was to have been a chronicle of the East Anglian kings, from Vortigern to Edward the Confessor, and the notes which Milton has left do not inspire us with any keen regret that the "inward prompting" which led him to take up so dusty a theme persuaded him also to abandon it.

It has been noted by Mr. Aldis Wright that after Milton had written *Comus* in 1634, *Lycidas* in 1637, and certain memoranda still later, he went back to his first quire of paper, and made use of one of its blank pages for the sonnets, which may be as late as 1645. We have a curious impression that this folio of leaves was the only medium by which, during a long series of years, Milton communicated his thoughts to the world. As I have said before, it would be interesting enough, if this manuscript represented a fair copy made by the poet himself of certain of his early works. Yet, as we have seen, it is much more than that. With the exception of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, which have accidentally dropped from the unbound volume, or else were hewn roughly out of the marble elsewhere, these pages form Milton's poetical workshop. Moreover, the collection is, with those exceptions, complete. Between the *Song on May Morning*, written at Cambridge in the spring of 1631, and the Latin and Italian pieces composed in Italy in 1639, there

does not seem to exist another copy of Milton's verses which does not occur in the Trinity manuscript.

We are surprised, though with a happy wonderment, that a life of intense communion with nature, and not of solitude and ease, should have produced so small a sheaf of poetry. But here all is of the first order; all, or nearly all, is practically perfect. It was one of Milton's most extraordinary qualities of will that, with his determined desire to be a great poet, he was yet able to force himself to be silent save when the fiercest passion of genius burned in him. Hence the "mind made and set wholly on the accomplishment of greatest things," "the inward prompting . . . to leave something so written to after times, as they should not willingly let it die," the "long choosing" and the "beginning late," resulted, in the course of seven years of exquisite tranquillity, in a cluster of some eighteen hundred lines. An active person could copy out the whole of Milton's Horton poems in two days, and not be wearied. Yet if the sheaf be slender, it is composed of none but full ripe ears of the richest wheat. The art of verse would be much honored if other great poets could be induced to practice the same noble self-denial. Few men, even of

high genius, are content, in their heyday, to repress the flow of their verses. If Wordsworth, for instance, could have been persuaded to put down on paper nothing which did not rise to a certain level of excellence, how had it relieved our shelves and "blessed mankind"! Even Shakespeare, we know, lacked the art to "blot." Above all other men, Milton possessed the strenuous self-criticism which forbade him even to put down on paper what was below his own topmost aim. It is very notable that in this precious volume at Trinity, in which we see the poet intimately engaged in fashioning and polishing his compositions, there is no trace of a single abandoned work. Milton attempted nothing which he failed to carry through, and the examination of these leaves gives us good reason to believe that he started no poem, not even a sonnet or a song, without being quite sure beforehand that he would be able to complete it in perfection. To all lovers of literature, this volume, which is so jealously guarded in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, is a relic of inestimable value. To those who are practically interested in the art of verse, it reads a more pregnant lesson than any other similar document in the world.

Edmund Gosse.

AN ODE IN TIME OF HESITATION.

(Written after seeing at Boston the statue of Robert Gould Shaw, killed while storming Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863, at the head of the first enlisted negro regiment, the 54th Massachusetts.)

I.

BEFORE the living bronze Saint-Gaudens made
Most fit to thrill the passer's heart with awe,
And set here in the city's talk and trade
To the good memory of Robert Shaw,
This bright March morn I stand
And hear the distant spring come up the land;
Knowing that what I hear is not unheard

An Ode in Time of Hesitation.

Of this boy soldier and his negro band,
 For all their gaze is fixed so stern ahead,
 For all the fatal rhythm of their tread.
 The land they died to save from death and shame
 Trembles and waits, hearing the spring's great name,
 And by her pangs these resolute ghosts are stirred.

II.

Through street and mall the tides of people go
 Heedless ; the trees upon the Common show
 No hint of green ; but to my listening heart
 The still earth doth impart
 Assurance of her jubilant emprise,
 And it is clear to my long-searching eyes
 That love at last has might upon the skies.
 The ice is runneled on the little pond ;
 A telltale patter drips from off the trees ;
 The air is touched with southland spiceries,
 As if but yesterday it tossed the frond
 Of pendent mosses where the live oaks grow
 Beyond Virginia and the Carolines,
 Or had its will among the fruits and vines
 Of aromatic isles asleep beyond
 Florida and the Gulf of Mexico.

III.

Soon shall the Cape Ann children laugh in glee,
 Spying the arbutus, spring's dear recluse ;
 Hill lads at dawn shall hearken the wild goose
 Go honking northward over Tennessee ;
 West from Oswego to Sault Sainte-Marie,
 And on to where the Pictured Rocks are hung,
 And yonder where, gigantic, willful, young,
 Chicago sitteth at the northwest gates,
 With restless violent hands and casual tongue
 Moulding her mighty fates,
 The Lakes shall robe them in ethereal sheen ;
 And like a larger sea, the vital green
 Of springing wheat shall vastly be outflung
 Over Dakota and the prairie states.
 By desert people immemorial
 On Arizonan mesas shall be done
 Dim rites unto the thunder and the sun ;
 Nor shall the primal gods lack sacrifice
 More splendid, when the white Sierras call
 Unto the Rockies straightway to arise
 And dance before the unveiled ark of the year,
 Clashing their windy cedars as for shawms,

Unrolling rivers clear
For flutter of broad phylacteries;
While Shasta signals to Alaskan seas
That watch old sluggish glaciers downward creep
To fling their icebergs thundering from the steep,
And Mariposa through the purple calms
Gazes at far Hawaii crowned with palms
Where East and West are met, —
A rich seal on the ocean's bosom set
To say that East and West are twain,
With different loss and gain:
The Lord hath sundered them; let them be sundered yet.

IV.

Alas! what sounds are these that come
Sullenly over the Pacific seas, —
Sounds of ignoble battle, striking dumb
The season's half-awakened ecstasies?
Must I be humble, then,
Now when my heart hath need of pride?
Wild love falls on me from these sculptured men;
By loving much the land for which they died
I would be justified.
My spirit was away on pinions wide
To soothe in praise of her its passionate mood
And ease it of its ache of gratitude.
Too sorely heavy is the debt they lay
On me and the companions of my day.
I would remember now
My country's goodness, make sweet her name.
Alas! what shade art thou
Of sorrow or of blame
Liftest the lyric leafage from her brow,
And pointest a slow finger at her shame?

V.

Lies! lies! It cannot be! The wars we wage
Are noble, and our battles still are won
By justice for us, ere we lift the gage.
We have not sold our loftiest heritage.
The proud republic hath not stooped to cheat
And scramble in the market place of war;
Her forehead weareth yet its solemn star.
Here is her witness: this, her perfect son,
This delicate and proud New England soul
Who leads despised men, with just-unshackled feet,
Up the large ways where death and glory meet,
To show all peoples that our shame is done,
That once more we are clean and spirit-whole.

VI.

Crouched in the sea fog on the moaning sand
 All night he lay, speaking some simple word
 From hour to hour to the slow minds that heard,
 Holding each poor life gently in his hand
 And breathing on the base rejected clay
 Till each dark face shone mystical and grand
 Against the breaking day;
 And lo, the shard the potter cast away
 Was grown a fiery chalice crystal-fine,
 Fulfilled of the divine
 Great wine of battle wrath by God's ring-finger stirred.
 Then upward, where the shadowy bastion loomed
 Huge on the mountain in the wet sea light,
 Whence now, and now, infernal flowerage bloomed,
 Bloomed, burst, and scattered down its deadly seed, —
 They swept, and died like freemen on the height,
 Like freemen, and like men of noble breed;
 And when the battle fell away at night
 By hasty and contemptuous hands were thrust
 Obscurely in a common grave with him
 The fair-haired keeper of their love and trust.
 Now limb doth mingle with dissolved limb
 In nature's busy old democracy
 To flush the mountain laurel when she blows
 Sweet by the southern sea,
 And heart with crumbled heart climbs in the rose: —
 The untaught hearts with the high heart that knew
 This mountain fortress for no earthly hold
 Of temporal quarrel, but the bastion old
 Of spiritual wrong,
 Built by an unjust nation sheer and strong,
 Expugnable but by a nation's rue
 And bowing down before that equal shrine
 By all men held divine,
 Whereof his band and he were the most holy sign.

VII.

O bitter, bitter shade!
 Wilt thou not put the scorn
 And instant tragic question from thine eyes?
 Do thy dark brows yet crave
 That swift and angry stave —
 Unmeet for this desirous morn —
 That I have striven, striven to evade?
 Gazing on him, must I not deem they err
 Whose careless lips in street and shop aver
 As common tidings, deeds to make his cheek

Flush from the bronze, and his dead throat to speak?
Surely some elder singer would arise,
Whose harp hath leave to threaten and to mourn
Above this people when they go astray.
Is Whitman, the strong spirit, overworn?
Has Whittier put his yearning wrath away?
I will not and I dare not yet believe!
Though furtively the sunlight seems to grieve,
And the spring-laden breeze
Out of the gladdening west is sinister
With sounds of nameless battle overseas;
Though when we turn and question in suspense
If these things be indeed after these ways,
And what things are to follow after these,
Our fluent men of place and consequence
Fumble and fill their mouths with hollow phrase,
Or for the end-all of deep arguments
Intone their dull commercial liturgies —
I dare not yet believe! My ears are shut!
I will not hear the thin satiric praise
And muffled laughter of our enemies,
Bidding us never sheathe our valiant sword
Till we have changed our birthright for a gourd
Of wild pulse stolen from a barbarian's hut;
Showing how wise it is to cast away
The symbols of our spiritual sway,
That so our hands with better ease
May wield the driver's whip and grasp the jailer's keys.

VIII.

Was it for this our fathers kept the law?
This crown shall crown their struggle and their ruth?
Are we the eagle nation Milton saw
Mewing its mighty youth,
Soon to possess the mountain winds of truth,
And be a swift familiar of the sun
Where aye before God's face His trumpets run?
Or have we but the talons and the maw,
And for the abject likeness of our heart
Shall some less lordly bird be set apart? —
Some gross-billed wader where the swamps are fat?
Some gorgier in the sun? Some prowler with the bat?

IX.

Ah no!
We have not fallen so.
We are our fathers' sons: let those who lead us know!
'T was only yesterday sick Cuba's cry

An Ode in Time of Hesitation.

Came up the tropic wind, "Now help us, for we die!"
 Then Alabama heard,
 And rising, pale, to Maine and Idaho
 Shouted a burning word;
 Proud state with proud impassioned state conferred,
 And at the lifting of a hand sprang forth,
 East, west, and south, and north,
 Beautiful armies. Oh, by the sweet blood and young
 Shed on the awful hill slope at San Juan,
 By the unforgotten names of eager boys
 Who might have tasted girls' love and been stung
 With the old mystic joys
 And starry griefs, now the spring nights come on,
 But that the heart of youth is generous, —
 We charge you, ye who lead us,
 Breathe on their chivalry no hint of stain!
 Turn not their new-world victories to gain!
 One least leaf plucked for chaffer from the bays
 Of their dear praise,
 One jot of their pure conquest put to hire,
 The implacable republic will require;
 With clamor, in the glare and gaze of noon,
 Or subtly, coming as a thief at night,
 But surely, very surely, slow or soon
 That insult deep we deeply will requite.
 Tempt not our weakness, our cupidity!
 For save we let the island men go free,
 Those baffled and dislaureled ghosts
 Will curse us from the lamentable coasts
 Where walk the frustrate dead.
 The cup of trembling shall be drained quite,
 Eaten the sour bread of astonishment,
 With ashes of the hearth shall be made white
 Our hair, and wailing shall be in the tent:
 Then on your guiltier head
 Shall our intolerable self-disdain
 Wreak suddenly its anger and its pain;
 For manifest in that disastrous light
 We shall discern the right
 And do it, tardily. — O ye who lead,
 Take heed!
 Blindness we may forgive, but baseness we will smite.

William Vaughn Moody.

THE DÉBUT OF PATRICIA.¹

ONE OF PENELOPE HAMILTON'S ENGLISH EXPERIENCES.

I.

SMITH'S HOTEL,
10, DOVERMARLE STREET, LONDON.

WE are all three rather tired this morning, — Salemina, Francesca, and I, — for we went to one of the smartest balls of the London season last night, and were robbed of half our customary allowance of sleep, in consequence.

It may be difficult for you to understand our weariness, when I confess that the ball was not quite of the usual sort; that we did not dance at all; and, what is worse, that we were not asked, either to tread a measure, or sit out a polka, or take "one last turn."

To begin at the beginning, there is a large vacant house directly opposite Smith's Private Hotel, and there has been hanging from its balcony, until very lately, a sign bearing the following notice: —

THESE COMMANDING PREMISES
WITH A SUPERFICIAL AREA OF
10000 FT. AND 50 FT.

FRONTAGE TO DOVERMARLE ST.

WILL BE SOLD BY AUCTION

ON TUESDAY JUNE 28TH BY

MESSRS. SKIDDY, YADDLETHORPE AND SKIDDY
LAND AGENTS AND SURVEYORS
27, HASTINGS PLACE, Pall Mall

A few days ago, just as we were finishing a late breakfast, an elderly gentleman drove up in a private hansom, and alighted at this vacant house on the opposite side. Behind him, in a cab, came two men, who unlocked the front door, went in, came out on the balcony,

cut the wires supporting the sign, took it down, opened all the inside shutters, and disappeared through some rear entrance. The elderly gentleman went upstairs for a moment, came down again, and drove away.

"The house has been sold, I suppose," said Salemina; "and for my part, I envy the new owner his bargain. He is close to Piccadilly, has that bit of side lawn with the superb oak tree, and the duke's beautiful gardens so near that they will seem virtually his own when he looks from his upper windows."

At tea time the same elderly gentleman drove up in a victoria, with a very pretty young lady.

"The plot thickens," said Francesca, who was nearest the window. "Do you suppose she is his bride elect, and is he showing her their future home, or is she already his wife? If so, I fear me she married him for his title and estates, for he is more than a shade too old for her."

"Don't be censorious, child," I remonstrated, taking my cup idly across the room, to be nearer the scene of action. "Oh, dear! there is a slight discrepancy, I confess, but I can explain it. This is how it happened: The girl had never really loved, and did not know what the feeling was. She did know that the aged suitor was a good and worthy man, and her mother and nine small brothers and sisters (very much out at the toes) urged the marriage. The father, too, had speculated heavily in consorts or consuls, or whatever-you-call-'ems, and besought his child not to expose his defalcations and

¹ In examining an old notebook belonging to Penelope Hamilton, I found some additional sketches of London life, which were evidently intended for her *English Experiences*. The above article is one of them.

Another, a record of "tuppenny travels" in London, will appear in the *June Atlantic*. — KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

losses. She, dutiful girl, did as she was bid, especially as her youngest sister came to her in tears and said, 'Unless you consent, we shall have to sell the cow!' So she went to the altar with a heart full of palpitating respect, but no love to speak of; that always comes in time to heroines who sacrifice themselves and spare the cows."

"It sounds strangely familiar," remarked Mr. Beresford, who was with us, as usual. "Did n't a fellow turn up in the next chapter, a young nephew of the old husband, who fell in love with the bride, unconsciously and against his will? Was n't she obliged to take him into the conservatory, at the end of a week, and say, 'G-go! I beseech you! for b-both our sakes!?' Did n't the noble fellow wring her hand silently, and leave her looking like a broken lily on the"—

"How can you be so cynical, Mr. Beresford? It is n't like you!" exclaimed Salemina. "For my part, I don't think the girl is either his bride or his fiancée. Probably the mother of the family is dead, and the father is bringing his eldest daughter to look at the house: that's my idea of it."

This theory being just as plausible as ours, we did not discuss it, hoping that something would happen to decide the matter in one way or another.

"She is not married, I am sure," went on Salemina, leaning over the back of my chair. "You notice that she has n't given a glance at the kitchen or the range, although they are the most important features of the house. I think she may have just put her head inside the dining-room door, but she certainly did n't give a moment to the butler's pantry or the china closet. You will find that she won't mount to the fifth floor to see how the servants are housed,—not she, careless, pretty creature; she will go straight to the drawing-room."

And so she did; and at the same instant a still younger and prettier creature drove up in a hansom, and was out

of it almost before the admiring cabby could stop his horse or reach down for his fare. She flew up the stairway, and danced into the drawing-room like a young whirlwind; flung open doors, pulled up blinds with a jerk, letting in the sunlight everywhere, and tiptoed to and fro over the dusty floors, holding up her muslin flounces daintily.

"This must be the daughter of his first marriage," I remarked.

"Who will not get on with the young stepmother," finished Mr. Beresford.

"It is his youngest daughter," corrected Salemina,—"the youngest daughter of his only wife, and the image of her deceased mother, who was, in her time, the belle of Dublin."

She might well have been that, we all agreed; for this young beauty was quite the Irish type, such black hair, gray-blue eyes, and wonderful lashes, and such a merry, arch, winsome face that one loved her on the instant.

She was delighted with the place, and we did not wonder, for the sunshine, streaming in at the back and side windows, showed us rooms of noble proportions opening into one another. She admired the balcony, although we thought it too public to be of any use save for flowering plants; she was pleased with a huge French mirror over the marble mantel; she liked the chandeliers, which were in the worst possible taste; all this we could tell by her expressive gestures; and she finally seized the old gentleman by the lapels of his coat and danced him breathlessly from the fireplace to the windows and back again, while the elder girl clapped her hands and laughed.

"Is n't she lovely?" sighed Francesca, a little covetously, although she is something of a beauty herself.

"I am sorry that her name is Bridget," said Mr. Beresford.

"For shame!" I cried indignantly. "It is Norah, or Veronica, or Geraldine, or Patricia; yes, it is Patricia,—I know it as well as if I had been at the chris-

tening. — Dawson, take the tea things, please; and do you know the name of the gentleman who has bought the house on the opposite side?"

"It is Lord Brighton, miss." (You would never believe it, but we find the name is spelled Brighthelmston.) "He has n't bought the 'ouse; he has taken it for a week, and is giving a ball there on the Tuesday evening. He has four daughters, miss, and two h'orphan nieces that generally spends the season with 'im. It's the youngest daughter he is bringing out, that lively one you saw cutting about just now. They 'ave no ball-room, I expect, in their town 'ouse, which accounts for their renting one for this occasion. They stopped a month in this 'otel last year, so I have the honor of m'lud's acquaintance."

"Lady Brighthelmston is not living, I should judge," remarked Salemina, in the tone of one who thinks it hardly worth while to ask.

"Oh yes, miss, she's alive and 'earty; but the daughters manages everythink, and what they down't manage the h'orphan nieces does. The 'ouse is run for the young ladies, but m'ludanlady seems to enjoy it."

II.

Dovermarle Street was so interesting during the next few days that we could scarcely bear to leave it, lest something exciting should happen in our absence.

"A ball is so confining!" said Francesca, who had come back from the corner of Piccadilly to watch the unloading of a huge van, and found that it had no intention of stopping at Number Nine on the opposite side.

First came a small army of charwomen, who scrubbed the house from top to bottom. Then came men with canvas for floors, bronzes and jardinières and somebody's family portraits from an auction room, chairs and sofas and draperies from an upholsterer's.

The night before the event itself I announced my intention of staying in our own drawing-room the whole of the next day. "I am more interested in Patricia's début," I said, "than in anything else that can possibly happen in London. What if it should be wet, and won't it be annoying if it is a cold night and they draw the heavy curtains together?"

But it was a beautiful day, almost too warm for a ball, and the heavy curtains were not drawn. The family did not court observation; it was serenely unconscious of such a thing. As to our side of the street, I think we may have been the only people at all interested in the affair now so imminent. The others had something more sensible to do, I fancy, than patching up romances about their neighbors.

At noon the florists decorated the entrance with palms, covered the balcony with a gay awning, and hung the railing with brilliant masses of scarlet and yellow flowers. At two the caterers sent silver, tables, linen, and dishes, and a Broadwood grand piano was installed; but at half past seven, when we sat down to dinner, we were a trifle anxious, because so many things seemed yet to do before the party could be a complete success.

Mr. Beresford and his mother were dining with us, and we had sent invitations to our London friends, the Hon. Arthur Ponsonby and Bertie Godolphin, to come later in the evening. These read as follows:—

Private View

*The pleasure of your company is requested
at the coming-out party of*

The Hon. Patricia Brighthelmston

On the opposite side of the street

July — 189—

Dancing about 10.30.

9, Dovermarle Street.

At eight o'clock, as we were finishing our fish course, which chanced to be fried sole, the ball began literally to roll, and it required the greatest ingenuity on Francesca's part and mine to be always

down in our seats when Dawson entered with the dishes, and always at the window when he was absent.

An enormous van had appeared, with half a dozen men walking behind it. In a trice, two of them had stretched a wire trellis across one wall of the drawing-room, and two more were trailing roses from floor to ceiling. Others tied the dark wood of the stair railing with tall Madonna lilies; then they hung garlands of flowers from corner to corner and, alas, could not refrain from framing the mirror in smilax, nor from hanging the chandeliers with that same ugly, funereal, and artificial-looking vine, — this idea being the principal stock in trade of every florist in the universe.

We could not catch even a glimpse of the supper rooms, but we saw a man in the fourth-story front room filling dozens of little glass vases, each with its single malmaison, rose, or camellia, and dispatching them by an assistant to another part of the house; so we could imagine from this the scheme of decoration at the tables. — No, not new, perhaps, but simple and effective.

By the time we had finished our entrée, which happened to be lamb cutlets and green peas, and had begun our roast, which was chicken and ham, I remember, they had put wreaths at all the windows, hung Japanese lanterns on the balcony and in the oak tree, and transformed the house into a blossoming bower.

At this exciting juncture Dawson entered unexpectedly with our sweet, and for the first and only time caught us literally "red-handed." Let British subjects be interested in their neighbors, if they will (and when they refrain I am convinced that it is as much indifference as good breeding), but let us never bring our country into disrepute with an English butler! As there was not a single person at the table when Dawson came in, we were obliged to say that we had finished dinner, thank you, and would

take coffee; no sweet to-night, thank you.

Willie Beresford was the only one who minded, but he rather likes cherry tart. It simply chanced to be cherry tart, for our cook at Smith's Private Hotel is a person of unbridled fancy and endless repertory. She sometimes, for example, substitutes rhubarb for cherry tart quite out of her own head; and when balked of both these dainties, and thrown absolutely on her own boundless resources, will create a dish of stewed green gooseberries and a companion piece of liquid custard. These unrelated concoctions, when eaten at the same moment, as is her intention, always remind me of the lying down together of the lion and the lamb, and the scheme is well-nigh as dangerous, under any other circumstances than those of the digestive millennium. I tremble to think what would ensue if all the rhubarb and gooseberry bushes in England should be uprooted in a single night. I believe that thousands of cooks, those not possessed of families or Christian principles, would drown themselves in the Thames forthwith, but that is neither here nor there, and the Hon. Arthur denies it. He says, "Why commit suicide? Ain't there currants?"

I had forgotten to say that we ourselves were all *en grande toilette*, down to satin slippers, feeling somehow that it was the only proper thing to do; and when Dawson had cleared the table and ushered in the other visitors, we ladies took our coffee and the men their cigarettes to the three front windows, which were open as usual to our balcony.

We seated ourselves there quite casually, as is our custom, somewhat hidden by the lace draperies and potted hydrangeas, and whatever we saw was to be seen by any passer-by, save that we held the key to the whole story, and had made it our own by right of conquest.

Just at this moment — it was quarter past nine, although it was still bright day-

light — came a little procession of servants who disappeared within the doors, and as they donned caps and aprons would now and then reappear at the windows. Presently the supper arrived. We did not know the number of invited guests (there are some things not even revealed to the Wise Women), but although we were a trifle nervous about the amount of eatables, we were quite certain that there would be no dearth of liquid refreshment.

Contemporaneously with the supper came a four-wheeler with a man and a woman in it.

Sal. "I wonder if that is Lord and Lady Brighthelmston?"

Mrs. B. "Nonsense, my dear; look at the woman's dress."

W. B. "It is probably the butler, and I have a premonition that that is good old Nurse with him. She has been with the family ever since the birth of the first daughter twenty-four years ago. Look at her cap ribbons; note the fit of the stiff black silk over her comfortable shoulders; you can almost hear her creak in it!"

B. G. "My eye! but she's one to keep the goody-pot open for the youngsters! She'll be the belle of the ball so far as I'm concerned."

Fran. "It's impossible to tell whether it's the butler or paterfamilias. Yes, it's the butler, for he has taken off his coat and is looking at the flowers with the florist's assistant."

B. G. "And the florist's assistant is getting slated like one o'clock! The butler does n't like the rum design over the piano; no more do I. Whatever is the matter with them now?"

They were standing with their faces towards us, gesticulating wildly about something on the front wall of the drawing-room; a place quite hidden from our view. They could not decide the matter, although the butler intimated that it would quite ruin the ball, while the assistant mopped his brow and threw all the

blame on somebody else. Nurse came in, and hated whatever it was the moment her eye fell upon it. She could n't think how anybody could abide it, and was of the opinion that his ludship would have it down as soon as he arrived.

Our attention was now distracted by the fact that his ludship did arrive. It was ten o'clock, but barely dark enough yet to make the lanterns effective, although they had just been lighted.

There were two private carriages and two four-wheelers, from which paterfamilias and one other gentleman alighted, followed by a small feminine delegation.

"One young chap to brace up the governor," said Bertie Godolphin. "Then the eldest daughter is engaged to be married; that's right; only three daughters and two h'orphan nieces to work off now!"

As the girls scampered in, hidden by their long cloaks, we could not even discover the two we already knew. While they were divesting themselves of their wraps in an upper chamber, Nurse hovering over them with maternal solicitude, we were anxiously awaiting their criticisms of our preparations.

III.

For three days we had been overseeing the details. Would they approve the result? Would they think the grand piano in the proper corner? Were the garlands hung too low? Was the balcony scheme effective? Was our menu for the supper satisfactory? Were there too many lanterns? Lord and Lady Brighthelmston had superintended so little, and we so much, that we felt personally responsible.

Now came musicians with their instruments. The butler sent four melancholy Spanish students to the balcony where they began to tune mandolins and guitars, while a Hungarian band took up its position, we conjectured, on some exten-

sion or balcony in the rear, the existence of which we had not guessed until we heard the music later. Then the butler turned on the electric light, and the family came into the drawing-rooms.

They did admire them as much as we could wish, and we, on our part, thoroughly approved of the family. We had feared it might prove dull, plain, dowdy, though well-born, with only dear Patricia to enliven it, but it was well-dressed, merry, and had not a thought of glancing at the windows or pulling down the blinds, bless its simple heart!

The mother entered first, wearing a gray satin gown and a diamond crown that quite established her position in the great world. Then girls, and more girls: a rose-pink girl, a pale green, a lavender, a blue, and our Patricia, in a cloud of white with a sparkle of silver, and a diamond arrow in her lustrous hair.

What an English nosegay they made to be sure, as they stood in the back of the room while paterfamilias approached, and calling each in turn, gave her a lovely bouquet from a huge basket held by the butler.

Everybody's flowers matched everybody's frock to perfection; those of the h'orphan nieces were just as beautiful as those of the daughters, and it is no wonder that the English nosegay descended upon paterfamilias, bore him into the passage, and if they did not kiss him soundly, why did he come back all rosy and crumpled, smoothing his disheveled hair, and smiling at Lady Brighthelmston? We speedily named the girls Rose, Mignonette, Violet, and Celandine, each after the color of her frock.

"But there are only five, and there ought to be six," whispered Salemina, as if she expected to be heard across the street.

"One — two — three — four — five, you are right," said Mr. Beresford; "the plainest of the lot must be staying in Wales with a maiden aunt who has a lot of money to leave. The old lady is n't

so ill that they can't give the ball, but just ill enough so that she may make her will wrong if left alone; poor girl, to be plain, and then to miss such a ball as this, — hello! the first guest! He is on time to be sure; I hate to be first, don't you?"

The first guest was a strikingly handsome fellow, irreproachably dressed and unmistakably nervous.

"He is afraid he is too early!"

"He is afraid that if he waits he'll be too late!"

"He does n't want the driver to stop directly in front of the door."

"He has something beside him on the seat of the hansom."

"The tissue paper has blown off; it is flowers."

"It is a *piece*! Jove, this *is* a rum ball!"

"What *is* the thing? No wonder he does n't drive up to the door and go in with it!"

"It is a *harp*, as sure as I am alive!"

Then electrically from Francesca, "It is Patricia's Irish lover! I forget his name."

"Rory!"

"Shamus!"

"Michael!"

"Patrick!"

"Terence!"

"Hush!" she exclaimed at this chorus of Hibernian Christian names, "it is Patricia's undeclared, impecunious lover. He is afraid that she won't know his gift is a harp, and afraid that the other girls will. He feared to send it, lest one of the sisters or h'orphan nieces should get it; it is frightful to love one of six, and the cards are always slipping off, and the wrong girl is always getting your love token or your offer of marriage."

"And if it is an offer, and the wrong woman gets it, she always accepts, somehow," said Mr. Beresford; "it's only the right one who declines!" and here he certainly looked at me pointedly.

"He hoped to arrive before any one

else," Francesca went on, "and put the harp in a nice place, and lead Patricia up to it, and make her wonder who sent it. Now, poor dear (yes, his name is sure to be Terence), he is too late, and I am sure he will leave it in the haunsom, he will be so embarrassed."

And so he did, but alas, the driver came back with it in an instant, the butler ran down the long path of crimson carpet that covered the sidewalk, the first footman assisted, the second footman pursued Terence and caught him on the staircase, and he descended reluctantly, only to receive the harp in his arms and send a tip to the cabman, whom of course he was cursing in his heart.

"I can't think why he should give her a harp," mused Bertie Godolphin. "Such a rum thing, a harp, is n't it? It's too heavy for her to 'tote,' as you say in the States."

"Yes, we always say 'tote,' particularly in the North," I replied; "but perhaps it is Patricia's favorite instrument. Perhaps Terence first saw her at the harp, and loved her from the moment he heard her sing *The Minstrel Boy* and *The Meeting of the Waters*."

"Perhaps he merely brought it as a sort of symbol," suggested Mr. Beresford; "a kind of flowery metaphor, signifying that all Ireland, in his person, is at her disposal, only waiting to be played upon."

"If that is what he means, he must be a jolly muff," remarked the Hon. Arthur. "I should think he'd have to send a guidebook with the bloomin' thing."

We never knew how Terence arranged about the incubus; we only saw that he did not enter the drawing-room with it in his arms. He was well received, although there was no special enthusiasm over his arrival; but the first guest is always at a disadvantage.

He greeted the young ladies as if he were in the habit of meeting them often, but when he came to Patricia, well, he greeted her as if he could never meet her

often enough; there was a distinct difference, and even Mrs. Beresford, who had been incredulous, succumbed to our view of the case.

Patricia took him over to the piano to see the arrangement of some lilies. He said they were delicious, but looked at her.

She asked him if he did not think the garlands lovely.

He said, "Perfectly charming," but never lifted his eyes higher than her face.

"Do you like my dress?" her glance seemed to ask.

"Wonderful!" his seemed to reply, as he stealthily put out his hand and touched a soft fold of its white fluffiness.

I could hear him think, as she leaned into the curve of the Broadwood and bent over the flowers:—

"Have you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall of the snow
Before the soil hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of beaver?
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier?
Or the nard i' the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
Oh, so white! oh, so soft! oh, so sweet is she!"

A footman entered, bearing the harp, which he placed on a table in the corner. He disclaimed all knowledge of it, having probably been well paid to do so, and the unoccupied girls gathered about it like bees about a honeysuckle, while Patricia and Terence stayed by the piano.

IV.

"To think it may never be a match!" sighed Francesca, "and they are such an ideal pair! But it is easy to see that the mother will oppose it, and although Patricia is her father's darling, he cannot allow her to marry a handsome young pauper like Terence."

"Cheer up!" said Bertie Godolphin reassuringly. "Perhaps some unrelenting beggar of an uncle will die of

old age next week and leave him the title and estates."

"I hope she will accept him to-night, if she loves him, estates or no estates," said Salemina, who, like many ladies who have elected not to marry, is distinctly sentimental and has not an ounce of worldly wisdom.

"Well, I think a fellow deserves some reward," remarked Mr. Beresford, "when he has the courage to drive up in a hansom bearing a green harp with yellow strings in his arms. It shows that his passion has quite eclipsed his sense of humor. By the way, I am not sure but I should choose Rose, after all; there's something very attractive about Rose."

"It is the fact that she is promised to another," laughed Francesca somewhat pertly.

"She would make an admirable wife," Mrs. Beresford interjected — absent-mindedly; "and so of course Terence will not choose her, and similarly neither would you, if you had the chance."

At this Mrs. Beresford's son glances up at me with twinkling eyes, and I can hardly forbear smiling, so unconscious is she that his choice is already made; however, he replies: "Who ever loved a woman for her solid virtues, mother? Who ever fell a victim to punctuality, patience, or frugality? It is other and different qualities which color the personality and ensnare the heart; though the stodgy and reliable traits hold it, I dare say, when once captured. Don't you know Berkeley says, 'D——n it, madam, who falls in love with attributes?'"

Meantime Violet and Celandine have come out on the balcony, and seeing the tinkling musicians there, have straightway banished them to another part of the house.

"A good thing, too!" murmured Bertie Godolphin, "making a beastly row in that 'nailing' little corner, collecting a crowd sooner or later, don't you

know, and putting a dead stop to the jolly little flirtations."

The Hon. Arthur glanced critically at Celandine. "I should make up to her," he said thoughtfully. "She's the best groomed one of the whole stud, though why you call her Celandine I can't think."

"It's a flower, and her dress is blue, can't you see, man? You've got no sense of color," said the candid Bertie. "I believe you'd just as soon be a green parrot with a red head as not."

And now the guests began to arrive; so many of them and so near together that we hardly had time to label them as they said good-evening, and told dear Lady Brighthelmston how pretty the decorations were, and how prevalent the influenza had been, and how very sultry the weather, and how clever it was of her to give her party in a vacant house, and what a delightful marriage Rose was making, and how well dear Patricia looked.

The sound of the music drifted into the usually quiet street, and by half past eleven the ball was in full splendor. Lady Brighthelmston stood alone now, greeting all the late arrivals; and we could catch a glimpse now and then of Violet dancing with a beautiful being in a white uniform, and of Rose followed about by her accepted lover, both of them content with their lot, but with feet quite on the solid earth.

Celandine was a bit of a flirt, no doubt. She had many partners, walked in the garden with them impartially, divided her dances, sat on the stairs. Wherever her blue draperies moved nonsense, merriment, and chatter followed in her wake.

Patricia danced often with Terence. We could see the dark head, darker and a bit taller than the others, move through the throng, the diamond arrow gleaming in its lustrous coils. She danced like a flower blown by the wind. Nothing could have been more graceful, more stately. The bend of her slender

body at the waist, the pose of her head, the line of her shoulder, the suggestion of dimple in her elbow, —all were so many separate allurements to the kindling eye of love.

Terence certainly added little to the general brilliancy and gayety of the occasion, for he stood in a corner and looked at Patricia whenever he was not dancing with her, "all eye when one was present, all memory when one was gone."

V.

Shortly after midnight our own little company broke up, loath to leave the charming spectacle. The guests departed with the greatest reluctance, having given Dawson a half-sovereign for waiting up to lock the door. Mrs. Beresford said that it seemed unendurable to leave matters in such an unfinished condition, and her son promised to come very early next morning for the latest bulletins.

"I leave all the romances in your hands," he whispered to me; "do let them turn out happily, do!"

Salemina also retired to her virtuous couch, remembering that she was to visit infant schools with a great educational dignity on the morrow.

Francesca and I turned the gas entirely out, although we had been sitting all the evening in a kind of twilight, and slipping on our dressing gowns sat again at the window for a farewell peep into the past, present, and future of the "Brighthelmston set."

At midnight the dowager duchess arrived. She must at least have been a dowager duchess, and if there is anything greater, within the bounds of a reasonable imagination, she was that. Long streamers of black tulle floated from a diamond soup-tureen which surmounted her hair. Narrow puffings of white traversed her black velvet gown in all directions, making her look somewhat like

a railway map, and a diamond fan-chain defined, or attempted to define, what was in its nature neither definable nor confinable, to wit, her waist, or what had been, in early youth, her waist.

The entire company was stirred by the arrival of the dowager duchess, and it undoubtedly added new *éclat* to what was already a fashionable event; for we counted three gentlemen who wore orders glittering on ribbons that crossed the white of their immaculate linen, and there was an Indian potentate with a jeweled turban who divided attention with the dowager duchess's diamond soup-tureen.

At twelve thirty Lord Brighthelmston chided Celandine for flirting too much.

At twelve forty Lady Brighthelmston reminded Violet (who was a *l'orphan* niece) that the beautiful being in the white uniform was not the eldest son.

At twelve fifty there arrived an elderly gentleman, before whom the servants bowed low. Lord Brighthelmston went to fetch Patricia, who chanced to be sitting out a dance with Terence. The three came out on the balcony, which was deserted, in the near prospect of supper, and the personage — whom we suspected to be Patricia's godfather — took from his waistcoat pocket a string of pearls, and clasping it round her white throat, stooped gently and kissed her forehead.

Then, at one o'clock came supper. Francesca and I had secretly provided for that contingency, and curling up on a sofa we drew toward us a little table which Dawson had spread with a galantine of chicken, some cress sandwiches, and a jug of milk.

At one thirty we were quite overcome with sleep, and retired to our beds, where of course we speedily grew wakeful.

"It is giving a ball, not going to one, that is so exhausting!" yawned Francesca. "How many times have I danced all night with half the fatigue that I am feeling now!"

The sound of music came across the

street through the closed door of our sitting room. Waltz after waltz, a polka, a galop, then waltzes again, until our brains reeled with the rhythm. As if this were not enough, when our windows at the back were opened wide we were quite within reach of Lady Durden's small dance, where another Hungarian band discoursed more waltzes and galops.

"Dancing, dancing everywhere, and not a turn for us!" grumbled Francesca. "I simply cannot sleep, can you?"

"We must make a determined effort," I advised; "don't speak again and perhaps drowsiness will overtake us."

It finally did overtake Francesca, but I had too much to think about, — my own problems as well as Patricia's. After what seemed to be hours of tossing I was helplessly drawn back into the sitting room, just to see if anything had happened, and if the affair was ever likely to come to an end.

It was half past two, and yes, the ball was decidedly "thinning out."

The attendants in the lower hall, when they were not calling carriages, yawned behind their hands, and stood first on one foot, and then on the other.

Women in beautiful wraps, their heads flashing with jewels, descended the staircase, and drove, or even walked away into the summer night.

Lady Brighthelmston began to look tired, although all the world, as it said good-night, was telling her that it was one of the most delightful balls of the season.

The English nosegay had lost its white flower, for Patricia was not in the family group. I looked everywhere for the gleam of her silver scarf, everywhere for Terence, while, the waltz music having ceased, the Spanish students played *Love's Young Dream*.

I hummed the words as the sweet old tune, strummed by the tinkling mandolin, vibrated clearly in the maze of other sounds: —

"Oh! the days have gone when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life from morn till
night

Was Love, still Love.
New hope may bloom and days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As *Love's Young Dream*."

At last, in a quiet spot under the oak tree, the lately risen moon found Patricia's diamond arrow and discovered her to me. The Japanese lanterns had burned out; she was wrapped like a young nun, in a cloud of white that made her eyelashes seem darker.

I looked once, because the moonbeam led me into it before I realized; then I stole away from the window and into my own room, closing the door softly behind me.

We had so far been looking only at conventionalities, preliminaries, things that all (who had eyes to see) might see; but this was different, — quite, quite different.

They were as beautiful under the friendly shadow of their urban oak tree as were ever Romeo and Juliet on the balcony of the Capulets. I may not tell you what I saw in my one quickly-repent-ed-of glance. That would be vulgarizing something that was already a little profaned by my innocent participation.

I do not know whether Terence was heir, even ever so far removed, to any title or estates, and I am sure Patricia did not care; he may have been vulgarly rich or aristocratically poor. I only know that they loved each other in the old yet ever new way, without any ifs or ands or buts; that he worshiped, she honored; he asked humbly, she gave gladly.

How do I know? Ah! that's a "*Penelope secret*," as Francesca says.

Perhaps you doubt my intuitions altogether. Perhaps you believe in your heart that it was an ordinary ball, where a lot of stupid people arrived, danced,

supped, and departed. Perhaps you do not think his name was Terence or hers Patricia, and if you go so far as that in blindness and incredulity I should not

expect you to translate properly what I saw last night under the oak tree, the night of the ball on the opposite side, when Patricia made her debut.

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

A NATION IN A HURRY.

IN early days of steam navigation on the Mississippi, the river captains, it is said, had the playful habit, when pressed for time, or enjoying a spurt with a rival, of running their engines with a "darky" seated on the safety valve. One's first impression, after a season of lazy Continental traveling, and visiting in somnolent English country houses, is, that this emblematical Ethiopian should be quartered on our national arms.

Zola says, in *Nouvelle Campagne*, that his vivid impressions are mostly received during the first twenty-four hours, in new surroundings; the mind, like a photographic film, quickly losing its sensitiveness. This fleeting receptiveness makes returning Americans painfully conscious of "nerves" in the home atmosphere, and of the headlong pace at which we are living.

It is but a poor excuse to lay this peculiarity to our climate. Our grandparents, and their parents, lived peaceful lives beneath these same skies, undisturbed by the morbid influences that are supposed to key us to such a painful concert pitch.

There was an Indian-summer languor in the air, as we steamed up the bay last October, that apparently invited repose; yet no sooner had we set foot on our native dock, and taken one good whiff of home air, than all our acquired calm disappeared. People who, ten days before, would have sat (at a journey's end) contentedly in a waiting room, while their luggage was being sorted by leisurely officials, hustled nervously about, nag-

ging the custom-house officers and egg-ing on the porters, as though the "saving" of the next half hour was the prime object of existence.

Considering how extravagant we Americans are in other ways, it seems curious that we should be so economical of time! It was useless to struggle against the current, however, or to attempt to hold one's self back. Before ten minutes had passed, the old familiar unpleasant sensation of being in a hurry took possession of my mind. It was irresistible and all-pervading; from the movements of the crowds in the streets to the whistle of the harbor tugs, everything breathed of haste. The very dogs had apparently no time to loiter, but scurried about, as though late for their engagements.

Our transit from dock to hotel was like the visit to a new circle in the Inferno, where trains rumble eternally overhead, and cable cars glide and block around a pale-faced throng of the "damned," who, in expiation of their sins, are driven forever forward, toward an unreachable goal.

A curious curse has fallen upon our people, an "influence" which tempts us to do in an hour just twice as much as can be accomplished in sixty minutes. "Do as well as you can," whispers the influence, "but do it quickly!" That motto might be engraved upon the front of our homes and business buildings.

It is on account of this new standard that rapidity in business transactions is appreciated more than correctness of de-

tail. A broker to-day will take greater credit for having received and executed an order for Chicago, and returned an answer within six minutes, than for any amount of careful work. The order may have been ill executed and the details mixed, but celerity is the point dwelt upon.

The young man who expects to succeed in business must be a hustler, have a snapshot style in conversation, patronize rapid-transit vehicles, understand shorthand, and eat at "Breathless Breakfasts." ("Quick Lunch" is, I believe, the correct title.) Having been taken, recently, to one of these establishments to absorb buckwheat cakes (and very good they were), I studied the ways of our modern time-saving young man.

It is his habit, upon entering, to dash for the bill of fare, and to give his order (if he is adroit enough to catch one of the maids on the fly) before removing either coat or hat; at least fifteen seconds may be economized in this way. Once seated, the luncher begins on anything at hand, — bread, coleslaw, crackers, or catsup. When the dish ordered arrives, he gets his fork into it as it appears over his shoulder, and cleans the plate before the accompanying sauce makes its appearance, so that is eaten by itself, or with bread. A cup of coffee or tea goes down in two swallows. Little piles of cakes are cut in quarters, and disappear in four mouthfuls, much after the fashion of children down the ogre's throat in the mechanical toy; mastication being either a lost art or considered a foolish waste of energy. A really accomplished luncher can assimilate his last quarter of cakes, wiggle into his coat, and pay his check at the desk at the same moment. The next, he is down the block in pursuit of a receding trolley.

To any one fresh from the Continent, where the entire machinery of trade comes to a standstill from eleven to one o'clock, that *déjeuner* may be taken tranquilly, the nervous tension pervading

a restaurant here is agonizing, and (what is worse) catching! During recent visits to the business centres of our cities, I have found that the idea of eating becomes repugnant to me, and I discover myself sharing the general impression that it is wrong to waste time on anything so unproductive. Last week a friend offered me a "luncheon tablet" from a box on his desk. "It's as good as a meal," he said, "and much more expeditious!"

The real joy of an up-to-date business man, however, is when he can do two things at once. The proprietor of one down-town restaurant has the stock quotations exhibited on a blackboard at the end of his shop. In this way his patrons can keep in touch with the market, as they stoke up.

A parlor car toward a journey's end is another excellent place to observe home ways. Coming on from Washington the other day, the passengers began to show signs of restlessness near Newark. Books and papers were thrown aside; a general "uprising and unveiling" followed, accompanied by the unique American custom of having our clothes brushed in one another's faces. By the time Jersey City appeared on the horizon, every man, woman, and child in the car was jammed, baggage in hand, into the stuffy little passage near the entrance, swaying and wobbling about while the train backed and filled. The explanation of this conduct is simple. The influence was at work, preventing those people from acting like other civilized mortals, and remaining seated until their train had come to a standstill.

Being fresh from the "other side," and retaining some of my foreign calm, I remained in my chair. The surprise on the faces of the other passengers warned me, however, that it would not be safe to carry my pose too far, and the porter, puzzled by the unaccustomed sight, touched me kindly on the shoulder, and asked if I felt sick.

So, to avoid all affectation of superiority, I now struggle into my greatcoat at Elizabeth, and meekly join the standing army of martyrs, or scamper with them from the yet moving car to the boat, and from the boat before it has been moored to its landing pier!

In Paris, on taking an omnibus, you are given a number and the right to the first vacant seat. When the seats of a "bus" are occupied it receives no further passengers. Imagine a traction line attempting such a reform here! There would be a riot, and the conductors would be hanged on the nearest trolley poles in an hour! To prevent a citizen from crowding into an overfull vehicle, and stamping on its occupants in the process, would be to infringe one of his dearest privileges, not to mention his chance of riding free.

A small boy of my acquaintance tells me he rarely finds it necessary to pay in a trolley. The conductors are too hurried, and too preoccupied pocketing their share of the receipts, to keep count. "When he passes, I just look blank!" remarked the ingenious youth.

Of all the circles in the community, however, our idle class suffer the most acutely from lack of time, though, like Charles Lamb's gentlemen, they have all there is. From the moment a man of leisure and his wife wake up in the morning until they drop into a fitful slumber at night, their day is an agitated chase. No matter where or when you meet them, they are always on the wing.

"Am I late again?" gasped a thin little woman to me, the other evening, as she hurried into the drawing-room, where she had kept her guests waiting for their dinner. "I've been driven so all day, I'm a wreck!" A glance at her hatchet-faced husband revealed the fact that he too was chasing after a stray half hour lost somewhere in his youth. His color had gone, in the pursuit, and most of his hair, while his hands had acquired a twitch, as though urging on a tired steed.

Go and ask that lady for a cup of tea at twilight. Ten to one she will receive you with her hat on, explaining in excuse that she has not had time to take it off since breakfast. If she writes to you, her notes are signed, "In great haste," or, "In a tearing hurry." She is out of her house by eight-thirty most mornings; yet when calling will sit on the edge of her chair, and assure you that she has not a moment to stay, and "has only run in to—" etc. Just what drives her so hard is a mystery, for, beyond a vague charity meeting or two and some calls, she accomplishes little. Although wealthy and childless, with no cares and few worries, she succumbs to nervous prostration every two or three years, "from overwork"!

Listen to a compatriot's account of a European trip! He will tell you how short the ocean crossing was, giving hours and minutes with zest, as though he had got ahead of Father Time in a transaction. Then will follow a list of the countries "done" during the tour. I know a lady lying ill to-day, because she would hustle herself and her children, in six weeks last summer, through a Continental tour that should have occupied three months. She had no particular reason for hurrying; in fact, she got ahead of her schedule, and had to wait in Paris for the steamer, — a detail, however, that in no way diminished her pleasure in having accomplished so much during her holiday. This same lady deplores her lack of leisure hours, yet if she finds by her engagement book that there is a free week ahead, she will run on to Washington or Lakewood, "for a change," or organize a party to Florida and New Orleans!

To realize how our "upper ten" scramble through existence, one must also contrast their fidgety way of feeding with the bovine calm in which a German absorbs his nourishment, and the hours an Italian can pass over his meals. An American dinner party af-

fords us this opportunity. There is an impression that the fad for short dinners came to us from England. If this is true (which I doubt; it fits too nicely with our temperament to have been imported), we owe H. R. H. a debt of gratitude for having exorcised the "seven to eleven" incubus that brooded over society half a generation ago.

Like all converts, however, we are too zealous. From oysters to fruit, dinners now are a breathless steeple chase, during which we take our viand hedges and champagne ditches at a dead run, with conversation pushed at the same speed. To be silent would be to imply that one was not having a good time; so the guests rattle and gobble on toward the finger-bowl winning post, only to find that rest is not there.

As the hostess pilots the ladies away to the drawing-room, she whispers to her spouse, "You won't smoke too long, will you?" So we are mulcted in the enjoyment of even that last resource of weary humanity, the cigar, and are hustled away from our smoke and coffee, to find that our appearance upstairs is the signal for a general move. One of the older ladies rises; the next moment, the whole circle, like a flock of frightened birds, are up and off, crowding into the hallway, calling for their carriages, and confusing the unfortunate servants who are attempting to cloak and overshoe them.

Bearing in mind that the guests came as late as they dared without being absolutely uncivil, that the dinner was served as rapidly as was materially possible, and that the circle broke up as soon as the meal had ended, one asks one's self in wonder why, if dinner is such a bore that it has to be scrambled through, *coûte coûte*, people continue to dine out.

It is within the bounds of possibility that many of us may be forced to hurry through our days, and that *à la longue* dining out becomes a weariness. The one place, however, where one might

expect to find people reposeful and calm is the theatre. The labor of the day is then over; the audience have assembled for an hour or two of relaxation and amusement. Yet it is at the play that restlessness is most apparent. Watch an audience (which, be it remarked in passing, has arrived late) during the last ten minutes of a performance. No sooner do people discover that the end is drawing near than they begin to struggle into their wraps. By the time the players have lined up before the footlights, the house is full of scurrying backs. Past, indeed, are the unruffled days when a heroine was expected (after the action of a play had ended) to deliver the closing *envoi* dear to the hearts of Queen Anne writers.

Thackeray writes:—

"The play is done; the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell;
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around to say farewell."

A comedian who attempted any such abuse of the situation to-day would find himself addressing empty benches. Before he had finished the first line of his epilogue, the public would be seated in the rapid transit cars. No talent, no novelty, holds our audiences to the end of a performance. On the opening night of this opera season, one third of the boxes and orchestra stalls were vacant before Romeo (who, being a foreigner, was taking his time) had expired.

One overworked matron of my acquaintance has perfected an ingenious and time-saving combination. By signaling from a window near her opera box to a footman below, she is able to get her carriage at least two minutes sooner than her neighbors. During the last act of an opera like *Tannhäuser* or *Faust*, in which the inconsiderate composer has placed a musical gem at the end, this lady is worth watching. After struggling into her wraps and overshoes she stands (hand on door) at the back of her box, listening to the singers. At

a certain moment she hurries to the window, makes her signal, scuttles back, hears Calvé pour her soul out in "Ange pers, ange radieux," yet manages to get down the stairs and into her carriage before the curtain has fallen.

We deplore the prevailing habit of "slouch," yet hurry is the cause of it. Our cities are left unsightly, because we cannot spare time to beautify them. Nervous diseases are distressingly prevalent; still we hurry, hurry, hurry, until, as a diplomatist recently remarked to me, the whole nation seemed to him to be "but five minutes ahead of an epileptic fit"!

The curious part of the matter is that, after several weeks at home, all that was strange at first seems quite natural and sane. We find ourselves thinking with pity of benighted foreigners and their humdrum ways, and would resent any attempts at reform. What, for instance, would replace, for enterprising souls, the joy of taking their matutinal car at a flying leap, or the rapture of being first out of a theatre? What does part of a last act or the "Star" song matter in comparison with five minutes of valuable time? Like the river captains, we propose to run under full head of steam and get there, or bu—explode!

Eliot Gregory.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF W. J. STILLMAN.

V. JOURNALISM.

GIVEN a disposition to enter into controversies on art questions, provoked by the general incompetence of the newspaper critics, and the fact that there was at that time no publication devoted to the interests of art, it happened naturally that I was drawn into correspondence with the journals on art questions, and easily made for myself a certain reputation in this field. I obtained the position of fine-art editor of the New York Evening Post, then edited by William Cullen Bryant, — a position which did not interfere with my work in the studio.

The Post was of all the New York journals that which paid the most attention to matters of art and had the greatest critical weight. The work I had to do for it was light and of slight importance, but my relations with Bryant were intellectually profitable. He enjoyed the highest consideration among contemporary journalists, for his inflexible integrity in politics as well as in business affairs. The managing editor

was John Bigelow, a worthy second to such a chief. Bryant was held to be a cold man, not only in his poetry, but in his personal relations, but I think that, so far as his personality was concerned, this was a mistake. He impresses me still as a man of strong feelings, who had cultivated a restraint of expression which became the habit of his life. The character of his poetry, much of it remote from human interest and given to the worship of nature, confirmed the impression of coldness which his manner suggested, because it never admitted the refraction of passion to disturb the serenity of his emotions. I never saw him in anger, but I felt that the barrier which held him in was too slight to make it safe for any one to venture to touch it. A supreme sense of justice went with a somewhat narrow personal horizon, — a combination which, while it enabled him to hold the balance of judgment level, in respect to the large world of politics, made him often too

bitter in his controversies touching political questions; but the American political daily paper, which in my judgment saw in his day its highest attainment, has never had a nobler type than the *Evening Post* under Bryant. Demonstrative he never was, even with his intimates, but to the constancy and firmness of his friendship all who knew him well could testify; and as long as he lived our relations were unchanged, though my wandering ways seldom brought me near him in later years.

About this time my friends came to the conclusion that it would be a good and useful thing if I should start an art journal. I had read with enthusiasm *Modern Painters*, absorbing the views of Ruskin in large draughts, and I had enjoyed intercourse with European masters, and with Americans like William Page, H. K. Brown, S. W. Rowse, and H. P. Gray, all thinkers and artists of distinct eminence. In this school I had acquired certain views of the nature of art which I burned to disseminate. They were crude rather than incorrect, but they were largely responded to by our public; they were destructive of the old rather than informing of the new, and they leaned on nature rather than on art. The whole country was full of Ruskinian enthusiasm, and what strength I had shown was in that vein. The overweening self-confidence which always carried me into dangers and difficulties which a little wisdom would have taught me to avoid, made me too ready to enter into a scheme which required far more ability and knowledge of business than I possessed. All my artist friends promised me their support, and I found in John Durand, the son of the president of the National Academy of Design, a partner with a seconding enthusiasm and the necessary aid in raising the capital. This amounted to five thousand dollars, for the half of which my brother became security. We doubted not that the undertaking would be lucrative, and one of the prin-

cipal motives which was urged on me by my artistic friends and promised supporters was that it would furnish me with a sufficient income to enable me to follow my painting without anxiety as to my means of living. We started a weekly, called *The Crayon*, and in the outset I was able to promise the assistance of most of our best writers residing in New York.

In order to secure the support of the Bostonians, I went to that city and to Cambridge, where I met with a cordial response to my enthusiasm, Lowell becoming my sponsor to the circle of which he was then, and for many years, the most brilliant ornament. To him and his friendship in after years I owe to a very large degree the shaping of my later life, as well as the better part of the success of *The Crayon*. He was then in a condition of profound melancholy, from the recent death of his wife. He lived in retirement, seeing only his most intimate friends, and why he should have made an exception in my case I do not quite understand. It may be that I had a card of introduction from his great friend, William Page, or from C. T. Briggs (in the literary world "*Harry Franco*"); but if so, it would have been merely a formal introduction, as my acquaintance with either of those gentlemen was very slight, — so slight, indeed, that I do not remember an introduction at all, and my impression is that I introduced myself. But I was an enthusiast, fired with the idea of an apostolate of art, largely vicarious and due to Ruskin, who was then my prophet, and whose religion, as mine, was nature. In fact, I was still so much under the influence of the *Modern Painters* that, like Ruskin, I accepted art as something in the peculiar vision of the artist, not yet recognizing that it is the brain that sees, and not the eye. But there is this which makes the nature worshiper's creed a more exalting one than that of the art lover, that it is impersonal, and compels the for-

getting of one's self, which for an apostolate is an essential. It was probably this characteristic of my condition which enlisted the sympathy of Lowell, who, even in his desolation, had a heart for any form of devotion. With the love of nature which was one of his own most marked traits, he had a side to which my enthusiasm appealed directly. The mere artist is, unless his nature is a radically religious one, an egotist, and his art necessarily centres on himself, nature only furnishing him with material. I was dreaming of other things than myself, or that which was personal in my enterprise, and Lowell felt the glow of my inspiration. He introduced me to Longfellow, Charles Eliot Norton, R. H. Dana, and others of his friends at Cambridge, and, at a later visit, to Agassiz, Emerson, Thomas G. Appleton (Longfellow's brother-in-law), Whittier, E. P. Whipple, Charles Sumner, and Samuel G. Ward, a banker and a lover of art of high intelligence, the friend of poets and painters, and to me, in later years, one of the kindest and wisest of advisers and friends.

Lowell invited me to the dinner of the Saturday Club, a monthly gathering of whatever in the sphere of New England thought was most eminent and brilliant, and here for the first time I came in contact with the true New England. It may be supposed that I returned to New York a more complete devotee than ever of that Yankeeland to which I owed everything that was best in me. In my immediate mission, the quest of support for *The Crayon*, I had abundant response in contributions, and Lowell himself, Norton, and "Tom" Appleton, as he was called familiarly by all the world, continued to be among my most faithful and generous contributors so long as I remained the editor. Longfellow alone, of all that literary world, though promising to contribute, never did send me a word for my columns, — not, I am persuaded, from indifference or

want of generosity, but because he was diffident of himself, and in the scrutiny of his work, for which of course the demand from the publishers was always urgent, he did not find anything which seemed to him particularly fit for an art journal. Nor would any of those contributors ever accept the slightest compensation for the poems or articles they sent, though *The Crayon* paid the market price for everything it printed, to those who would receive it.

The first number of *The Crayon* made a good impression in all quarters praise from which was most weighty and most desired by its proprietors. Bryant and Lowell had sent poems for it; but I had to economize my wealth, and could print only one important poem in each number, to which I gave a page, so that I had to choose between the two. Bryant's poem was without a title, and when I asked him to give it one he replied, "I give you a poem; give me a name;" and I called it *A Rain Dream*, which name it bears still in the collected edition of his works. Lowell sent me the first part of *Pictures from Appledore*, one of a series of fragments of a projected poem, like so many of his projects, never carried to completion. The poem was intended to consist of a series of stories told in *The Noonning*, in which a party of persons, of various orders and experience of life, meeting under a pollard willow, — one of those which stood, and of which some still stand, by the river Charles, — were to tell stories of personal adventure or characteristic of the sections of New England from which they came. Bryant's greater reputation at that time made his contribution more valuable from a publishing point of view, especially in New York, where Lowell had as yet little following, while Bryant was recognized by many as the first of living American poets. But my personal feeling insisted on giving Lowell the place at the launch, and to reconcile the claim of seniority of Bryant with my

preference of Lowell puzzled me a little, the more that Lowell urged strongly my putting Bryant in the forefront as a matter of business. I determined to leave the decision to Bryant, whose business tact was very fine, and who had as little personal vanity as is possible to a man of the world, which in the best sense he was. But I prepared the ground by writing a series of articles on *The Landscape Element in American Poetry*, the first of which was devoted to Bryant; and then taking to him the poem of Lowell and the article on himself, I asked his advice, saying that I could print only his poem or Lowell's, but that I desired to take in as wide a range of interest as possible. He decided at once in favor of the poem of Lowell and the Bryant article in the landscape series.

The success of *The Crayon* was immediate, though, from a large journalistic point of view, its contents were no doubt somewhat crude and puerile. It had a considerable public sympathetic to its sentimental vein, — readers of Ruskin and lovers of pure nature, — a circle the larger perhaps for the incomplete state of art education in our community. That two young men, with no experience in journalism, and little in literature, should have secured the success for this enterprise which *The Crayon* indisputably did reach, was a surprise to the public, and, looking at it now, with my eyes cooled by the distance of more than forty years, I am myself surprised. That *The Crayon* had a real vitality, in spite of its relative juvenility, was shown by the warm commendation it received from Lowell, Bryant, and other American men of letters, and from Ruskin, who wrote us occasional notes in reply to questions put by the readers, and warmly applauded its tone. Mantz was our French correspondent, and William Rossetti our English, and a few of the artists sent us communications which had the value of the personal artistic tone. But I learned the mean-

ing of the fable of *The Lark* and her Young, for the general assistance in the matter of contributions, promised me by the friends who had originally urged me to the undertaking, was very slow in coming, and for the first numbers I wrote nearly the whole of the original matter, and for some time more than half of it. I wrote not only the editorial articles and the criticisms, but essays, correspondence, poetry, book notices (really reading every book I noticed), and a page or two of Sketchings, in which were notes from nature, extracts from letters, and replies to queries of the readers. I remained in the city all the burning summer, taking a ten days' run in the Adirondacks in September. I kept office all day, received whoever came to talk on art or business, and did most of my writing at night, — not a régime to keep up one's working powers. Durand did some excellent translations from the French, and the late Justin Winsor sent us many translations, both of verse and prose, from the German, as well as original poetry. Aldrich was a generous contributor. Whittier, Bayard Taylor, and others of the lyric race sent occasional contributions; and among the women, who were, as a rule, our most enthusiastic supporters, were Mrs. Sigourney and, not the least, Lucy Larcom, the truest poetess of that day in America, who gave us some of her most charming poems. She was a teacher in a girls' school somewhere in Massachusetts, and I went to see her in one of my editorial trips. We went out for a walk in the fields, she and her class and myself, and they looked up to me as if I were Apollo, and they the Muses. Henry James, the father of the novelist, was also a not infrequent contributor, and among the artists, Huntington, President Durand (the father of my associate), Horatio Greenough, and William Page appeared in our pages, with many more whose names a file of *The Crayon* would recall.

During the year Lowell received the appointment of Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard. Just before he sailed from New York we gave him a dinner, to which, besides some of his old friends, such as E. P. Whipple and Sumner, I invited Bryant and Bayard Taylor. I knew that Bryant held a little bitterness against Lowell for the passage in the *Fable for Critics*, in which he said,—

"If he stir you at all, it is just, on my soul,
Like being stirred up with the very North
Pole ;"

and I told Lowell how the dear old poet felt, and put them together at the dinner. Lowell laid himself out to captivate Bryant, and did so completely, for his tact was such that in society no one whom he desired to interest could resist him ; and our dinner was a splendid success. Of all present at it only Durand and myself are now living.

The subscription list of our paper rose in the first month to above twelve hundred names, and the promise for the future seemed brilliant. But, unfortunately, neither of us understood the business part of journalism, or perceived that a paper does not live by its circulation, but by advertisements, and that our advertisements, owing to the special character of our journal, must be canvassed for vigorously. We did not canvass. Cunning publishers advised us that it would be well to take their advertisements for nothing, so as to persuade the others that we had a good advertising list. But the bait never took, and we never got the paying list, while the printer, being interested in our expenditure, never helped us to economize, but played the Wicked Uncle to our Babes in the Wood, and so we wasted our substance. It was perhaps fortunate that the funds ran short as they did, for our five thousand dollars could not go far when the subscriptions were all paid in and spent, and the overwork began to tell on me, and with the conclusion of the third volume I broke down.

When I got out of harness, and had no longer the stimulus of the daily demand and habit of work, the collapse was such that I thought I was dying. I gave my share of the paper to Durand, to do with as he pleased, and went off to North Conway in the mountains of New Hampshire, to paint one more picture before I died. I chose a brook scene, and Huntington and Hubbard, two of our leading painters, and Post, a painter educated at Düsseldorf, sat down with me to paint it. I gave six weeks' hard work to a canvas twelve by eighteen inches, and my competitors cordially admitted my victory. Autumn fell on my work with still something to do to it, and it was never finished to my entire satisfaction, but it was one of the successes of the year at the Academy exhibition.

I stayed late among the mountains, thinking only of dying, but nature brought me round. There came toward the end of the season a newly married couple from Boston, destined in later years to become a large part of my life, Dr. and Mrs. Amos Binney. Mrs. Binney was one of the earliest women graduates in medicine in America, an excellent, true woman, whose ministrations to me, in body and mind, in those months of dying hopes, flying leaves and early snowfalls, were full of healing. I had had a skirmish with Cupid that summer, my first real passion, reciprocated by the subject of it, one of the ardent readers of *The Crayon*, an enthusiast in art, and, like me, for Ruskin,—an affair which ended in a double defeat under the merciless veto of the mother of my flame.

In this trouble Mrs. Binney's tact and knowledge of human nature befriended me profoundly, and were the origin of a cordial intimacy which had on my subsequent life a great influence. Dr. Binney gave me a commission for two pictures, and invited me to come to his home, near Boston, to paint them. I

gave up my studio in New York and went to Boston, whence, my commissions executed, I moved to Cambridge, where for some time I made my home, going thenceforward to the Adirondacks in the late summer and autumn of every year while I remained in America. The springtime following my stay in New Hampshire I spent in making studies in the neighborhood of Cambridge, especially in a favorite haunt of Lowell's, the Waverley Oaks. They were beautiful trees and greatly beloved by Lowell, for whom I painted the principal group, and also Beaver Brook, another of his favorite resorts, he lying by its bank, in the foreground,—a little full-length portrait, not so long as my finger. I painted also a similar portrait of Longfellow under the most beautiful of the oaks, on an eight-by-ten-inch canvas. It was a faithful portrait, but Lowell deterred me from finishing it as I wished, saying that if I worked further on it I should destroy the likeness. I am half inclined to think, however, that his insistence was largely for the sake of relieving Longfellow, whom I conducted every day to the Oaks, to insure Pre-Raphaelite fidelity, making him sit on a huge boulder under the tree, and even forgetting to carry a cushion for him; so that he sat on the bare stone until at last the discomfort struck even me, when I folded my coat for his seat. So kindly was his nature that he submitted to this trial with the patience and delicacy of a child, and did not permit me to see that it caused him inconvenience.

This absolute unselfishness and his extreme consideration for others were characteristic of the man. I saw much of him in the years following, and found in him the most exquisitely refined and gentle nature I have ever known,—one to which a brutal or inconsiderate act was positive pain, and any aggression on the least creature cause of intense indignation. My recollection of his condescension to my demands on his time and phy-

sical comfort remains in my memory as a high expression of his social beneficence; for I, a young man, active, strong on foot, and enduring of fatigue, used to make him walk with me from Cambridge, and pose for hours on an uncushioned boulder till I was tired, and he never showed a sign of rebellion at the imposition. Longfellow was not expansive, nor do I remember his ever becoming enthusiastic over anything or anybody; one who knew nothing of his domestic life might have fancied that he was cold, and certainly he did not possess that social magnetism which made Lowell the loadstone of so many hearts, while the exercise of that attraction was necessary to his own enjoyment of existence. Longfellow adored his wife and children, but beyond that circle it seemed to me he had no imperious longing to know or be known. He had likes and dislikes, but, so far as I understood him, no strong antipathies or ardent friendships; he had warm friendships for Lowell, the Nortons, and Agassiz, for example. I never saw him angry but once, and that was at his next-door neighbor for shooting at a robin in a cherry tree that stood near the boundary between the two gardens. The shot carried over, and rattled harmlessly enough about us where we sat on the veranda of the old Washington house, and Longfellow went off at once to protest against the barbarity. His adoration of his wife was fully justified, for rarely have I seen a woman in whom a Juno-like dignity and serenity were so wedded as in her to personal beauty, and to the fine culture of brain and heart which commanded reverence from the most ordinary acquaintance. No one who had seen her at home could ever forget the splendid vision, and the last time I ever saw her, so far as I remember, was in summer time, when, with her two daughters, all in white muslin, evanescent, translucent, they stood in the doorway to say good-by to me.

One of the most notable personages of

that little world, and whom I knew in connection with Longfellow, was his brother-in-law, Thomas G. Appleton, whom I have already mentioned, a distinguished amateur of art, a subtle if sometimes vagarious critic, poet and thinker, the wit to whom most of the clever things said in Boston came naturally in time to be attributed. The famous saying "Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris," is generally supposed to be his, though Oliver Wendell Holmes told me, one day, that it was really his; but if a keen witicism was floating about fatherless in the Boston circles, it drifted to Tom Appleton as putative parent. He was of a kindly nature, and many a rising artist found his way to a larger recognition by Appleton's unobtrusive aid. He, like Longfellow, was a sincere spiritualist. Another remarkable member of this group of men was Professor Peirce, mathematician, of whose flights into the higher regions of the science of numbers and quantities many interesting things were told. He had an extraordinary power of making his abstruse results clear to the ordinary intellect, and this was added to other brilliant gifts in conversation.

My Adirondack experiences and studies having excited the desire on the part of several of the Cambridge friends to visit the Wilderness, I made up a party, which comprised Lowell and his two nephews, Charles and James Lowell (two splendid young New Englanders, afterward killed in the civil war); Dr. Estes Howe, Lowell's brother-in-law; and John Holmes, the brother of Oliver Wendell, considered by many of the Cambridge set not less witty and wise than he, but who, being extremely averse to publicity, was never known in literature. We made a flying journey of inspection through the Saranac Lakes and down the Raquette River to Tupper's Lake, then across a wild and, at that day, a little explored section to the head of Raquette Lake, and then back to the Saranacs.

The party returning home, I went to the head waters of the Raquette to spend the summer in painting.

The next summer another party was formed which led to the foundation of the Adirondack Club,¹ and the excursion it made is commemorated by Emerson in his poem *The Adirondacs*. The company included Emerson, Agassiz, Lowell, Dr. Howe, Professor Jeffries Wyman, John Holmes (who became as fond as I was of this wild life), Judge Hoar (later Attorney General in the Cabinet of President Grant), Horatio Woodman, Dr. Binney, and myself. Of this company, as I write, I am the only survivor. I did my best to enroll Longfellow in the party, but, though he was for a moment hesitating, I think the fact that Emerson was going with a gun settled him in the determination to decline. "Is it true that Emerson is to take a gun?" he asked me; and when I said that he had finally decided to do so, Longfellow ejaculated, "Then somebody will be shot!" and would talk no more of going.

We tried also to get Dr. Holmes to join us; but the doctor was devoted to Boston, and with the woods and savagery he had no sympathy. He loved his Cambridge friends, Lowell, Agassiz, and Wyman, I think, above others, but he enjoyed himself most of all, and Boston more than any other place on earth. He was lifted above ennui and discontent by a most happy satisfaction with the rounded world of his own individuality and belongings. Of the three men whom I have personally known who seemed most satisfied with what fate and fortune had made them, — namely, Gladstone, Freeman, and Holmes, — I think Holmes enjoyed himself the most, and this in so delightful a way that one accepted him at once on his own terms. The doctor stood for Boston as Lowell for Cambridge, the archetype of the Hub. Nobody repre-

¹ Already recorded by Mr. Stillman in *The Philosophers' Camp*, *Century Magazine*, vol. xxiv. p. 598. — EDITORIAL NOTE.

sented it as he did. Tom Appleton was nearest him in this respect, but Tom loved Paris better, and was a "globe trotter," as often in Europe as in Massachusetts, while the doctor hardly left the Hub even for a vacation; there was nothing beyond its spokes that was of great import to him. He was the sublimation of Yankee wit, as Lowell was of Yankee humor and human nature, and he made of witicism a study; polished, refined, and prepared his *bons mots*, and, at the best moment, led the conversation round to the point at which it was opportune to fire them off. He had a large medical knowledge of human nature and intellectual pathology, but I could never realize that he was a physician. Like Longfellow, his family affections were absorbing, and his love for his son, the present Mr. Justice Holmes, and his pride in him were very pleasant to see, and they ran on the surface of his nature like his love for Boston; but I could never see that his feeling for his outside friends was more than a mild, sunny glow of kindness and vivid intellectual sympathy. Of course I judge him from a difficult standard, that of the Cambridge circle, in which the personal relations were very warm, and especially comparing him with Lowell and the Nortons, with whom friendship was a religion.

Holmes and Lowell were the antitheses of the New England intellect, and this more in the personality than in their writing. If Lowell could have acquired Holmes's respect for his own work, he would have left a larger image in the American Walhalla; but he never gave care to the perfection of what he wrote, for his mind so teemed with material that the time to polish and review never came. Holmes, like a true artist, loved the *limae labor*; he was satisfied, it seemed to me, to do the work of one lifetime, and then rest, while Lowell looked forward to a succession of lifetimes, all full of work, and one can hardly conceive him

as ever resting or caring to stop work. Lowell's was a generous, widely sympathizing nature, from which radiated love for humanity, and the broadest and most catholic helpfulness for every one who asked for his help, with a special fund for his friends; Holmes drew a line around him, within which he shone like a winter sun, and outside of which his care did not extend. The one was best in what he did, the other in what he was. Both were admired by those around them, and the admiration kindled Holmes to a warmer reflection to the adorners; Lowell felt it as the earth feels sunshine, which sinks into the fertile soil, and bears its fruit in a richer harvest.

Excepting Holmes and Longfellow our company included what was most distinguished in the world in which we lived, with some who were only eminent in their social relations, and who neither cared to be nor ever became of interest to the general world.

The care of arranging the details of the excursion was left to me, and I had, therefore, to precede the company to the Wilderness, and so missed what must have been to the others a very amusing experience. The rumor of the advent of the party spread through the country around Saranac, and at the frontier town, where they would begin the journey into the woods, the whole community was on the *qui vive* to see, not Emerson or Lowell, of whom they knew nothing, but Agassiz, who had become famous in the commonplace world through having refused, not long before, an offer from the Emperor of the French of the keepership of the Jardin des Plantes and a senatorship, if he would come to Paris and live. Such an incredible and disinterested love for America and science in our hemisphere had lifted Agassiz into an elevation of popularity which was beyond all scientific or political reputation, and the selectmen of the town appointed a deputation to welcome him and his friends to the region. A reception was accorded, and the

officials came, having taken care to provide themselves with an engraved portrait of the scientist, to guard against a mistake and waste of their respects. The head of the deputation, after having carefully compared Agassiz to the engraving, turned gravely to his followers and said, "Yes, it's him," and they proceeded with the same gravity to shake hands with him, ignoring all the other luminaries.

I had in the meantime been into the Wilderness, and selected a site for the camp on one of the most secluded lakes, out of the line of travel of the hunters and fisherfolk, a deep *cul de sac* of lake on a stream that led nowhere, known as Follansbee Pond. There I and some hired guides built a bark camp, prepared a landing place, and then returned to Saranac, in time to meet the arriving guests. Unfortunately I was prevented from accompanying them up the lakes the next morning, because a boat I had been building for the occasion was not ready for the water, and so I missed what was to me of the greatest interest, Emerson's first impressions of the Wilderness, absolute nature. I joined them at night of the first day's journey, in a rainstorm such as our summer rarely gives in the mountains, and we made the unique and fascinating journey down the Raquette River together, — Agassiz taking his place in my boat, the other members of the party each having his own guide and boat.

The scene, like the company, exists no longer. There is a river, which still flows where the other flowed, but, like the water that has passed its rapids, and the guests that have gone the way of all those who have lived, it is something different. Then it was a deep, mysterious stream, meandering through unbroken forests, walled up on either side in green shade, the trees of centuries leaning over to welcome and shelter the voyager, flowing silently in great sweeps of dark water, with, at long intervals, a lagoon setting back into the wider forest

around, enameled with pond lilies and sagittaria, and the undisturbed refuge of waterfowl and browsing deer. Our lake lay at the head of such a lagoon, a devious outlet of the basin, of which the lake occupied the principal expanse, three miles of no-man's route, framed in green hills, forest-clad up to their summits. The camp was a shelter of spruce bark, open wide in front and closed at the ends, drawn on three sides of an octohedron facing the fireplace. The beds were made of layers of spruce and other fir branches spread on the ground, and covered with the fragrant twigs of the arbor vitæ. Two huge maples overhung the camp, and at a distance of twenty feet from our lodge we entered the trackless primeval forest. The hills around furnished us with venison and the lake with trout, and there we passed the weeks of the summer heats. We were ten, with eight guides. While we were camping there, we received the news that the first Atlantic cable had been laid, and the first message sent under the sea from one hemisphere to the other, — an event which Emerson did not forget to record in noble lines.

In the main, our occupations were those of a vacation, to kill time and escape from the daily groove. After breakfast there was firing at a mark, a few rounds each for those who were riflemen; one boat went to overhaul the set lines baited the evening before for the lake trout; then, if venison was needed, we put the dog out on the hills; and when the hunt was over, some of us went out to paddle on the lake, while Agassiz and Wyman were left to dredge or botanize or dissect the animals caught or killed, those of us who had interest in natural history watching the naturalists, the others searching the nooks and corners of the pretty sheet of water, with its inlet brooks and its bays and recesses, or bathing from the rocks. Lunch was at midday, and then long talks, discussions *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*.

Emerson has told the daily life in verse in *The Adirondacs*, adding his own impressions of the place and time. It is not generally considered among the most interesting of his poems, as it is a narrative with reflections, and such a subject could hardly rise above the interest of the subject of the narration, which was only a vacation study; but there are in it some passages which show the character of Emerson's intellect at least as well as anything he has written. His insight into nature, like that of the primitive mind, the instinctive investment of the great mother with the presence and attribute of personality, the re-creation from his own resources of Pan and the nature powers, the groping about in the darkness of the primeval forest for the spiritual causes of the things he felt, — all this is to me evident in the poem, and it is the sufficient demonstration of the antique mould of his intellect, serene, open-eyed to natural phenomena, always questioning, and with no theories to limit his thought or bend it to preconceived conclusions. Knowing that all he saw in this undefiled natural world, this virgin mother of all life (for on Follansbee Pond, at the time we went there, was the primeval woodland, where the lumberer had not yet penetrated, and the grove kept still the immaculacy of the most ancient days), that all this was the mask of things, he was on the watch for hints of the secret behind the mask — secret never to be discovered, and therefore more passionately sought. To me the study of the great student was the dominant interest of the occasion. I was Agassiz's boatman on demand, for while all the others had their personal guides and attendants I was his; but often when Emerson wanted a boat, I managed to provide for Agassiz with one of the unoccupied guides. Thus Emerson and I had many hours alone on the lake and in the wood. He seemed to be a living question, perpetually interrogating his impressions of all that there was to be seen.

The rest of us were always at the surface of things; even the naturalists were engaged with their anatomy; but Emerson in the forest, or looking at the sunset from the lake, was looking through the phenomena, studying them by their reflections on an inner speculum.

In such a great solitude, where social conventions disappear and men are seen as they are, mind seems opened to mind as it is quite impossible for them to be in society, even the most informal. Agassiz remarked, one day, when a little personal question had shown the limitations of character of one of the company, that he had always noticed in his Alpine experiences, when the company were living on terms of compulsory intimacy, that men found each other out quickly. And so it was in the Adirondacks. One learned the real characters of his comrades as it was impossible to learn them in society. I think I gathered in two or three weeks more insight into the character of my companions in our greener Arden than all our lives in the city could have given me.

Of all the mental experiences of my past life, nothing else survives with the vividness of my summers in the Adirondacks with Emerson. The crystalline limpidity of his character, free from all conventions, prejudices, or personal color, gave a facility for the study of the man, limited only by the range of vision of the student. How far my vision was competent for this study is not for me to decide; so far as it went I profited, and so far as my experience of men goes he is unique, not so much because of intellectual power, but because of this absolute transparency of intellect, perfect receptivity, and pure devotion to the truth. In the days of persecution and martyrdom, Emerson would have gone to the stake smiling and undismayed, but questioning all the time, even as to the nature of his own emotions.

As I look back to the days when we questioned together, from the distance of

years, he rises above all his contemporaries as Mont Blanc does above the intervening peaks when seen from afar, not the largest in mass, but loftiest in climb, soaring higher than his companions. Emerson was the best listener I ever knew, and at the other meeting place where I saw him occasionally, the Saturday Club, his attention to what others were saying was far more notable than his disposition to enter into discussions. Now and then he flashed out with a comment which lit up the subject as an electric spark, but in general he shone unconsciously. I remember that one day when, at the club, we were discussing the nature of genius, some one turned to Emerson and asked him for a definition of the thing, and he instantly replied, "The faculty of generalizing from a single example;" and nobody at the table could give so good and concise a definition. There is a portrait of him by Rowse, who knew and loved him well, which renders this side of Emerson in a way which makes it the most remarkable piece of portraiture I know, the listening Emerson.

More than a generation has passed since our Adirondack days; twenty-five years afterward I went back to the site of our camp. Except myself the whole company are dead, and the very scene of our acting and thinking has disappeared down to its geological basis, pillaged, burnt, and become a horror to see; but among the memories which are the only realities left of it, this image of Emerson claiming kinship with the forest stands out alone, and I feel as if I had stood for a moment on a mount of transfiguration, and seen as if in a vision the typical American, the noblest in the idealization of the American, of all the race. Lowell was of a more cosmopolitan type, of a wider range of sympathies and affections, accepted and bestowed, and to me a friend loved as Jonathan loved David; but as a unique, idealized individuality Emerson looms up in that Arcadian dream more and more the dominant

personality. It is as character, and not as accomplishment or education, that he holds his own in all comparisons with his contemporaries, — the fine, crystallized mind, the keen, clear-faceted thinker and seer. I loved Agassiz and Lowell more, but we may have many a Lowell and Agassiz before we see Emerson's like again. Attainments will be greater, and discovery and accomplishments will surpass themselves, as we go on, but to *be*, as Emerson was, is absolute and complete existence.

Agassiz was, of all our company, the acknowledged Master, loved by all, even to the unlettered woodsmen who ran to meet his service. He was the largest in personality and in universality of knowledge of all the men I have ever known. No one who did not know him personally can conceive the hold he had on those who came into relations with him. His vast knowledge of scientific facts, and his ready command of them for all educational purposes, his enthusiasm for science and the diffusion of it, even his fascinating way of imparting it to others, had even less to do with his popularity than the magnetism of his presence, and the sympathetic faculty which enabled him to find at once the plane on which he should meet every one with whom he had to deal. Of his scientific position I cannot speak, though I can see that his was the most powerful of the scientific influences of that epoch in America. When we were traveling it was always in my boat, and we moved as his investigations prompted, wherever there seemed to be a promise of some addition to his collections. We dredged and netted water and air wherever we went; and of course there arose a certain kind of intimacy, which was partly that of a camaraderie in which we were approximately equals, that of the back-wood life in which I was, if a comparison were to be made, the superior, and partly that of teacher and pupil; for, with trifling attainments, I had the pas-

sion of scientific acquisition, and all that Agassiz needed to open the store of his knowledge was the willingness of another to learn.

The career of Professor Jeffries Wyman, the associate of Agassiz in the university, and one of the doctors of our company, was cut short by his premature death. The loss to American science can never be estimated; for his mind was of that subtle and inductive nature which is needed for such a study, fine to poetic delicacy, penetrating with all the acumen of a true scientific imagination, but modest to excess, and personally so attached to Agassiz that he would with reluctance give expression to a difference from him; but that he did differ was no occasion for abatement of their mutual regard. Wyman's was the poetry of scientific research, Agassiz's its prose, and they offered a remarkable example of the mental antithesis from which, had Wyman lived, so much might have been expected through their association in study. Wyman had all the delicacy of a fine feminine organization, wedded, unfortunately, to a fragile constitution, but the friendship he held for the robust and dominating character of the great Switzer was to the utmost reciprocated. And Agassiz's disposition was as generous as large. The rancor which was shown him by some of his opponents never disturbed his serenity an instant, for of the world's opinion of him and his ideas, even when the "world" was scientific, he never took account other than to regret that science was the loser by running off on what he considered side issues. We had much conversation on the question of evolution and allied topics, in which my part was naturally that of listener and only occasional questioner, and I remember the warm appreciation he always expressed for Darwin and his researches, for his fineness of observation and scientific honesty. He regarded the widespread acceptance of the theory of natural selection as one of the

epidemics which have swept the scientific world from time to time, and looked with absolute serenity to the return of science one day to the conception of creation by design.

I am neither qualified nor disposed to pass judgment on Agassiz as a scientist, or to institute any kind of comparison of his relative authority, and probably the time is far away at which his comparative eminence can be estimated impartially. I have only to do with his personality as it appeared to me in our relations, and to put on record my impression of the great, lovable, magnanimous man. Of his unbounded generosity and indifference to personal advantage everybody who came in contact with him was witness. He refused all offers of personal emolument, and spent his surplus earnings for the aggrandizement of the great natural history museum he founded at Cambridge. The propositions of the Emperor Napoleon III. he had declined with thanks and without a regret; he had come to America to study natural history, and did not propose to be diverted from this purpose. To a lecture agent who offered him a very large sum to deliver a course of lectures in the principal cities of the Union, he replied that he had no time to make money; and he died of overwork, insatiate in the pursuit of the completion of his museum and the classification of his observations.

One of the personal traits which most impressed me in him, at the time when he was being shamefully attacked by the small dogs of the antagonistic party, was that he never exhibited the slightest disposition to belittle those who differed from him, or to disparage the merits of another scientist. Theological controversies never reached him; I have heard him say that he thought the first chapter of Genesis a true record of the order of creation, but as to all the Scripture that followed he was indifferent. He spoke with pain of the animosity shown him by a Swiss associate in his glacial

investigations and who had once been his warm advocate, but there was no bitterness in his manner. I am convinced that there was no bitterness in him, and that all personal feeling was overpowered and minimized by his absolute devotion to scientific truth. His influence even on the business men of the city of Boston and the legislature of the state of Massachusetts was the most remarkable phenomenon of the kind ever witnessed in that frugal and matter-of-fact community; for he had only to announce that he wanted for his museum or department in the university a donation or an appropriation, to obtain either, so absolutely recognized was his unselfish devotion to science by all classes. Even men who had no interest in physical science took it into consideration on account of him, carried away by his enthusiastic advocacy of its advancement. The religious world forgot its indignation at his repudiation of Adam in the refuge it found in his affirmation of a Supreme Intelligence as Creator of all things. A sudden shadow fell on our community at his unexpected death, and the general grief told of the hold he had on the entire nation. The mourning extended far beyond the circle of personal acquaintance with Agassiz.

The third magnate of our club was Lowell, with whose personality the world at large is already well acquainted. In his own day and presence, it was impossible to form a satisfactory personal judgment of him, and even now, through the perspective of the years since he died, it is out of the question for me to pronounce a dispassionate judgment. Of all that New England world, so hospitable, so brotherly to me that if I had been born in Cambridge it could hardly have been so kind, Lowell and Norton were those who most made my welcome free from any embarrassment to myself. Norton, almost exactly my contemporary, is still living, and which of us two shall say the last word for the other is on the

lap of the gods, but in the Adirondack Club life he does not appear. No kinder or wiser friend have I ever had. Himself the son of one of the most distinguished of the great Unitarian leaders of liberal New England, his broad common-sense views of sectarian questions first widened my religious horizon, emancipated me from the tithes of mint and cummin, and helped me to see the value of observances; and his hand was always held out to me in those straitened moments in which my impulsive and ill-regulated manner of life continually landed me. I shall not disturb the serenity of his old age by the indiscreet garrulity of mine. But the brotherhood between him and Lowell brought our lives together, and Lowell was the pole to which both our needles swung. Norton's delicate health made it impossible for him to take part in the excursions made by the club, though he was enrolled as a member.

Of Lowell much has been said by many people, some of whom were less, and others, perhaps, better acquainted with him than I was; but I at least can speak of him without restraint other than that which love and gratitude impose. And to-day, more than forty years since I found his friendship what it ever remained, the judgment I formed of him at first acquaintance comes up again in one point dominant. He seemed to me a man whom good fortune, and especially the favor of society, had prevented from filling the rôle that fate had intended for him. There was in not a few of his poems the promise of reaching a height only attainable by a man who climbs light. There was in him the possible making of a great reformer, an evangelist. All through his early poems runs the thread of a fine morality, the perception of the highest obligations of religion and philanthropy, the defense of the weak and oppressed, the succor of the poor, — in fine, the creed of a practical religion which would seem to

require its adherent to go into the slums and out on the highways to carry out his convictions in acts. In the warfare he waged on slavery, when the anti-slavery cause was very unpopular, and in the case of Garrison and others brought on its advocates continual danger and occasional violence, Lowell was unsparing in the denunciation of the national sin; but whether because the anti-abolition public which ruled Boston thought denunciation in form of verse had no practical force, or because the personal fascination the man always exercised was such as to disarm hostility, it happened that he was never made the subject of aggression.

There was a gracious indolence in him, an imperturbable serenity which made proclamation in advance of a truce to all forms of brute collision. No doubt if they had hunted him out for a victim of the political animosity which led to so many tragedies in the early days of our anti-slavery agitations, he would have stood up to the stake as readily as one of the martyrs of old; but the man's nature was repugnant to discords, and shrank from combats ruder than those of the printing press. All through his career, the religion of humanity is put forward with point and persistence, and the finest of distinctions in morality are maintained, — the so constantly ignored vital difference between the deed and its motive, as in *Sir Launfal* : —

"The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share, —
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds
three, —
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me;"

so that one might have expected from him the life of a social reformer, so keenly does he feel the outrages of civilization. But, possibly from the fact that in those days human slavery in our country summed up all villainies and crimes, and in the war against that he threw all his surplus energy, he never took part in

the crusade then beginning against the more familiar iniquities nearer home. But in his constitution there was, I think, another reason why the author of *Sir Launfal*, *Hunger and Cold*, *The Landlord*, and *The Search* should not have emulated Howard or Mrs. Fry, and have gone into the realms of destitution to relieve its wrongs. He was extremely fastidious, and anything that offended his taste by vulgarity or crudeness repelled him with such force that the work of practical philanthropy would have been impossible to his temperament. The indolence I have above spoken of — and which must not be confounded with slothfulness, but is, as the true meaning of the word indicates, the following the dictates of the temperament, whether in activity or rest — led him to contemplation rather than to action. The finest and most exalted passages of his work were not so fine and exalted as his personality, — he was better than anything he ever wrote; and what he wrote was only the overflow of a mind which never needed a stimulus to divine cogitation. The fascination, the subtle personal glamour he unconsciously threw over those who came in true contact with him, made them always expect more than he accomplished, for in that there was not even the stimulus of ambition. What he did was done with the spontaneousness of the wind or the sunshine. If he had a vanity, it was to be in all points accoutred for his place in society; but even this was so lightly held that few knew him well enough to see it, and it was never a motive power in him.

I have always felt that if he had been a poor man, compelled to work for his daily bread, he would have occupied a larger place in the world of letters. I have elsewhere alluded to his going to Europe to complete the preparations to enter upon his professorship, and when he came back from this voyage he said to me, "I must study yet a good deal before I attempt to produce anything

more." In the succeeding years he labored very hard in his professorial work, which was perhaps not favorable to his advancement as an author, though it certainly gave more solidity in the production of those years which intervened between his simpler life and his diplomatic career. His lectures before the students and the public — for the popularity of Lowell as a lecturer was immense — solidified an education which, as he himself humorously avowed, was often broken by freaks of irrepressible youthful spirit. The saddening and indelible effects of the war had so modified his character for the graver and more profound that I agree with those of his friends who consider his entry into the diplomatic career as a misfortune for American letters, and that his mind flowed to waste in those later years. Nor was he at home in diplomacy, — it was a reversal of all the conditions of his habitual existence; but it flattered his *amour propre* that the country should recognize the part he had taken in the cultivation of the anti-slavery sentiment of the nation. His social gifts were very great, and his patriotic pride intensified the pleasure of his successes in a line of life which was really secondary in his nature. In those years of his diplomatic life we saw little of each other. Our intimate intercourse was suspended by my going to Europe in 1859. We were nearest each other in our Adirondack life, in which he had all the zest of a boy. He was the soul of the merriment of the company, fullest of witticisms, keenest in appreciation of the liberty of the occasion and the *genius loci*. One sees through all his nature-poetry the traces of the heredity of the first settler, the keen enjoyment of the New England farmhouse and the brightness and newness of the villages, so crude to the tastes founded in the picturesqueness of the Old World. Not even Emerson, with all his indifference to the mere form of things, took to unimproved and uncivilized nature as Lowell did, and his

free delight in the Wilderness was a thing to remember, and perhaps by none so fully appreciated as by me, to whom it was a satisfactory motive for living.

Of the rest of our company in that famous old camp by "Follansbee Water," there is little more to be said which will interest others or recall names known to the world. I painted a study of the camp and its inhabitants, with the intention of making from it, at a future time, a picture which should commemorate the meeting; but owing to changes in my plans it remained a study, and was purchased by Judge Hoar, the most eminent of my companions still to be described. He had been a justice of the Superior Court of Massachusetts, a man as well known for his intellectual fibre and sympathy with letters as for his judicial abilities. He was one of the most brilliant members of the Saturday Club, of which ours might be considered the offspring and succursal. He had a most spontaneous and electric wit, whose sallies burst in the merriment of our *al fresco* camp dinners with the flash and surprise of rockets, and sometimes left behind them the perfume of erudition as those of no other in the company, save perhaps Lowell. In my study the party is divided in the habit of the morning occupations: Lowell, Hoar, Binney, Woodman, and myself are engaged in firing at the target; Agassiz and Wyman are dissecting a trout on a tree stump, while Holmes and Dr. Howe watch the operation; but Emerson, recognizing himself as neither a marksman nor a scientist, is in a position between the two groups, and, pilgrim staff in hand, watches the marksmen, with a slight preference of them to the others. My own figure I painted from a photograph, the company insisting on my putting myself in; but it was ill done, for I could never paint from a photograph.

When the company left me I returned to my painting, and remained in camp as long as the weather permitted. On

my return to Cambridge I became affianced to Miss Mack, the eldest daughter of Dr. Mack, with whom I had boarded while I was occupied painting the various pictures of the oaks at Waverley.

The meeting of the Adirondack Club the following year was a most successful one, and when it was over, and I was left alone to my painting, I selected a subject in which, for the first time, I introduced a dramatic element. I supposed that a hunter and a buck had had a hand-to-horn fight, and during it had fallen together over a ledge of rocks, at the bottom of which both lay dead. A perpendicular ledge of granite, about twenty feet high, mosses and ferns clinging in its crevices, overhanging a level space covered with a heavy growth of luxuriant fern, furnished the background. There I laid the first large buck I killed, and painted him with extreme care, and then painted my guide, with his arms locked in the antlers of the deer. The hour was the late afternoon, when the red sunlight slanted through the trees and fell in broken masses on the face of the cliff, catching the leaves here and there in its path. All this and as much of the details of the

forest as the time permitted were painted carefully from the scene. I worked on the picture for about two months, my canvas being twenty-five by thirty inches, till the lake began to freeze and the snow fell. The thermometer was about zero Fahrenheit before I broke off, in November. I never enjoyed so entirely the forest life as that autumn. I had laid a line of sable traps for miles through the woods, and caught several prime sable which I intended as a present to my fiancée, and the long walks in the absolute silence of the great forest, the snow-fall, and the gorgeous autumn were more fascinating than ever before. It was with the greatest reluctance that I obeyed the necessity to return to the state of civilization, and took leave of that most charming retreat of the natural man from the artificial life.

That was my last serious experience of woodland life. The uneasy and thriftless spirit which drove me out, like the possessed of the Scripture, to wander in strange places at times, again drove me, that winter, to England, putting, as it happened, against my intention or prevision, an end to the American period of my life.

William James Stillman.

MAY IN FRANCONIA.

THE day was red-cherry day, the 20th of the month. Once in the hill country, the train ran hour after hour through a world of shrubs and small trees, loaded every one with white blossoms. Their number was amazing. I should not have believed there were so many in all New Hampshire. The snowy branches fairly whitened the woods; as if all the red-cherry trees of the country round about were assembled along the railroad track to celebrate a festival. The spectacle — for it was nothing less — made me

think of the annual dogwood display as I had witnessed it in the Alleghanies and further south. I remembered, too, a similar New England pageant of some years ago; a thing of annual occurrence, of course, but never seen by me before or since. Then it happened that I came down from Vermont (this also was in May) just at the time when the shad-bushes were in their glory. Like the wild red-cherry trees, as I saw them now, they seemed to fill the world. Such miles on miles of a floral panorama are

among the memorable delights of spring travel.

For the cherry's sake I was glad that my leaving home had been delayed a week or two beyond my first intention; though I thought then, as I do still, that an earlier start would have shown me something more of real spring among the mountains, which, after all, was what I had come out to see.

The light showers through which I drove over the hills from Littleton were gone before sunset, and as the twilight deepened I strolled up the Butter Hill road as far as the grove of red pines, just to feel the ground under my feet and to hear the hermit thrushes. How divinely they sang, one on either side of the way, voice answering to voice, the very soul of music, out of the darkening woods! I agree with a friendly correspondent who wrote me, the other day, fresh from a summer in France, that the nightingale is no such singer. I have never heard the nightingale, but that does not alter my opinion. Formerly I wished that the hermit, and all the rest of our woodland thrushes, would practice a longer and more continuous strain. Now I think differently; for I see now that what I looked upon as a blemish is really the perfection of art. Those brief, deliberate phrases, breaking one by one out of the silence, lift the soul higher than any smooth-flowing warble could possibly do. Worship has no gift of long-breathed fluency. If she speaks at all, it is in the way of ejaculation. "Therefore let thy words be few," said the Preacher,—a text which is only a modern Hebrew version of what the hermit thrush has been saying here in the White Mountains for ten thousand years.

One of the principal glories of Franconia is the same in spring as in autumn,—the colors of the forest. There is no describing them: greens and reds of all tender and lovely shades; not to speak of the exquisite haze-blue, or blue-purple,

which mantles the still budded woods on the higher slopes. For the reds I was quite unprepared. They have never been written about, so far as I know, doubtless because they have never been seen. The scribbling tourist is never here till long after they are gone. In fact, I stayed late enough, on my present visit, to see the end of them. I knew, of course, that young maple leaves, like old ones, are of a ruddy complexion; but somehow I had never considered that the massing of the trees on hillsides would work the same gorgeous, spectacular effect in spring as in autumn,—broad patches of splendor hung aloft, a natural tapestry, for the eye to feast upon. Not that May is as gaudy as September. There are no brilliant yellows, and the reds are many shades less fiery than autumn furnishes; but what is lacking in intensity is more than made up in delicacy, as the bloom of youth is fairer than any hectic flush. The glory passed, as I have said. Before the 1st of June it had deepened, and then disappeared; but the sight of it was of itself enough to reward my journey.

The clouds returned after the rain, and my first forenoon was spent under an umbrella on the Bethlehem plateau, not so much walking as standing about; now in the woods, now in the sandy road, now in the dooryard of an empty house. It was Sunday; the rain, quiet and intermittent, rather favored music; and all in all, things were pretty much to my mind,—plenty to see and hear, yet all of a sweetly familiar sort, such as one hardly thinks of putting into a notebook. Why record, as if it could be forgotten or needed to be remembered, the lisping of happy clickadees or the whistle of white-throated sparrows? Or why speak of shad-blow and gold-thread, or even of the lovely painted trilliums, with their three daintily crinkled petals, streaked with rose-purple? The trilliums, indeed, well deserved to be spoken of: so bright and bold they were; every

blossom looking the sun squarely in the face, — in great contrast with the pale and bashful wake-robin, which I find (by searching for it) in my own woods. One after another I gathered them (pulled them, to speak with poetic literalness), each fresher and handsomer than the one before it, till the white stems made a handful.

"Oh," said a man on the piazza, as I returned to the hotel, "I see you have nosebleed." I was putting my hand to my pocket, wondering why I should have been taken so childishly, when it came over me what he meant. He was looking at the trilliums, and explained, in answer to a question, that he had always heard them called "nosebleed." Somewhere, then, — I omitted to inquire where, — this is their "vulgar" name. In Franconia the people call them "Ben-jamins," which has a pleasant Biblical sound, — better than "nosebleed," at all events, — though to my thinking "trillium" is preferable to either of them, both for sound and for sense. People cry out against "Latin names." But why is Latin worse than Hebrew? And who could ask anything prettier or easier than trillium, geranium, anemone, and hepatica?

The next morning I set out for Echo Lake. At that height, in that hollow among the mountains, the season must still be young. There, if anywhere, I should find the early violet and the trailing mayflower. And whatever I found, or did not find, at the end of the way, I should have made another ascent of the dear old Notch road, every rod of it the pleasanter for happy memories. I had never traveled it in May, with the glossy-leaved clintonia yet in the bud, and the broad, grassy golf links above the Profile House farm all frosty with houstonia bloom. And many times as I had been over it, I had never known till now that rhodora stood along its very edge. To-day, with the pink blossoms brightening the crooked, leafless, knee-high stems,

not even my eyes could miss it. Our one small pear-leaved willow, near the foot of Hardserabble, was in flower, its maroon leaves partly grown. Well I remembered the June morning when I lighted upon it, and the interest shown by the senior botanist of our little company when I reported the discovery, at the dinner table. He went up that very afternoon to see it for himself; and year after year, while he lived, he watched over it, more than once cautioning the road-menders against its destruction. How many times he and I have stopped beside it, on our way up and down! The "Torrey willow" he always called it, stroking my vanity; and I liked the word.

Now a chipmunk speaks to me, as I pass; it is not his fault, nor mine either, perhaps, that I do not understand him; and now, hearing a twig snap, I glance up in time to see a woodchuck scuttling out of sight under the high, overhanging bank. So *he* is a dweller in these upper mountain woods!¹ I should have thought him too nice an epicure to feel himself at home in such diggings. But who knows? Perhaps he finds something hereabout — wood-sorrel or what not — that is more savory even than young clover leaves and early garden sauce. From somewhere on my right comes the sweet — honey-sweet — warble of a rose-breasted grosbeak; and almost over my head, at the topmost point of a tall spruce, sits a Blackburnian warbler, doing his little utmost to express himself. His pitch is as high as his perch, and his tone, pure *z*, is like the finest of wire. Another water bar surmounted, and a baybreast sings, and lets me see him, — a bird I always love to look at, and a song that I always have to learn anew, partly because I hear it so seldom, partly because of its want of individuality: a single hurried phrase, pure *z* like the Black-

¹ Yes, he has even been seen (and "taken"), so I am told, at the summit of Mount Washington.

burnian's, and of the same wire-drawn tenuity. These warblers are poor hands at warbling, but they are musical to the eye. By this rule, — if throats were made to be looked at, and judged by the feathers on them, — the Blackburnian might challenge comparison with any singer under the sun.

As the road ascends, the aspect of things grows more and more springlike, — or less and less summerlike. Black-birch catkins are just beginning to fall, and a little higher, not far from the Bald Mountain path, I notice a sugar maple still hanging full of pale, straw-colored tassels, — encouraging signs to a man who was becoming apprehensive lest he had arrived too late.

Then, as I pass the height of land and begin the gentle descent into the Notch, fronting the white peak of Lafayette and the black face of Eagle Cliff, I am aware of a strange sensation, as if I had stepped into another world: bare, leafless woods and sudden blank silence. All the way hitherto birds have been singing on either hand, my ear picking out the voices one by one, while flies and mosquitoes have buzzed continually about my head; here, all in a moment, not a bird, not an insect, — a stillness like that of winter. Minute after minute, rod after rod, and not a breath of sound, — not so much as the stirring of a leaf. I could not have believed such a transformation possible. It is uncanny. I walk as in a dream. The silence lasts for at least a quarter of a mile. Then a warbler breaks it for an instant, and leaves it, if possible, more absolute than before. I am going southward, and downhill; but I am going into the Notch, into the very shadow of the mountains, where Winter makes his last rally against the inevitable.

And yes, here are some of the early flowers I have come in search of: the dear little yellow violets, whose glossy, round leaves, no more than half-grown as yet, seem to love the very border of

a snowbank. Here, too, is a most flourishing patch of spring-beauties, and another of adder's-tongue, — dog-tooth violet, so called. Of the latter there must be hundreds of acres in Franconia. I have seen the freckled leaves everywhere, and now and then a few belated blossoms. Here I have it at its best, the whole bed thick with buds and freshly blown flowers. But the round-leaved violet is what I am chiefly taken with. The very type and pattern of modesty, I am ready to say. The spring-beauty masses itself; and though every blossom, if you look at it, is a miracle of delicacy, — lustrous pink satin, with veinings of a deeper shade, — it may fairly be said to make a show. But the violets, scattered, and barely out of the ground, must be sought after one by one. So meek, and yet so bold! — part of the beautiful vernal paradox, that the lowly and the frail are the first to venture.

As I come down to the lakeside, — making toward the lower end, whither I always go, because there the railroad is least obtrusively in sight and the mountains are faced to the best advantage, — two or three solitary sandpipers flit before me, tweeting and bobbing, and a winter wren (invisible, of course) sings from a thicket at my elbow. A jolly songster he is, with the clearest and finest of tones — a true fife — and an irresistible accent and rhythm. A bird by himself. This fellow hurries and hurries (am I wrong in half remembering a line by some poet about a bird that "hurries and precipitates"?), till the tempo becomes too much for him; the notes can no longer be taken, and, like a boy running down too steep a hill, he finishes with a slide. I think of those pianoforte passages which the most lightninglike of performers — Paderewski himself — are reduced to playing ignominiously with the back of one finger. I know not their technical name, if they have one, — finger-nail runs, perhaps. I remember, also, Thoreau's de-

scription of a song heard in Tucker-man's Ravine and here in the Franconia Notch. He could never discover the author of it, but pretty certainly it was the winter wren. "Most peculiar and memorable," he pronounces it, like a "fine corkscrew stream issuing with incessant tinkle from a cork." "Tinkle" is exactly the word. Trust Thoreau to find *that*, though he could not find the singer. If the thrushes are left out of the account, there is no voice in the mountains that I am gladder to hear.

Near the outlet of the lake, in a shaded hollow, lies a deep snowbank, and not far away the ground is matted with trailing arbutus, still in plentiful bloom. One of the most attractive things here is the few-flowered shadbush (*Amelanchier oligocarpa*). The common *A. Canadensis* grows near by; and it is astonishing how unlike the two species look, although the difference (the visible difference, I mean) is all in the arrangement of the flowers, — clustered in one case, separately disposed in the other. To-day the "average observer" would look twice before suspecting any close relationship between them; a week or two hence he would look a dozen times before remarking any distinction. With them, as with the red cherry, it is the blossom that makes the bush.

So much for my first May morning on the Notch road and by the lake: a few particulars caught in passing, to be taken for what they are, —

"Samples and sorts, not for themselves alone, but for their atmosphere."

In the afternoon I went over into the

¹ So I was relieved to find all the Franconia white-throated sparrows introducing their sets of triplets with two — not three — longer single notes. That was how I had always whistled the tune; and I had been astonished and grieved to see it printed in musical notation by Mr. Cheney, and again by Mr. Chapman, with an introductory measure of three notes: as if it were to go, "Old Sam, Sam Pea-

Landaff Valley, having in mind a restful, level-country stroll, with a view especially to the probable presence of Tennessee warblers in that quarter. One or two had been singing constantly near the hotel for two days (ever since my arrival, that is), and Sunday I had heard another beside the Bethlehem road. Whether they were migrants only, or had settled in Franconia for the season, they ought, it seemed to me, to be found also in the big Landaff larch swamp, where we had seen them so often in June, ten or twelve years ago. As I had heard the song but once since that time, I was naturally disposed to make the most of the present opportunity.

I turned in at the old hay barn, — one of my favorite resorts, where I have seen many a pretty bunch of autumnal transients, — and sure enough, a Tennessee's voice was one of the first to greet me. *This* fellow sang as a Tennessee ought to sing, I said to myself. By which I meant that his song was clearly made up of three parts, just as I had kept it in memory; whereas the birds near the hotel, as well as the one on the Bethlehem road, divided theirs but once. No great matter, somebody will say; but a self-respecting man likes to have his recollections justified, even about trifles, particularly when he has confided them to print.¹

The swamp had begun well with its old eulogist; but better things were in store. I passed an hour or more in the woods, for the most part sitting still (which is pretty good after-dinner ornithology), and had just taken the road again when a bevy of talkative chickadees came straggling down the rim of

body, Peabody, Peabody," instead of, as I remembered it, and as reason dictated, "Old Sam Peabody, Peabody, Peabody." I am not intimating that Mr. Cheney and Mr. Chapman are wrong, but that my own recollection was right, — a very different matter, as my present experience with Tennessee warblers was sufficient to show.

the swamp, flitting from one tree to another, — a morsel here and a morsel there, — after their usual manner while on the march. Now, then, for a few migratory warblers, which always may be looked for in such company.

True to the word, my glass was hardly in play before a baybreast showed himself, in magnificent plumage; then came a Blackburnian, also in high feather, handsomer even than the baybreast, but less of a rarity; and then, all in a flash, I caught a glimpse of some bright-colored, black-and-yellow bird that, almost certainly, from an indefinable something half seen about the head, could not be a magnolia. "That should be a Cape May!" I said aloud to myself. Even as I spoke, however, he was out of sight. Down the road I went, trying to keep abreast of the flock, which moved much too rapidly for my comfort. Again I saw what might have been the Cape May, but again there was nothing like certainty. And again I lost him. With the trees so thick, and the birds so small and so active, it was impossible to do better. I had missed my chance, I thought; but just then something stirred among the leaves of a fir tree close by me, on the very edge of the swamp, and the next moment a bird stepped upon the outermost twig, as near me as he could get, and stood there fully displayed: a splendid Cape May, in superb color, my first New England specimen. "Look at me," he said. "This is for your benefit." And I looked with both eyes. Who would not be an ornithologist, with sights like this to reward him?

The procession moved on, by the air line, impossible for me to follow. The Cape May, of course, had departed with the rest. So I assumed, — without warrant, as will presently appear. But I had no quarrel with Fate. For a plodding, wingless creature, long accustomed to his disabilities, I was being handsomely used. The soul is always seeking new things, says a celebrated French philoso-

pher, and is always pleased when it is shown more than it had hoped for. This is preëminently true of rare warblers. Now I would cross the bridge, walk once more under the arch of willows, — happy that I *could* walk, being a man only, — and back to the village again by the upper road. For a half mile on that road the prospect is such that no mortal need desire a better one.

First, however, I must train my glass upon a certain dark object out in the meadow, to see whether it was a stump (it was motionless enough for one, but I did n't remember it there) or a woodchuck. It turned out to be a woodchuck, erect upon his haunches, his fore paws lifted in an attitude of devotion. The sight was common just now in all Franconia grassland, no matter in what direction my jaunts took me. And always the attitude was the same, as if now were the ground-hog's Lent. "Watch and pray" is his motto; and he thrives upon it like a monk. Though the legislature sets a price on his head, he keeps in better flesh than the average legislator. Well done, say I. May his shadow never grow less! I like him, as I like the crow. Health and long life to both of them, — wildings that will not be put down nor driven into the outer wilderness, be the hand of civilization never so hostile. They were here before man came, and will be here, it is most likely, after he is gone; unless, as the old planet's fires go out, man himself becomes a hibernator. I have heard a hunted woodchuck, at bay in a stone wall, gnashing his teeth against a dog; and I have seen a mother woodchuck with a litter of young ones playing about her as she lay at full length sunning herself, the very picture of maternal satisfaction: and my belief is that woodchucks have as honest a right as most of us to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

As I walked under the willows, — empty to-day, though I remembered more

than one happy occasion when, in better company, I had found them alive with wings. — I paused to look through the branches at a large hawk and a few glossy-backed barn swallows quartering over the meadow. Then, all at once, there fell on my ears a shower of bobolink notes, and the birds, twenty or more together, dropped into the short grass before me. Every one of them was a male.

A strange custom it is, this Quakerish separation of the sexes. It must be the females' work, I imagine. Modesty and bashfulness are feminine traits, — modesty, bashfulness, and maidenly discretion. The wise virgin shunneth even the appearance of evil. Let the males flock by themselves, and travel in advance. And the males practice obedience, not for virtue's sake, I guess, but of necessity; encouraged, no doubt, by an unquestioning belief that the wise virgins will come trooping after, and be found scattered conveniently over the meadows, each by herself, when the marriage bell strikes. That blissful hour was now close at hand, and my twenty gay bachelors knew it. Every bird of them had on his wedding garment. No wonder they sang.

It took me a long time to make that half mile on the upper road, with the narrow, freshly green valley outspread just below, the river running through it, and beyond a royal horizonful of mountains; some near and green, some farther away and blue, and some — the highest — still with the snow on them: Moosilauke, Kinsman, Cannon, Lafayette, Garfield, the Twins, Washington, Clay, Jefferson, and Adams; all perfectly clear, the sky covered with high clouds. A sober day it was, sober and still, though the bobolinks seemed not so to regard it. While I looked at the landscape, seating myself now and then to enjoy it quietly, I kept an ear open for the shout of a pileated woodpecker, a wildly musical sound often to be heard

on this hillside; but to-day there was nothing nearer to it than a crested flycatcher's scream, out of the big sugar orchard.

On my way down the hill toward the red bridge, I met a man riding in some kind of rude contrivance, not to be called a wagon or a cart, between two pairs of wheels. He lay flat on his back, as in a hammock, and, to judge by his tools and the mortar on his clothing, must have been a mason returning from his work. He was "taking it easy," at all events. We saluted each other, and he stopped his horse and sat up. "You used to be round here, did n't you?" he asked. Yes, I said, I had been here a good deal, off and on. He thought he remembered me. He had noticed me getting out of Mr. Prime's carriage at the corner. "Let's see," he said: "you used to be looking after the birds a good deal, did n't you?" I pleaded guilty, and he seemed glad. "You are well?" he added, and drove on. Neither of us had said anything in particular, but there are few events of the road more to my taste than such chance bits of neighborly intercourse. The man's tone and manner gave me the feeling of real friendliness. If I had fallen among thieves, I confide that he would have been neither a priest nor a Levite. May his trowel find plenty of work and fair wages.

This was on May 22. The next three days were occupied with all-day excursions to Mount Agassiz, to Streeter Pond, and to Lonesome Lake path. With so many hands beckoning to me, the Cape May warbler was well-nigh forgotten. On the morning of the 26th, however, the weather being dubious, I betook myself again to the Landaff swamp, entering it, as usual, by the wood road at the barn. Many birds were there: a tanager (uncommon hereabout), olive-sided flycatchers, alder flycatchers (first seen on the 23d, and already abundant), a yellow-bellied flycatcher (the recluse of the family), magnolia warblers, Can-

ada warblers, parula warblers (three beautiful species), a Tennessee warbler, a Swainson thrush (whistling), a veery (snarling), and many more. The Swainson thrush, by the way, although present, in small numbers apparently, from May 22, was not heard to sing a note until June 1, — ten days of silence! Yet it sings freely on its migration, even as far south as Georgia. Close at hand was a grouse, who performed again and again in what seemed to me a highly original manner. First he delivered three or four quick beats. Then he rested for a second or two, after which he proceeded to drum in the ordinary way, beginning with deliberation, and gradually accelerating the beats, till the ear could no longer follow them, and they became a whirl. That prelude of four quick, decisive strokes was a novelty to my ears, so far as I could remember.

I had taken my fill of this pleasant chorus, and was on my way back to the road, when suddenly I heard something that was better than "pleasant," — a peculiarly faint and listless four-syllabled warbler song, which might be described as a monotonous *zee-zee-zee-zee*. The singer was not a blackpoll: of that I felt certain on the instant. What could it be, then, but a Cape May? That was a shrewd guess (I had heard the Cape May once, in Virginia, some years before); for presently the fellow moved into sight, and I had a feast of admiring him, as he flitted about among the fir trees, feeding and singing. If he was the one I had seen in the same wood on the 22d, he was making a long stay. Still I did not venture to think of him as anything but a migrant. The Tennessee had sung incessantly for five days in the Gale River larches near the hotel, as already mentioned, and then had taken flight.

The next morning, nevertheless, there was nothing for it — few as my days were growing — but I must visit the place again, on the chance of finding the Cape May still there. And he *was* there; sit-

ting, for part of the time, at the very tip (on the terminal bud, to speak exactly) of a pointed fir. There, as elsewhere, he sang persistently, sometimes with three *zees*, sometimes with four, but always in an unhurried monotone. It was the simplest and most primitive kind of music, to say the best of it, — many an insect would perhaps have done as well; but somehow, with the author of it before me, I pronounced it good. A Tennessee was close by, and (what I particularly enjoyed) a tanager sat in the sun on the topmost spray of a tall white pine, blazing and singing. "This is the sixth day of the Cape May here, yet I cannot think he means to summer." So my pencil finished the day's entry.

Whatever his intentions, I could not afford to spend my whole vacation in learning them, and it was not until the afternoon of the 31st that I went again in search of him. Then he gave me an exciting chase; for, thank Fortune, a chase may be exciting though the bird is not a "game bird," and the man is not a gunner. At first, to be sure, the question seemed in a fair way to be quickly settled. I was hardly in the swamp before I heard the expected *zee-zee*. The bird was still here! But after half a dozen repetitions of the strain he fell silent; and he had not shown himself. For a full hour I paced up and down the path, within a space of forty rods, fighting mosquitoes and awake to every sound. If the bird was here, I meant to make sure of him. This was the tenth day since I had first seen him, and to find him still present would make it practically certain that he was here for the season. As for what I had already heard, — well, the notes were the Cape May's, fast enough; but if that were all, I should go away and straightway begin to question whether my ears had not deceived me. In matters of this kind, an ornithologist walks by sight.

Once, from farther up the path, I heard a voice that might be the one I

was listening for ; but as I hastened toward it, it developed into the homely, twisting song of a black-and-white creeper. Heard at a sufficient distance, this too familiar ditty loses every other one of its notes, and is easily mistaken for something else, — especially if something else happens to be on a man's mind, — as I had found to my chagrin on more than one occasion. Eye and ear both are never more liable to momentary deception than when they are most tensely alert.

Meanwhile, nothing had been heard of the Tennessee, and it became evident that he had moved on. The customary water thrush was singing at short intervals ; gayly dressed warblers darted in and out of the low evergreens, almost brushing my elbows, much to their surprise ; and an olive-sided flycatcher kept up a persistent *pip-pip*. Something was troubling his equanimity ; I had no idea what. It had been one of my special enjoyments, on this vacation trip, to renew my acquaintance with him and his humbler relative, the alder flycatcher, — the latter a commonplace body, whose emphatic *quay-quée* had now become one of the commonest of sounds. The olive-side, by the bye, for all his apparent wildness, did not disdain to visit the shade trees about the hotel ; and once a catbird, not far off, amused me by whistling a most exact reproduction of his breezy *quit, quée-quée-o*. If the voice had come from a treetop instead of from the depths of a low thicket, the illusion would have been complete. It is the weakness of imitators, always and everywhere, to forget one thing or another.

Still the bird I was waiting for made no sign, and finally I left the swamp and started up the road. Possibly he had gone in that direction, where I first saw him. No, he was not there, and, giving over the hunt, I turned back toward the village. Then, as I came opposite the barn again, I heard the notes in the old place, and hastened up the path. This

time I was lucky, for there the bird sat on the outermost spray of a fir-tree branch. It was his most characteristic attitude. I can see him there now.

As I quitted the swamp for good, a man in a buggy was coming down the road. I put on my coat, and as he overtook me I said, "I was putting on my coat because I felt sure you would invite me to ride." He smiled, and bade me get in ; and though he had been going only to the post office, he insisted upon carrying me to the hotel, a mile beyond. Better still, we had a pleasant, humanizing talk of a kind to be serviceable to a narrow specialist, such as I seemed just now in danger of becoming. The use of tobacco was one of our topics, I remember, and the mutual duties of husbands and wives another. My host had seen a good deal of the world, it appeared, and withal was no little of a philosopher. I hope it will not sound egotistical if I say that he gave every sign of finding me a capable listener.

Once more only I saw the Cape May. His claim to be accounted a summer resident of Franconia was by this time moderately well established ; but on my last spare afternoon (June 3) I could not do less than pay him a farewell visit. After looking for him in vain for twenty years (I speak as a New Englander), it seemed the part of prudence to cultivate his acquaintance while I could. At the entrance to the swamp, therefore, I put on my gloves, tied a handkerchief about my neck, and broke a stem of meadow-sweet for use as a mosquito switch. The season was advancing, and field ornithology was becoming more and more a battle. I walked up the path for the usual distance (passing a few lady's-slippers, one of them pure white) without hearing the voice for which I was listening. On the return, however, I caught it, or something like it. Then, as I went in pursuit (a slow process, for caution's sake), the song turned, or seemed to turn, into something different, — louder,

longer, and faster. Is that the same bird, I thought, or another? Whatever it was, it eluded my eye, and after a little the voice ceased. I retreated to the path, where I could look about me more readily and use my switch to better advantage, and anon the faint, lazy *zee-zee-zee* was heard again. This was the Cape May, at all events. I was sure of it. Still I wanted a look. Carefully I edged toward the sound, bending aside the branches, and all at once a bird flew into the spruce over my head. Then began again the quicker, four-syllabled *zip-zip*. I craned my neck and fanned away mosquitoes, all the while keeping my glass in position. A twig stirred. Still the bird sang unseen, — the same hurried phrase, not quite monotonous, since the pitch rose a little on the last couplet. That was a suspicious circumstance, and by this time I should not have been mightily astonished if a Blackburnian had disclosed himself. Another twig stirred. Still I could see nothing; and still I fought mosquitoes (a plague on them!) and kept my eye steady. Then the fellow did again what he had done so often, — stepped out upon a vertical, flat branch, pretty well up, and posed there, singing and preening his feathers. I could see his yellow breast streaked with jet, his black crown, his reddish cheeks, with the yellow patch behind the rufous, and finally the big white blotch on the wing. We have lovelier birds, no doubt (the Cape May's colors are a trifle "splashy" for a nice taste, — for my own taste, I mean to say), but few, if any, whose costume is more strikingly original.

I stayed by him till my patience failed, the mosquitoes helping to wear it out; and all the while he reiterated that comparatively lively *zip-zip*, so very different from the listless *zee-zee*, which I had seen him use on previous occa-

sions, and had heard him use to-day. He was singing now, I said to myself, more like the bird at Natural Bridge, the only other one I had ever heard. It was pleasant to find that even this tenth-rate performer, one of the poorest of a poor family, had more than one tune in his music box.

My spring vacation was planned to be botanical rather than ornithological; but we are not the masters of our own fate, though we sometimes try to think so, and my sketch is turning out a bird piece, after all. The truth is, I was in the birds' country, and it was the birds' hour. They waked me every morning, — veeries, bobolinks, vireos, sparrows, and what not;¹ and as the day began, so it continued. I hope I was not blind to other things. I remember at this moment how rejoiced I was at coming all unexpectedly upon a little bunch of yellow lady's-slippers, — nine blossoms, I believe; rare enough and pretty enough to excite the dullest man's enthusiasm. But the fact remains, if comparisons are to be insisted upon, that a creature like the Cape May warbler has all the beauty of a flower, with the added charm of voice and motion and elusiveness. The lady's-slippers would wait for me, — unless somebody else picked them, — but the warbler could be trusted to lead me a chase, and give me, as the saying is, a run for my money. In other words, he was more interesting, and goes better into a story.

My delight in him was the greater for a consideration yet to be specified. Twelve or thirteen years ago, when a party of us were in Franconia in June, we undertook a list of the birds of the township, — a list which the scientific ornithologist of the company afterward printed.² Now, returning to the place by myself, it became a point of honor with me to improve our work by the addition and only for lack of space I would print it here.

² The Auk, vol. v. p. 151.

¹ I made a list of fifty odd species heard and seen either from my windows or from the piazza,

dition of at least a name or two. And the first candidate was the Cape May.

The second was of a widely different sort; one of my most familiar friends, though more surprising as a bird of the White Mountains than even the Cape May. I speak of the wood thrush, the most southern member of the noble group of singers to which it belongs, — the *Hylocichla*, so called. It is to be regretted that we have no collective English name for them, especially as their vocal quality — by which I mean something not quite the same as musical ability — is such as to set them beyond comparison above all other birds of North America, if not of the world.

My first knowledge of this piece of good fortune was on the 29th of May. I stood on the Notch railway, intent upon a mourning warbler, noting how fond of red-cherry trees he and his fellows seemingly were, when I was startled out of measure by a wood thrush's voice from the dense maple woods above me. There was no time to look for him; and happily there was no need. He was one of the consummate artists of his race (among the members of which there is great unevenness in this regard), possessing all those unmistakable peculiarities which at once distinguish the wood thrush's song from the hermit's, with which alone a careless listener might confound it: the sudden drop to a deep contralto (the most glorious bit of vocalism to be heard in our woods), and the tinkle or spray of bell-like tones at the other extreme of the gamut. As with the Cape May, so with him, the question was, Will he stay?

Two days later I came down the track again. A hermit was in tune, and presently a wood thrush joined him. "His tone is fuller and louder than the hermit's," says my pencil, — flattered, no doubt, at finding itself in a position to speak a word of momentary positiveness touching a question of superiority long in dispute, and likely to remain in dis-

pute while birds sing and men listen to them. A quarter of a mile farther, and I came to the sugar grove. Here a second bird was singing, just where I had heard him two days before. Him I sat down to enjoy; and at that moment, probably because he had seen me (and had seen me stop), he broke out with a volley of those quick, staccato, inimitably emphatic, whip-snapping calls, — *pip-pip*, — which are more characteristic of the species than even the song itself. So there were two male wood thrushes, and presumably two pairs, in this mountain-side forest!

On the 1st of June I heard the song there again, though I was forced to wait for it; and three days afterward the story was the same. I ought to have looked for nests, but time failed me. To the best of my knowledge, the bird has never been reported before from the White Mountain region, though it is well known to breed in some parts of Canada, where I have myself seen it.

Here, then, were two notable accessions to our local catalogue. The only others (a few undoubted migrants — Wilson's black-cap warbler, the white-crowned sparrow, and the solitary sandpiper — being omitted) were a single meadow lark and a single yellow-throated vireo. The lark seemed to be unknown to Franconia people, and my specimen may have been only a straggler. He sang again and again on May 22, but I heard nothing from him afterward, though I passed the place often. The vireo was singing in a sugar grove on the 3d of June, — a date on which, accidents apart, he should certainly have been at home for the summer.

Because I have had so much to say about the Cape May warbler and the wood thrush, it is not to be assumed that I mean to set them in the first place, nor even that I had in them the highest pleasure. They surprised me, and surprise is always more talkative than simple appreciation; but the birds that min-

istered most to my enjoyment were the hermit and the veery. The veery is not an every-day singer with me at home, and the hermit, for some years past, has made himself almost a stranger. I hardly know which of the two put me under the greater obligation. The veery sang almost continually, and a good veery is a singer almost out of competition. His voice lacks the ring of the wood thrush's and the hermit's; it never dominates the choir; but with the copice to itself and the listener close by, it has sometimes a quality irresistible; I do not hesitate to characterize it as angelic. Of this kind was the voice of a bird that used to sing under my Franconia window at half past three o'clock, in the silence of the morning.

The surpassing glory of the veery's song, as all lovers of American bird music may be presumed by this time to know, lies in its harmonic, double-stopping effect, — an effect, or quality, as beautiful as it is peculiar. One day, while I stood listening to it under the best of conditions, admiring the wonderful arpeggio (I know no less technical word for it), my pencil suddenly grew poetic. "The veery's fingers are quick on the harp-strings," it wrote. His is perfect Sunday music, and the hermit's no less so. And in the same class I should put the simple chants of the field sparrow and the vesper. The so-called "preaching" of the red-eyed vireo is utter worldliness in the comparison.

Happy Franconia! This year, if never before, it had all five of our New England *Hylœichlæ* singing in its woods: the veery and the hermit everywhere in the lower country, the wood thrush in the maple forest before mentioned, the olive-back throughout the Notch and its neighborhood, and the gray-cheek on Lafayette. A quintette hard to match, I venture to think, anywhere on the footstool. And after them — I do not say with them — were winter wrens, bobolinks, rose-breasted gros-

beaks, purple finches, solitary vireos, vesper sparrows, field sparrows, white-throated sparrows, song sparrows, catbirds, robins, orioles, tanagers, and a score or two beside.

One other bright circumstance I am bound in honor to speak of, — the abundance of swallows; a state of affairs greatly unlike anything to be met with in my part of Massachusetts: cliff swallows and barn swallows in crowds, and sand martins and tree swallows by no means uncommon. But for the absence of black martins, — a famous colony of which the tourist may see at Concord, while the train waits, — here would have been a second quintette worthy to rank with the thrushes; the flight of one set being as beautiful, not to say as musical, as the songs of the other. As it was, the universal presence of these aerial birds was a continual delight to any man with eyes to notice it. They glorified the open valley as the thrushes glorified the woods.

We shall never again see the like of this, I fear, in our prosier Boston neighborhood. Within my time — within twenty years, indeed — barn swallows summered freely on Beacon Hill, plastering their nests against the walls of the State House and the Athenæum, and even under the busy portico of the Tremont House. I have remembrance, too, of a pair that dwelt, for one season at least, above the door of the old Ticknor mansion, at the head of Park Street. Those days are gone. Now, alas, even in the suburban districts, we may almost say that one swallow makes a summer. An evil change it is, for which not even the warblings of English sparrows will ever quite console me. Yet the present state of things, the reoccupation of Boston by the British, if you please to call it so, is not without its grain of compensation. It makes me fonder of "old Francony." Skeptic or man of faith, naturalist or supernaturalist, who does not like to feel that there is somewhere a "better country" than the one he lives in?

Bradford Torrey.

DAMAREL DANCED FOR THE KING.

DAMAREL danced for the King 'between the dark and the light :
 Our pulses swung to the beat and rush of the wonderful feet,
 (Ah ! restless, flickering feet !)
 While the East grew dimly bright.
 And the arches throbbed with the ring of her golden ankle-bell
 That caught the light as it fell from the misty garments' swing,
 From rounded, gleaming wrist,
 From hair the sun had kissed,
 And flashed it golden bright on the jewels of the throne,
 Till they glowed in the scented night, where the King sat all alone, —
 The old King sat alone, —
 To watch, perchance to dream ; his dull eyes caught by the gleam
 Of bell and glancing feet, where Damarel danced and shone.

Will the memory never fade of that witching, wonderful night,
 When we watched the East grow bright as wild, white Damarel swayed ?
 Why do our pulses swell with the dear, old-new delight ?
 What was the magic spell, dulling all after-sting
 With the peace of outlived bliss ?
 Who can tell more than this :
Between the dark and the light, Damarel danced for the King.
Katharine Aldrich.

THE EXPERIMENTAL LIFE.

THERE comes a time when the process of formal education ends. Childhood has come and gone ; youth is past ; adult life is reached. The lower school has made its contribution, and the high school. Even the university has contributed the larger part of its own service, and must be content in the future with occasional and casual ministration. But life has not passed ; the social purpose is not exhausted ; and just as surely, the educational process may not consistently end. It is only that the process has changed hands. It has ceased to be formal, ceased to be the work of any institution, however august, and has become the sole work of the individual himself. When the university drops the

work of education, and each individual takes it up for himself, the work assumes a different character. It becomes, in a very practical sense, original work, an adventure in the unknown ; and since it has to do with life, we may well regard the experimental life as the final process in education, the process of men and women in action.

When one announces that the most magnificent thing about life *is* life, one is not toying with the words. One is simply announcing a very obvious and far-reaching truth. But it is a platitude which will bear repeating ; for rich and poor alike, the world over, are squandering nothing quite so remorselessly as just this most magnificent of all their

possessions, their life. The poor are squandering it on food and shelter and clothing, and very wretched stuff at that; sometimes they are squandering it in forced or self-chosen idleness. The middle class are squandering it on a somewhat better grade of the same so-called necessities, and in still larger measure on the hazard of wealth. The rich are squandering it on the bolder hazard of greater wealth and in the pursuit of impossible pleasure, — pleasure bought at the expense of another. But in the midst of this disorder, and enabling us, by the contrast, to recognize it as disorder, one does see here and there men and women spending life wisely and beautifully, living the experimental life; and more thrifty still, one sees on all sides the children.

Now, whether we squander life on the trifling pursuits of the majority, or whether we spend it wisely and beautifully after the manner of the minority, will all depend upon the ideas which we bring to the adventure. The same stone may be fashioned into a temple of the spirit or into a fortress of cruelty: it depends upon the idea of the builder. The same metal may be fashioned into sword or ploughshare: it depends upon the idea of the artificer. The same grain may nourish as food, or deprave as drink: it depends upon the idea of the husbandman. So the same life may be squandered on that which is not worth while, or expended on that which is excellent: it depends upon the idea of the man. The altogether significant, compelling, momentous thing is the idea. This is at once the hope and the despair of all advance movements. It is the hope because it pierces all obstacles, and accomplishes the impossible: the triumphant idea becomes the triumphant fact. It is the despair because the transmutation of coward ideas into heroic ideas is the work of years, of generations. In the absence of the right idea, the force and material of the universe avail nothing.

It has been the custom — I fear, in order to be accurate, I must say it is the custom — to regard education as a process which ends for the masses with the lower schools, for the more fortunate with the high school, and for the gifted few with the university. To have it cover the whole of life for all of us is not regarded by any great number of people as more than a very idle dream. But to advocate this dream as a thoroughly serious and practical plan, a workable idea, is only to extend the scheme of rational education to its logical completion. The obstacle to be overcome is the anti-social idea which makes us believe in things rather than in men; believe in individual fortunes and profit and privilege rather than in the social fortune and individual human wealth. This is the only sense in which it is possible for all of us to be wealthy, the wealth of individual organic power; for the wealth of the market, houses and lands and goods and the apparatus of production and transportation, great as it is, is not sufficient to make us all wealthy in any individual way; and even if it were, it would, in the equal distribution, quite lose its power. For, whatever may be our social creed, it is impossible to deny that the power of wealth depends upon its ability to command other people. On one side, the wealth of the market; and on the other side, human need or human greed, usually human need. It is poverty that gives power to the wealth of the market. It is only difference of level that makes the wealth available. Some one else must be in want. The stream that does not run downhill turns no mill. The magnificence of private wealth is a magnificence which is only made possible by the drudgery of millions, by their practical slavery.

When one criticises a tyranny, one must condemn both parties, — both the tyrant who tyrannizes and the masses who submit. When one criticises a plutocracy, one must be equally impartial;

for a plutocracy is possible only where both rich and poor consent to the idea. In America, the unsuccessful man cannot plume himself upon being more righteous than the successful one, for both of us consented to the idea; and we did this, partly because the operation had never with any very loud voice been called in question, and still more, perhaps, because the chances were so great and so alluring that they blinded us to the real significance of what we were doing. We had a virgin continent to explore, field and forest and mine to be had for the taking; and we had — the more the pity — the captive black man of Africa and the disinherited white man of Europe to do the work and yield us the profit. And this work of double exploitation, the exploitation of a continent and of a people, has gone on so unfalteringly that now, instead of the democracy we meant to realize, we have a country with two classes in it, — those who have, and the multitude who have not. And we glory in our work, in this conquest of a continent and this piling up of great wealth; but when the story of the century comes to be written by a later and more moral hand, it will picture a century of black and white slavery quite as genuine as the slavery of the mediæval centuries which we affect to discredit. And for this state of affairs no one class is to blame, neither the rich nor the poor. We started out somewhat even, — at least we natives. We gambled for the most part honestly. Some won, some lost, but the sin of winning was no greater than the sin of losing. The sin was in the gambling. We are all to blame, for we all consented to the idea, to this profit-taking at a human cost.

But now the case has another aspect, and is brought nearer home. The continent is possessed: the European recruits have become American citizens. The chance of fortune is so far diminished that even the chance of work is guarded: America, a country that meant

to be a democracy, the refuge of all who were sore oppressed, has so far abandoned her mission that she accepts without shame a policy of exclusion. The time has come when we must either give up our passion for profit, or must exploit our fellow citizens. The dreadful results of our profit hunger are too manifest on all sides, and notably in our large cities, for us to be able any longer to plead ignorance. The older profit-tainted view of life is responsible for the custom of regarding education as a limited process, and speculation as really the main business of life. It is a genuine gambling spirit, and makes men willing to stake everything — health, beauty, accomplishment, goodness, life itself — on the chance of a possession which, compared to these things, is paltry in the extreme. It has made possible such expressions as "the almighty dollar." It has made possible many worse things.

So long as this view prevails, business will stand as the constant rival of education, and will limit the process as far as possible. Even boys in good circumstances, financially speaking, drop out of the lower schools and the high schools, go stragglingly to college; for they have the very natural feeling that if profit is the main business of life, the sooner they get about it the better. And then this fact that wealth is wealth only because poverty is poverty makes wealth essentially the enemy of popular education; for poverty and education never have gone hand in hand, and never can. The material part of life must be attended to first; and where this problem presses heavily, as it does upon the great majority of our people, we can have little hope of making education co-extensive even with youth, — no hope whatever of making it coextensive with life. And so I must regard the present individualistic administration of our resources as distinctly anti-social, since it is defeating the process of education, and so defeating the social purpose. It

is as an educator that I want to see such a social administration of these bountiful resources as will make education general and coextensive with life. In saying, then, that the majority are squandering their life, one does not condemn them; for, under the present social régime, it is almost impossible for them to do otherwise. The way out for these people cannot be individual. It must be social. And yet we have a minority living the experimental life, and carrying on the process of education to the very end, and these people are doing it under the present régime. It is a possible plan; and if it were possible for all one might be well content, but it seems to me possible for only two classes of people, both of them privileged classes, — the people of means and the people of superior endowment. One class has the power of wealth; the other class robs wealth of its power. But before we look into the matter of how they do this, let us inquire what it is to live the experimental life, since we have only said in a broad way that it is to carry the process of education through the whole of life.

The pursuit of perfection is the pursuit of that which is excellent and beautiful; and this is what we mean by organic wealth, the sound, beautiful, accomplished organism. One on whom this vision of the perfect life has laid firm hold cannot regard the quest as peculiar to any age or time or place or circumstance; cannot, indeed, regard it as a quest that will ever be satisfied, save as a progressive realization. He must look upon it as the major end of the individual life, just as it is the major end of the social life. As such, it must determine the disposition of the days, — what occupations are possible and what are not, — must declare for or against all contemplated plans, and must be coextensive with every bodily and intellectual activity, every emotional impulse. The man who undertakes so comprehensive a quest as this must be as resolute as

one of Arthur's own knights, and more faithful. The practical carrying out of such a plan is a concrete operation, and one may not be impatient of details.

Perfection, — using the term always in a relative sense, — perfection is a social quality, and not open to hermits. It is gained by the developing of one's own personal powers, and by the right ordering of one's relations with others. So the man living the experimental life will be very jealous of his person, of his health, of his manhood, of his organic wholeness and accomplishment: the fine purposes of the spirit require a fine tool. And so no activity will be possible which may not be idealized and made to minister to the furtherance of the complete life. But such a man will be just as jealous of his relations with others, that they shall be fine and helpful and ideal. His magnificent personality is magnificent only in action, and gets itself realized only in the rendering of some honest social service.

To live the experimental life is, then, to make each year, each day, each hour, contribute to the increase of one's own personal power and goodness, and to allow this incomparable purpose to be interfered with by no schemes of profit, no smaller and meaner ends. Such a life is experimental because it has but one fixed element in it, and that is its purpose, the quest of culture, the study and pursuit of perfection; and this quest demands the boldest kind of experimenting. It demands a willingness to go here and there, to submit to this and that influence, to do one thing and another, to be ever open to the emerging requirements of the spirit. Literally, it means to take one's life in one's hand; to cultivate a certain detachment; to fight shy of mechanical engagements and routine prisons, and all other avenues to the commonplace; in a word, to be a soldier of good fortune.

It is very easy to be dull; at least, I find it so, and I rather infer that others

do likewise. It is very easy to give your second-best, to be less excellent than you might have been. It is very easy to decline accomplishments which require hard work, to decline a health and beauty which ask the price of sturdy living, to decline human service which involves an overflowing measure of love and skill. It is very easy to call laziness patience; to call meanness prudence; to call cowardice caution; to call the commonplace the practical, and inertia conservatism. Now, this turn of ours for taking the line of least resistance is so deep-set that it is prodigiously hard to shake ourselves free of it. The average man finds the world serviceable to his hand. He can buy his clothes ready-made, and his shirts and his shoes; even his opinions can be got of the newsboy for a penny. He is patted on the back as modest and useful, and is praised for being content with that situation in life to which it has pleased God to call him. And when he dies, he has a little obituary notice in his favorite newspaper, telling how for twenty-five years he was the faithful servant of such and such a corporation, or for eighteen years never took a single holiday, or for thirty-three years was the untiring member of some giant profit-taking enterprise. And this record of omitted growth and wasted human opportunity is made the subject of journalistic eulogy. Brave indeed is the young person who can be brought up in an atmosphere so saturated with untruth as this, and not believe that the path of duty is to go and do likewise.

Now, I am not reciting these human calamities in any spirit of more-righteous-than-thou; for I know that unless Heaven help me and I help myself, I shall repeat the same calamities in my own life, and I know that unless the same help come to others, they will do the same. But there do come to all of us occasional moments of insight, when we see that this drivel is not the divine message of the great universe; that this

message, on the contrary, is forever proclaiming openness and plasticity and generosity and fearlessness and totality. It is not proclaiming the modesty of high adventure unessayed. It is whispering always: Be thou perfect, perfect, even as I am perfect, as God is perfect. Find thy own true orbit, and, like the unconscious moon, thou shalt reflect the sunshine into a multitude of grief-stricken hearts.

To fulfill this high mission, and keep alive the universal charge in one's own heart, is not to follow the line of least resistance; is not to be dull, however great the temptation, not to be commonplace and commercial and salaried. It is to be the fullest measure of a man that the bit of flesh and bone you call your own allows you to be. And to do this is to keep one's self free and unattached; to experiment with life, and be ready to brave the unknown of a possible but as yet unrealized experience. The commonplace and commercial life has, at bottom, the fear of being unprovided for. The experimental life must "fear nothing but fear."

To substitute the pursuit of personal power and excellence for the pursuit of wealth and family and reputation is commonly estimated to be, on the whole, a rather selfish proceeding, but the charge will not bear investigation. No amount of personal industry will make a man wealthy. The days are not long enough, and human strength is not great enough. The only way to become wealthy is to appropriate a part of the wealth created by other people,—that is, to exploit labor; or to appropriate the wealth created by nature,—that is, to exploit the national resource; or, by speculation, to appropriate the wealth created by the growth and movement of population,—that is, to exploit society. These operations, surely, represent a very doubtful form of philanthropy. And if the operations be doubtful, no amount of good purpose in the subsequent spending redeems the

operations and makes them admirable. Under these circumstances, the pursuit of wealth cannot be a possible plan of life for the man whose eyes are set upon the things of excellence and beauty. The upbuilding of a family must be regarded in much the same way. The ability to support children, even without exploiting labor or nature or society in their behalf, does not constitute the right to have children. Unless a man has first gained personal power and excellence himself, he cannot transmit these qualities to his offspring; and he is ill performing the function of race preservation if he preserve that which is not admirable, — his own weakness and half power and lack of totality. The pursuit of family is praiseworthy only when one has first ordered one's own life in the paths of excellence and beauty. And in this matter of a reputation, by whatever series of exploits it is won, it is marred in the very making if it be touched by a trace of self-consciousness. The military leader charging for the White House, the actor with his thought beyond the footlights, the writer with his eye on the public, the artist painting for the market, do not achieve the sort of reputation that a man in the sober moments of life would care to have or strive for. It is the sincere, unregardful working out of one's own life purposes, the attainment of power and excellence for the sake of power and excellence, — it is this quiet, unobtrusive private process that has given the world its calendar of All Saints. The pressure of life is to make us all average men, to force us along the line of least resistance, to land us at last in the commonplace and the dull routine. It is a tendency to be stoutly resisted. It is a coward plan of life, an abdication of the best possibilities in us.

The alphabet is a remarkable set of characters. It contains, in reality, the whole dictionary. It is only that the letters have not yet been arranged. And the dictionary is a still more remarkable

collection of symbols. It contains, as some Frenchman long since observed, every good thing that may be said. It is only that the words have not yet been grouped. And to-day is a remarkable moment of time. In it is every possibility of experience. It is only that the experience has been un-lived. But to this larger experience and this larger life the universe daily invites us. It is a personal question as to whether we accept or not.

It is entirely possible to plan life so as to be able to accept. If one has some means, and is content with the simple life, then one has the time for the experimental life, and only the impulse is needed. If one has superior endowment, the impulse is assured, and the committee on ways and means — a committee which has permanent headquarters in every brain, however idealistic — has, on the whole, an easy problem ahead of it. This superiority need not be overwhelming; need not amount to genius, not even to talent; need not, in fact, be greater than is possessed by the average man. Good health, average natural ability, the elements of a liberal education, — these represent, it seems to me, what may be called the material part of the equipment. The spiritual equipment is equally simple, but somewhat more rare. It is an unfaltering determination to do nothing that is not uplifting to the self, and also a genuine social service. In reality, these last two requirements are one. It is impossible to lift one's self at the expense of others. It is equally impossible truly to serve others without at the same time most deeply serving one's self. It is a false growth in the man which does not serve the community. It is a false service to the community which sacrifices the man. In spite of many seeming exceptions, this is literally true; and one will see how true it is if one but remember that the universe is at bottom a moral universe, and that man is essentially a social be-

ing. The drama of human life is not a game of solitaire; it is a drama made possible only by the human, social relations of the players. When one starts on the quest of perfection, one can make no progress whatever save through these relations and through this human interplay. So we sum up the spiritual requirement of the experimental life when we say that it is an unflinching impulse toward the unfolding and perfecting of one's own spirit, — the unflinching, practical impulse which will not be denied, or turned aside, or quenched. And the realization of the experimental life is the giving free play to this impulse in every single issue of the daily life. We should fare but ill in this interminable quest if we had to be forever conscious of it; for that would make us far from simple-minded, and anything but companionable. But we are under no such necessity. The very striving may be made a habit; and in time this grows to be the habit of success.

But these are general terms: let us be specific. One must make a living, and if one is without means, without tools or lands or house, one has no choice: one must serve for hire. There is a choice, however, in the work itself: work that a man may do and still keep his manhood, work that is full of meaning and significance and beauty; and work that a man may not do and keep his manhood, work that is meaningless and unworthy and dishonest. I am told by those who are trying to lead the beautiful life, and are finding it hard, that it is the latter sort of work that most commonly offers. And meanwhile, the landlord and the provision dealer and the tailor are importunate; there is sad need of money. It would be easy to suffer want if it touched only one's self; but when it bears heavily upon delicately reared women and little children, upon the family for which one is bound to provide, then the want is very bitter. The temptation to take any sort of work

that yields the needed money is a sore temptation, and one may well pray not to be led into it. Even if one escape this shipwreck, and secure work that is morally clean, the deeper morality of whether it is work suitable to one's own human needs, and how long one may properly continue to do this particular kind of work, — this deeper morality, I say, remains to be satisfied. If the work is dull and stupefying, if it fail to offer a chance for increased development and power, then, however great the wage, it is immoral work, and one is bound by the requirements of the experimental life to give it up, for it is not leading one to the point one had determined upon.

When new work offers, and one submits it to this human test, and asks whether it ministers to the needs of the worker, it is comparatively easy to estimate it properly; but the task is far more subtle when a work already entered upon, a work that did at one time clearly serve the purpose of development, gradually ceases to render this service. The remembrance of the old enthusiasm remains. It is so easy to go on. It is so difficult to seek new work, and strike out on untried paths. And this is particularly the case if the salary, meanwhile, has been growing larger, and one's expenditures have been keeping pace with it. One tells one's self that one is very useful, and that no other man can do the work quite so well. One's friends, perhaps one's family and one's employers, say the same thing. The pressure is all for keeping the man right there. The point of view has changed completely, and swung around from the human requirement to the thought of the work.

And what happens? In the majority of cases the pressure prevails. The man stays and stays and stays; holds on to his position as if *it* were the great thing in life; becomes each year more and more of a machine, and less and less interesting as a man. He bears with fortitude the loss of his soul, and shows the white

feather whenever his position is thought to be in danger. It is as if a child at school, who manifested some aptitude for long division, were kept forever at that, instead of passing on to new and helpful work in geometry or calculus, — kept forever doing sums in long division, until at last he was gathered to his fathers, a slowly finished quotient. This mechanicalizing of life, this making of it automatic and insensible, is a veritable tragedy, for it means quite surely the death of the spirit.

One need not go far afield for illustrations. How many men and women, in one's own limited circle of acquaintance, have been turned into human failures by the bribe of a too large salary! They have been unwilling to let go; they have been prudential and cowardly; in the end they have lost their life.

To lead the experimental life is to put the human gain first; to value the work, the position, only so long as the human reaction is helpful and desirable. It is to pass from post to post, if need be from place to place, from vocation to vocation, and to land as soon as possible in the best of all positions, the position of independence, where one is no longer employed or salaried, but is the master of one's own time and energy and spirit. I am persuaded that it is only as true men and women, living the free and independent life of the unhired, of the people who have at least the good fortune of self-possession, that we can come into the largest good for ourselves, and can render the most genuine social service. Ours is not an age of independent thought. It is an age of stock opinion and concealed opinion, of ill-disguised subserviency. The majority of our people are hired; the rest give hire. Between them stands this wall, a very real wall, keeping them from meeting like true men and women in all frankness and equality. The effect of taking hire, upon the majority of people, is simply disastrous, spiritually disastrous. Life

is too altogether precious a thing to sell it to another at any price whatever. And I count it a national misfortune and a national weakness that, in the great democracy which we tried to set up and failed, there should be so few men who are masters of themselves, and worthy to uphold so great a political idea.

It is a first requisite, then, of the experimental life that, as soon as possible, one shall decline outright to be hired, however insinuating the wage, and declare once for all for the life of self-possession and self-mastery. It is not so difficult to do this as one may at first imagine. The real issue is in the idea. The men who want to be free can be free. Once a little ahead, and the man who has the good health, average natural ability, and elements of a liberal education essential to an experimentalist, can make an independent livelihood in many acceptable ways. If he have a turn for simple primitive methods, he can go directly to the soil: as farmer, fruit-raiser, flower-grower; as shepherd, woodman, miner, he can make a living, and still be a man. If his undertakings require more than individual power, he can, through coöperation, utilize this corporate power without paying the price of his own freedom. In England, to-day, Mr. Lloyd tells us, one seventh of all the people are directly interested in some coöperative enterprise.

If our experimentalist prefer handicraft, he has a world of possible activity opening before him. If he have a turn for the arts or for professional service, he can, as artist, architect, surveyor, engineer, make a manly, artistic living, selling the product of his skill, but never selling himself. In purely intellectual fields, he may be a teacher or a writer. In fact, the only activities denied to those who decline to be hired are the dull and uninteresting ones, which require, in effect, machines in place of men.

My point is that any one, man or woman, with the modest equipment already

mentioned, and a little bit ahead; can always go to work on something that will constantly help on the individual development, and just as constantly be a social service of high value. It is in this way that persons of superior endowment rob wealth of its power. Silently and with superb disdain, they are the constant rivals of wealth, the successful rivals. For wealth is quite an inert and powerless thing by itself. It has power only as it is able to command the service of others. And just so soon as superior people decline to render this service for hire, just so soon will wealth lose its tremendous power, and the experimental life be increasingly open to all men.

I find myself going back always to that older and uneconomic view of life, that the best human service is too august a thing to be paid for in the lower coin of the market. It must be taken, this august human service, in the same way that we accept the bounty of nature, as a divine gift. The secret of the experimental life is this perfect freedom, this openness of mind, this unfaltering progress. It is the extension of the educational spirit into all the activities of life. In education, we do a thing only until we know how to do it. Then we pass on to some new task. When we have read Cæsar, we try Vergil; when we have mastered geometry, we pass on to trigonometry; when we have analyzed some simple chemical, we throw it away, and essay something more difficult; when we have done the easier work in wood, we make a box. And if we failed to do this, failed to pass constantly from the five-finger exercises to the sonatas, from the multiplication table to the calculus, we should be doing so stupid a thing that the schools would be absolutely doomed, and formal education would altogether disappear from off the face of the earth.

It is perhaps the one bright spot in our commercialism that its enterprises are

often undertaken in the hope that their success will enable us to give our children all educational advantages. We want them to have a succession of masters; to be taught this fact and that accomplishment; to go away to college; to travel, it may be, in Europe; to spend their winters in the city, and their summers in the country; to taste life in all its fullness and variety. It may be that all this activity is not quite wise for people still so young, but it has at bottom a wise thought. Why should this process of development stop when they come to be men and women, and could still better respond to its advantages? Why should this same wise thought not be imported into our own more mature plan of life? The world is so irrepressible a teacher. Her lessons are so vastly interesting. Her beauty is so superb and penetrating. The mere panorama of the world life, the sweep of its processes, the untiring cycle of its activities, contain at first-hand in themselves all the elements of art and science.

To be an experimentalist is to yield one's self unreservedly to this comprehensive world teaching, to go here and there, to do this and that, to see one thing and another, to accept the world as a giant possibility, and to use it to the full. It is to go to school all one's life to a perfect schoolmistress, to the universe. To do otherwise seems to me an ungracious, irreligious act; to decline life, and in its stead to accept a clerkship.

In choosing this rotation of occupation, one need run no risk of coming to be the proverbial Jack-of-all-trades. The great people of the world have had this large versatility. You recall the tremendous sweep of Cæsar's activities. You see Michael Angelo painting Madonnas and building bridges, frescoing ceilings and carving David and Moses. In Goethe you have the poet, philosopher, statesman, scientist, artist, man of letters. In Shakespeare you have an epitome of the world. We need not be afraid of ver-

satility, and we need not be afraid of leisure. The best things of life have sprung out of the all-round view of things and out of the spare moments. And if we wish the best things of life, as surely we all must wish them, we must acquire this all-round view of life, and provide these necessary spare moments.

Emerson has pointed out to us that the end of life is human discipline; is not the getting of property, not even the getting of knowledge, but is the getting of character and accomplishment, a human acquisitiveness. It is an old message, but it is increasingly imperative.

It is first of all *to be*, and then to know, and only incidentally to have. This is the complete programme of the experimental life. As a plan of life it is simply the extension of education; and the extension of education, the making of education a life process instead of a school process, is, in fact, nothing less than the practical carrying out of the quest of human perfection. It is an enterprise for deepening the reality of the world by increasing the things of excellence and beauty. It is the human end of becoming more complete, more beautiful, more accomplished, more social.

C. Hanford Henderson.

THE LAMP OF LIBERTY.

THE panes were grimy even to dead translucence with the dirt of seven years. The sanctum was in keeping, — littered, dusty, empty of energy. For just seven years Salim Shofi had published, daily, *Kawkab Elhorriah*, — which, translated from the Arabic, is *Star of Liberty*, — in the old yellow building near South Street. The outer air was balmy enough; so Khalil Khayat, the editor, seeking the comfort and inspiration of the spring sunshine in its fullness, raised the sash. He had never said: "I cannot see the sky for the dirt on the panes, Salim. Would the cost of cleaning be very great?" He had patiently raised the sash; for this is the way of the Syrian: day after day to step aside, rather than stoop once to lift the stone off the path.

Khayat turned indecisively from the page on his desk, to steal a little dream from out of the window; and was distressed until he lost thought of the thieving, for the day was drawing on, and there was still much to be written concerning oppression, for the awakening of the people of Washington Street. To preoccupy him, there was a jagged stretch

of blue sky; laden docks and thin spars tangled of many ships; a patch of river, scattering sunlight; traffic turbulent in the street; the smoke of the making of things, hanging darkly over the opposite city; cry and creaking, rattle and roar. But the sum of all was confusion; so the serawny old tree that pushed up from the barren atmosphere of the curb, and shook its shaggy head under Khayat's window, easily distracted his thoughts to the lawn and ivy and gray stone of Oxford, and to the glorified days when his name was set in the lecture table of the Department of Oriental Languages, in the manner following: "K. Khayat (for Professor Marmouth), Arabic for Beginners. Fee £2. Mondays 10-11, Thursdays 10-11, Saturdays 2-3."

These Oxford days were such as may be lived over again for solace. As it is written, Dream the evil days through! Khayat was a refugee; he once told me he had shed guilty Mohammedan blood for his sister's sake. That was a past forgotten, — save on nights of high wind and low, scudding clouds. There was another to dream about: a year's com-

panionship with scholars. Ecstasy that had indubitably been! Inalienable experiences! There was solace in them. Even as it is written, Dream the evil days through! Lost to the stuffy untidiness within and the yellowed city without, Khayat took an experience from his store, and related it to himself, as though to another, for his own delectation, — smiling wistfully the while.

"Once when I was een Oxford," he told himself, using the English, as he often did, for practice, "I was eenvited to tea by a gentleman. Pro-fess-or Highmead eet was, of the Department of Math-e-mat-eeks. Very kin' gentleman he was. Ah, they are so good — so-o good to foreigners — een England! They care not for money, — no, nor for dress; but onlee for knowledge. An' one gentleman he say, 'Meester Khayat, what do you theenk of Lord Nelson?' I answer to heem, sayin': 'He was the greatest admiral of all the world. I would like to have been heem.' An' Mees Upworth, a laadee not young, — no, not young, but so-o sweet, — Mees Aleece Upworth she laugh; an' the gentleman say, 'But he had onlee one arm.' 'Ah, eet ees true,' I reply, 'he had onlee one arm; but I would geeve both arms an' my two eyes to make such serveece for the state.' An' he say, jokin': 'What do you theenk of the Dook of Wellin'ton? He had onlee one eye.' 'I beg your pardon, Sair Arthur,' I answer to heem, 'you mus' be jokin'. The Dook of Wellin'ton had hees two eyes.' An' I laugh. 'No, no,' he say, 'he had but one eye onlee.' Then he weenk. 'So,' I say, 'you are right, Sair Arthur. The Dook of Wellin'ton had but one eye. He was a soldier, not a politeecian.' Mees Upworth, — ho, she laugh; an' the blood eet come queek to Sair Arthur's face. Oh, eet was ver-ee good, — so-o good! Ha, ha!" Khayat clapped his hands and laughed, like a gleeful child hugged rapturously for a pretty accomplishment.

Then, soberly, he put the retrospect

from him, and bent over his desk to continue the writing of a didactic "leetle ro-mance" called *The Sultan at the Bar of Civilization*, that he might serve his master faithfully, and his God, and the people. The story was more to him than the somnolent smell of spring and the dreams it mothered. He thought he had been called of God to foster the patriotism of the people. It was written for them, that they might arise, — they, their children, or their children's children. And they were reading it in the restaurants, from night to night, with hot blood in their throats: this he observed, to his inspiration, from his corner in the back room of Fiani's pastry shop, where he drank his coffee every evening. Thanks be to God, the Giver of gifts of mind! Men said to him: "Why do you care for the people of Washington Street, — these men from the mountains, these pigs? Have they minds? Have they hearts? Will they profit? Will they give you any thanks? Are they not like feathers in the wind? Is not money more to them than patriotism?" These men were wise; but Khayat, answering, said, "A field of grain is from the seed of a sheaf." The story was more to him than any other thing. What else he wrote he dubbed affectionately *This or That*, in his naïve way. The story he dignified; it was to him a match for the lamp of liberty.

"I have written of the shedding of the innocent blood," he thought. "The people know the crime. Now I must summon the murderer. Abdul Hamid, the time is at hand!"

Khayat laughed, and smoothed his grizzled mustache, and snuggled close to the desk. He was obliviously content in the thing he was to do.

"Now the Sheikh of Civilization," he wrote, "standing on the highest peak of the Alps, wrapped in a striped mantle of many jewel-decked folds, sounded a blast on his silver horn. Swift as the echo there came, flying, Enlightenment,

with her sisters, Justice and Virtue; and the sisters said, 'Peace be unto you, O Venerable One!' And the Sheikh answered, 'Peace be unto you!' Now the Sheikh fell silent; and at last he said: 'Hie you, three sisters, to Constantinople, to the court of Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey, to inform him that the people of Armenia have delivered to me a charge against him. Warn him to retain eminent counsel, that he may worthily be defended in my court; for seven days hence shall judgment be delivered in his case.' Straight did Enlightenment, with her sisters, fly away; and they came to Constantinople, to the palace of the Sultan, to the court of Abdul Hamid, and found him whom they sought, sitting on a throne, in the company of many beautiful young ladies. Now, when Enlightenment, with her sisters, Justice and Virtue, stood before Abdul Hamid, he was ashamed. But Enlightenment said to him, 'Peace be unto you, O Excellent King!' And he answered, 'Peace be unto you, Beautiful Ones!' Then did Enlightenment repeat to him the message; and Abdul Hamid, rising from his throne, answered proudly: 'Who is this Civilization, that he presumes to set himself up as judge over me? And who?' —

Salim Shofi came in, — stealthily, as of nature. He sat down without a word, — being careful as to the coat tails of his gaudy ready-made coat, — and fixed his greasy eyes on a knothole in the floor. This may be written of Shofi: the children of the Quarter made way for him; for they had learned that he was mercilessly quick with hand and foot. His was the right to enter stealthily, or any other way he pleased; for his was Kawkab Elhorriah, and his — old Khayat. He had bought the newspaper because he thought it would be profitable to be a political influence, — to double-deal with the council and the people; and he had, by chance, entered into possession of the editor on a sultry

night when supper and bed were not to be had for nothing in Washington Street. Khayat was hungry and lonely and a stranger then, and at all times he was afraid of the world; so it had been easy to agree for him at a weekly wage of seven dollars. Now Shofi crept in on kitten's feet; but Khayat, his servant, was neither dreaming at the window nor lost to the day's countless little duties in the seductive black book wherein are contained the writings of Abo Elola Elmoarri. It chanced that his eyes were laboring over the page with his pencil point, and he was safely sitting on the big black book. Shofi had to swallow the brusque words that were on his tongue's tip.

"May God give you happiness this day, Salim," Khayat said, turning. He bowed where he sat, asserting the royalty of knowledge; and his smile was such as men wear to win children. "Happiness," he added, "in abundant measure."

The interruption was distressful. The eyes of Khayat's imagination were open; his fingers were tingling for the pencil. The seizure of the Sultan by the messengers of Civilization, his abjection of dread, the utterances of Justice, the conviction and last wail to the All-Compassionate, — all were then known to Khayat; and the day was passing. But when had the old scholar failed in courtesy? The Quarter cannot answer.

Shofi lowered at his shiny shoes. His servant's condescension was objectionable; for in his own estimation Shofi was a power, so constituted by various possessions, — of which, it may be said, learning was not one. At last he responded sourly, "May He fight for you, tooth and nail."

"If it please you, Salim," said Khayat, with ingenuous indulgence, "the salutation is not well spoken. Tooth and nail of God! They speak so only in Cairo; and there they prostitute the dear Arabic to all manner of extravagancies.

Merely 'And to you' is the classic, Salim."

"Huh!" ejaculated Shofi contemptuously. He looked Khayat over, — with something of the pride of possession in the scrutiny, — and continued: "You're my editor. That's all you get paid for."

Now Khayat did not observe the sarcastic inflection. His reply came quickly, with a kindly smile and a deprecating gesture of his lean brown hand: "O Salim, excellent master, thank me for nothing! God favored me with opportunities. Shall I therefore hoard knowledge? Shall I put a price on so small a teaching, when my stomach is full? Ah, I would do as much for the enemy of my mother; for, so doing," — and here Khayat laughed outright, — "I should serve the language beautiful. No, Salim, friend and master, I am but the son of a poor goldsmith, and" —

"I say you're not paid for professoring me," interrupted Shofi. The words came out like the blows of a hammer as the carpenter drives the nail home.

"Excuse me, Salim, for pointing out that you cannot form the verb from the noun so," said Khayat, still mistaking the significance of the inflection. There was a touch of tenderness in his earnestness, a broadening sweetness in his smile.

"*Bass baqua!*" screamed Shofi. This is a brutal vulgarity for "Stop!" and hardly to be translated.

Khayat cowered from the words, — even jerked his head to one side; in so far, they had the physical effect of a blow aimed straight from the shoulder. He had mistaken sarcasm for appreciation, — he was humiliated; his friendly criticism had given pain, — this was the greater regret. He was crushed, like a child impatiently cuffed for mischief done through love. He *was* a child, gentle old Khayat! And moreover, since, as I have said, he was afraid of the world, a picture of himself took form in his mind: an old, gaunt man, in tattered brown

clothes, pressing timidly against the window of a pastry cook's shop, looking wistfully at the fresh *baklawa* and great round cakes of bread, — pressing very close, to get out of the way of the crowd that was rushing from its work to its home and its supper and its bed. He had a great fear of idleness and the streets, had Khayat.

"Here, — what's this?" asked Shofi. He had picked up the half-written page from the desk and was looking at it, the shadow of impotent curiosity upon his handsome, full-featured face.

Khayat giggled nervously. He looked up confidently enough. He was sure of the story; sure that it was a good story, and made him valuable to his employer.

"It is the little story," he said, "The Sultan at the Bar of Civilization." He had an anxious hand waiting for the return of the page. Quick as the reference to it, his eyes had snapped delightedly. Now he had almost forgotten the rebuff. "The summons for trial is now given, and I am about to" —

Shofi crumpled the page to a ball, and tossed it out of the window with an ejaculation of contempt. Khayat followed its flight, and saw it caught by the wind and swirled into the topmost branches of the scrawny, shaggy-headed old tree, that still swished its new-grown leaves in the cheerful sunlight, though it had just taken, as to a grave, a little story. The rain would fall on the crumpled ball, he thought, to its unfolding and the obliteration of the written words. Rain and sun and wind would bedraggle and rot it, and the thoughts of a man would pass into nothingness. Shofi was suddenly become another in his servant's sight, — a power, indeed; an illiterate, old Khayat thought, who could kick a prop from under the crumbling patriotism of a people.

"Abo-Samara held the — the thing up to scorn in Fiani's place, last night. Am I to be so shamed by a — a fakir

like him?" Shofi asked sharply. "The story is — is stuff."

Hard masters are up to many tricks; they distribute praise and sneers discreetly. A worker who is afraid of the world is best kept to heel with a whip. Shofi knew how to deal with his prize possession. Khayat flushed and gripped the desk, and flushed deeper, and turned his head to keep the sight of his agony from Shofi. Abo-Samara's words were of no weight, as all men knew; but they had raised a ghost, — a comparison of the little story with the writings of Abo Elola Elmoarri. Now Khayat had been brought to a condition of meet humility, and Shofi was ready to proceed.

"Write no more of the story," he said. "It is no *damn* good. Now, it is rent day, and I must go about my other business. Stop writing about the Sultan, — leave him alone for a while. Shall we forever speak against this man? He is not such a bad king. What has he done to me that I should knock him from his throne? Are not the little lead things mine, to speak as I shall say? So ho! Kawkab Elhorriah gives me no health," — Shofi had heard MacNamara of the corner saloon say that he was not in politics for his health, — "and I must get something. The story has stirred the people. The Minister at Washington has heard. Hadji, the consul's servant, came to me last night," — Shofi puffed out his chest, — "knowing me for a man of influence. It must stop. And now, Khalil Khayat, may God give you health this day, and all the days of many years to come!"

What does a timorous man do when he knows, of a sudden, that he must give up his great purpose or his living? He cries, "Oh, why?" Khayat was blind to intrigue; but these words were luminous. In a little while he understood.

"Salim," he asked deliberately, bitterly, "what price did the consul put upon your honor?"

"Sh-h-hh!" exclaimed Shofi, looking fearfully about, as though an enemy might be concealed under the table or have his ear to the keyhole. "We are not in the desert. Sh-h-hh, in God's name!"

"How much was it, Salim?"

"Whisper, — whisper, Khalil! Sufficient, — sufficient, it was."

"How many dollars?"

"Khalil, you are my friend, not my servant. Let this be a secret between you and me," Shofi whispered, his mouth close to Khayat's ear. "Four — hundred — dollars, it was!" Shofi drew back to see Khayat stare.

"The Arabs say," observed the old man calmly, "that the devil keeps a price list of men's souls. It may be so."

"And now, peace be with you, Khalil," said Shofi briskly. "I must collect my rents." He buttoned his topcoat, and moved toward the door.

"Tarry, Salim," said Khayat. "The day is long." There was a certain easy authority in his tone and gesture. He did not observe whether or not Shofi waited, but let his head sink on his breast and closed his eyes. "I have something to think about," he added, and smiled.

Let it be said again, Khayat was afraid of men. He knew that the street was about to swallow him. That was now inevitable, and therefore not bothersome. He thought not at all; or, if he thought, it was in a fleeting way, of the crumpled little story: of the chance of climbing to its rescue, even to the slenderest branch of the old tree; of smoothing it out and neatly folding it, that it might be put away snug in the big black pocketbook upstairs, safe from rotting; of giving it the fullness of life — some day. It was a story to live, that dear little one! But rain and wind were implacable. It was very sad. The people would be sorry to hear of its death.

In this abstraction Khayat got up and put on his old brown coat, never looking

at Shofi; and pulled his rusty hat firmly to the back of his head with both hands, as always; and tucked the Abo Elola Elmoarri under his arm; and looked about the room with tender regret, — at the littered, dusty desk, the garish couch that stretched its uneven length against the opposite wall, the bookshelves in the corner, with their tattered occupants, — like a man bound from home on a long, long journey. Then he put Elmoarri on the desk, and went to the bookshelves; and touched some books fondly with his finger tip, and dusted some on his sleeve, and read the titles of all, and made the shelves neat. In this he seemed nearly to forget that he was to go. Shofi heard him mutter caressingly over a book here and a book there, and saw him take a little one down and slip it into his pocket, and try vainly to put a larger one in the other pocket, and then return it to its place with a sigh; and Shofi conjectured that the old man had not the courage to leave them.

Khayat was in no tremor of emotion when he turned to address Shofi. It was a matter of course that he should be leaving. He filled and lit his pipe, and got it going well, before he spoke.

"You have shown your servant many kindnesses in these years, O Shofi," he said. "They shall be remembered forever. It is a regret to me that I cannot serve the Sultan with you. You have been very good. I am not worthy of such consideration. Some day — when I have found another place — I shall return for my books. May it please you, Salim, to leave them so. They are not in the way, and my successor may have use for them. Let him use them as he will, being careful of the worn ones. Health be with you by favor of God, Salim, and may prosperity attend!"

Khayat tucked Elmoarri under his arm again, and went out, stepping firmly.

Now Shofi had been thinking of profit and loss. It appeared to him that a

steadfast policy might, after all, be an asset worth more than the consul's four hundred dollars. The people's suspicion was to be reckoned with. And Khayat was no mean asset. Shofi was frightened, and ran to the door to call the editor back.

"Khalil! Khalil!" he shouted. "Come back! I must think it over!"

Khayat was then at the glue agent's door, — within hearing; but he was deep in the hopelessness of his case. Though the words of recall rattled on his eardrums, they were not admitted, not interpreted.

"Khalil! Khalil!" Shofi cried. "I must think it over!"

Shofi was now ready to permit the continuation of the little story; but Khayat was out of hearing on the pavement, looking up and down the street, aimless and afraid to venture forth. Shofi went back huffed, and sat down to brood.

I do not know where Khayat went, — he has forgotten; but there are many places in that neighborhood which are comfortable to men who shrink from militant contact with the world. Doubtless he wandered here and there through them all; now sitting down to read, now dozing in the sunshine; in crowded places alert, and puffing his pipe nervously. A man can sit on the docks and watch the ships slip down with the tide, and forget necessity; there is a soothing mystery in the creaking, battered, disordered vessels and their smell of sunny climes — a suggestive whither — that excludes all worry and regret; a bench in Battery Park is a place to wonder and wish, when the harbor is busy and the wind is not keen. South Street and Whitehall and the Battery must have laughed, as the queer old fellow dodged apologetically along, — the odd figure, in old-fashioned, old clothes, a big black book tight under his arm, a short black pipe in his mouth; swarthy, villainously unshaven, dreaming.

Does a good man sell himself without

a fight? Then there must have been a fight. Khayat has forgotten what he thought about; but there was a fight at one time or other, that afternoon, — a hard-fought fight. I think the thoughts of Abo Elola Elmoarri must have been his at intervals; perhaps he turned the dingy sails, and nervous little tugs, and thin haze, and blue and green, and distant cries, into poetry of his own in the language beautiful. I am sure that he had, continuously, an oppressive consciousness of the loss of an influence that made for a great good. His imagination played pranks with him, in crises like this; there must have been a call to martyrdom in his visions of oppression, — of blood and ravishment. Khayat would not sell himself without a fight. There was a period of agony, — a series of emotions, which he could not control, culminating in a resolution. In the dusk, when the roar of the elevated trains, as they swept, flashing, round the curve to South Ferry, gathered up the street clamor and made it terrible, he was frightened. Then he decided.

Khayat threaded his way through the Quarter to the pastry shop of Nageeb Fiani, and turned in to speak a word with Salim Shofi, whose custom it was to drink coffee at the green baize table in the little back room, at that hour of the evening. He was clammy all over, and pale; his eyes were as though hiding in the depths of their sockets, and his throat was dry.

Shofi was there, elegantly lolling, and had his narghile bubbling and his coffee steaming hot.

"Salim," said Khayat abruptly, "I have thought of a way whereby this matter may be arranged."

Now Shofi had already determined to yield. Patriotism, he had concluded, would pay best in the long run. He was even ready to soothe Khayat with a better salary.

"Peace be un—" he began affably.

Khayat raised his hand to stop him;

and Shofi saw that the palm was bruised and bloody, as though the finger nails had sunk into the flesh.

"The consul offers you four hundred dollars," Khayat continued, speaking earnestly, quickly, as though he would not brook interruption. "Are there not fifty-two weeks in every year; and, therefore, might not fifty-two dollars be saved each year if a man put away one dollar every week? In four hundred weeks a man might save four hundred dollars. Let four hundred be divided by fifty-two, and the result is seven and seventy one-hundredths, more or less, — seven years and seventy one-hundredth parts of a year. Now, in seventy one-hundredth parts of a year there are thirty-six weeks, and in thirty-six weeks nine months. Is it not so? Salim, in your generosity, I am permitted to have seven dollars each week for my services. Six are enough for my needs." Khayat did not pause before the prevarication, nor was he shamefaced as he went on: "It is nothing but a little coffee and a little tobacco less, — perchance a little more than that. Seven years and nine months will I serve you, Salim Shofi, for six dollars each week, if so be that I may write for liberty. What is your answer?"

Khayat leaned far over the table and fixed his eyes upon Shofi's. He seemed to fear a negative answer.

"Seven years?" repeated Shofi. He was staring at Khayat.

"Seven years, nine months, and some days, which at another time can be numbered. Salim, your answer, — in the sight of God, our God, your answer!"

Shofi wondered what the fathomable depth of this man's simplicity might be.

"I am content," he said.

"Then may God bind fast the agreement between us." Khayat sighed and smiled, and continued impulsively: "I must now go to the office. I have wasted a day, Salim. I must catch up with my work. I must hurry to it. You will

excuse me, Salim, if you please. The paper for to-morrow must be written. I am happy again, — ah, quite happy; and it is to your generosity I owe it. May you be blessed forever! Salim, may happiness be yours through life!"

Khayat rattled on in a nervous, absent way, as he backed to the threshold, — as though bent on shutting off an invitation to drink coffee. The passion for the little story was on him again. He had no time to spare. Shofi let him escape, and then burst out laughing. Khayat tripped his way to the office, radiantly happy, and scattered incoherent good wishes right and left, and so earnestly that the little people of the gutters wondered to see their friend blither than themselves. The little story was forming again, — now sure of life. Khayat stepped with the lightness of a youth in rosy love. The trees of Battery Park heard cracked, quavering snatches of a strange Eastern song, as he went lilting by. And the desk was never cuddled closer, nor the pencil more fondly clutched, than when he sat down to write.

The last words were written when the lamp and the sun were fighting for the

grimy window panes, — the one trying to beat the other back; and these were the words: —

"And Civilization, rising before the princes of the earth and all the eminent men thereof, said: 'I am not a man, to give the judgment of men. Therefore shall the sentence not be death.' Now, as soon as he had said this, two angels, the one on the right hand of the Sultan and the other on his left, lifted up a white banner over his head; and upon the banner was written the sentence in letters of black, that all might read. And Civilization, reading, said: 'Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey, this is the sentence: In the fear of the dagger and of the poisoned cup shall you live a long life; in unrest, by day and by night, shall you spend it; and there shall be no love for you, nor any other happiness.' And the Sultan prayed rather for death."

Khayat laid down his pencil, and lifted the window, that the dawn might rest him; and he looked out over the quiet city to the night's furthest limit, and was rested.

Long, long before, Salim Shofi had fallen asleep as he smiled.

Norman Duncan.

SCHOOL REFORM.

I *FEEL* myself, on the whole, pretty free from autobiographical tendencies; I am quite ready to double the number of my years, at least, before I begin upon memories and confessions. At one point only has the desire for an autobiographical eruption grown in me steadily: I am impelled to tell the story of my school time.

I remember exactly how the impulse took shape in my mind. It was at a teachers' meeting. The teachers were discussing how to relieve the overburdening of the school children, and how

to make tolerable the drudgery of the classroom. Some demonstrated that all the trouble came from the old-fashioned idea of prescribed courses: if the courses were freely chosen, according to the talents and interests of the pupils, their sufferings would be ended. Others maintained that the teachers were guilty: that they did not know enough about educational aims, about child study and psychology and the theory of education. What else than drudgery was to be expected, under such inadequate pedagogues? The

fight between the two parties went on with an inspiring fullness of argument, and thus I fell into a deep and sound sleep. And the sleep carried me away from the elms of New England to my dear old home on the shore of the Baltic Sea, where I spent my school days. I saw once more my classmates and my teachers; I strolled once more, as a little boy with my schoolbooks, through the quaint streets of Danzig; I passed again through the feelings of more than twenty years ago. Suddenly I awoke at the stroke of the gavel of the chairman, who solemnly announced that the majority had voted for a compromise: the community ought to see to it that both free election and the pedagogical information of the teachers were furthered. At this point the meeting was adjourned, and the teachers went to the next hall for luncheon: there some minor speeches were served up, on the pernicious influence of the classical languages, and on the value of stenography and typewriting for a liberal education. It was then that the autobiography budded in my mind. My instinct told me that I must make haste in the undertaking; for if I should hear, for some years to come, all these sighs of pity for those who were instructed without election and pedagogy, I might finally get confused, and extend the same pity to my own childhood, convinced that my school life was a deplorable misfortune. I hasten, therefore, to publish this chapter of my life's story as advance sheets, some decades before the remainder, at a period when the gap of time is still small enough to be bridged by a fair memory.

My great-grandfather lived in Silesia. But perhaps it may be too long a story if I develop my case from its historical beginning; I will shorten it by saying at once that I entered the gymnasium in Danzig at nine years of age, and left it at eighteen. I had previously attended a private preparatory school, and subsequently I went to the universities of Leip-

zig and Heidelberg. It is the gymnasium period about which I want to speak. I have no right to boast of it; I was a model neither of industry nor of carefulness. I was not quite so bad as some of my best friends among my classmates, but I see, with serious repentance, from the reports which I have carefully kept together, that I was not attentive enough in Latin grammar; it seems that in the lower classes, also, my French did not find the full appreciation of my teachers, and I should feel utterly ashamed to report what their misled judgment recorded of my singing and drawing. I was just a fair average. The stages of knowledge which we reached may most easily be characterized by a comparison with the standards of New England. At fifteen years I was in *Untersekunda*; and there is not the slightest doubt that, at that stage, all my classmates and I were prepared to pass the entrance examinations for Harvard College. As a matter of course, German must here be substituted for English, German history and literature for the English correspondents. We should have chosen, at our entrance, that scheme in which both Latin and Greek are taken. The *Abiturientenexamen* at the end of the school time, the examination which opens the door to the university, came three years later. It was a difficult affair, somewhat more difficult than in recent years; and, from a pretty careful analysis of the case, I can say that very few Harvard students have entered the senior class who would have been able to pass that examination respectably. In the smaller colleges of the country, the senior might be expected to reach that level at graduation. No doubt, even after substituting German for English, almost every senior may have taken one or many courses which lie fully outside of the circle in which we moved. The college man who specializes in political economy or philosophy or chemistry from his freshman year knows, in his special field, far more than any one

of us knew; but if we take a composite picture of all seniors, the boy who leaves the gymnasium is not at a disadvantage in the comparison of intellectual physiognomy, while he is far less mature according to his much lower age. If any man in Dartmouth or Amherst takes his bachelor's degree with that knowledge in mathematics, history, geography, literature, Latin, Greek, French, and physics which we had on leaving school, he is sure to graduate with honors. Our entrance into the university can thus be compared merely with the entrance into the post-graduate courses. Our three highest gymnasium classes alone correspond to the college; and whoever compares the German university with the American college, instead of with the graduate school, is misled either by the age of the students or by the external forms of student life and instruction.

I reached thus, at the end of my school time, as a pupil of average standing, the scholarly level of an average college graduate in this country. I was then eighteen years of age; the average bachelor of arts is at least three years older. How did that difference come about? The natural explanation of the case is that we poor boys were overburdened, systematically tortured by a cruel system of overwork, which absorbed all our energies for the one goal, the passing of the examination. I do not dare to contradict. But the one thing I may claim in favor of this scheme of overloading is the wonderful skill with which the school administration was able to hide these evident facts so completely from our eyes that neither my classmates nor I, nor our parents, nor our teachers themselves, ever perceived the slightest trace of them. The facts were so shamelessly concealed from us that we poor deceived boys thought all the time that the work was a pleasure, that we had leisure for everything, and that every one of us was as happy as a fish in water.

I think that I spent, during all those ten years, about three hours a day in the fresh air, walking and playing, swimming and skating; yet I found time from my ninth year to practice on the violin-cello one hour every day, and the novels which I wrote may have lacked everything else, but they never lacked length. Besides such individual schemes to fill our vacant time, we coöperated for that purpose in clubs, from the lowest classes to the highest: at ten years we played instructive games; at twelve years we read classical dramas, each taking one rôle; at fifteen we read papers on art and literature; and at seventeen we had a regular debating club. And all the time, at every stage, there were private theatricals, and excursions into the country, and dancing lessons, and horseback-riding, and coeducation with the education left out; for the poor overburdened girls helped us to bear the load by suffering in common.

Every one of us had, of course, the minor special interests and amusements which suited his own taste; there was no lack of opportunity to follow up these inclinations; to use the terminology of modern pedagogy, we "found" ourselves. I found myself, too; but—and in this respect I did not behave exactly according to the prescribed scheme of this same pedagogy, I am sorry to say—I found myself every two or three years, as some one very different from the former individual whom I had had the pleasure to discover. In the first years of my school time botany was all my desire. We lived in the summer in a country house with a large garden, and a forest near the garden; and every minute I could spare belonged to the plants which I collected and pressed. It became a boyish passion. If I had to write a novel, this feature of the botanical enthusiasm of the boy would be a very poor invention, if the final outcome were to be a being who has hardly the talent to discriminate a mushroom from an apple

tree, and for whom nothing in the world appears so dry as squeezed plants. But I have not to invent here: I am reporting. I thus confess frankly my weakness for dissected vegetables: it lasted about three years. Then came my passion for physical instruments: an uncle gave me on my birthday some dainty little electrical machines, and soon the whole house was overspun with electrical wires. I was thus, at twelve years, on the best road to discover the patent-hunter in my personality, when a friend with ministerial inclinations interfered: we began to study comparative religion, Islamism in particular. Thus, at fifteen years of age we learned Arabic from the grammar, and read the Koran. Now, finally, my true nature was found; my friend wrote prophetically in my album that we should both go out as missionaries to the Arabs, — and yet I missed the connection, and went to Boston instead of to Mecca, and forgot on the way all my Arabic. But trouble began soon afterward: friends of mine found, in digging on their farm, an old Slavic grave containing interesting urns. I became fascinated by ethnological discoveries, and, as important excavations were going on in the neighborhood of my native town, I spent every free afternoon and whole vacation weeks in the ethnological camp, studied the literature of the subject and dug up urns for our town museum, and wrote, at the age of seventeen, a never published book on the prehistoric anthropology of West Prussia. Then the happy school days came to an end, and yet I had not found myself. I have never dug any more. I did not become an ethnologist, and if a visitor to Cambridge insists on my showing him the Harvard sights, and we come into the ethnological museum, the urns bore me so utterly that it is hard for me to believe that in earlier days they made all my happiness. I went, then, to the university with something like a liberal education; supplemented the school studies by some broader

studies in literature, science, and philosophy; and when, in the middle of my philosophical studies, I came to psychology, the lightning struck. Exactly ten years after leaving school, years devoted to psychological studies and psychological teaching in German universities, Harvard called me over the ocean as professor of psychology. I thus found my life work; and in all these years I have never had an hour in which I doubted that it was my life work. Yet I did not approach it, in spite of all those various fancy interests, before I reached the intellectual level of the graduate school.

I have spoken of these boyish passions not only to show that we had an abundance of free time and the best opportunities for the growth of individual likings, but for the purpose of emphasizing — and I add this with all the gratitude of my heart to my parents, my teachers, and the community — that the school never took the smallest account of those inclinations, and never allowed me to take the slightest step aside from the prescribed school work. My school work was not adjusted to botany at nine years because I played with an herbarium, and at twelve to physics because I indulged in noises with home-made electric bells, and at fifteen to Arabic, — an elective which I miss still in several high schools, even in Brookline and Roxbury. The more my friends and I wandered afield with our little superficial interests and talents and passions, the more was the straightforward earnestness of the school our blessing; and all that beautified and enriched our youth, and gave to it freshness and liveliness, would have turned out to be our ruin, if our elders had taken it seriously, and had formed a life's programme out of petty caprices and boyish inclinations. I still remember how my father spoke to me, when I was a boy of twelve. I was insisting that Latin was of no use to me, as I should become a poet or a physicist.

He answered: "If a lively boy has to follow a country road, it is a natural and good thing for him to stroll a hundred times from the way, and pick flowers and run for butterflies over the fields on both sides of the road. But if we say to him, 'There is no road for you; follow your butterflies,' where will he find himself at nightfall?"

My question was, how our German school made it possible to bring us so much more quickly, without overburdening us, to the level of the American senior. I have given so far only a negative characteristic of the school in saying that it made no concession to individual likings and preferences: that is of course not a sufficient explanation. If I think back, I feel sure the chief source of this success was the teachers. But in regard to the teachers, also, I may begin with a negative statement: our teachers did not know anything about the theory of education, or about the history of pedagogy or psychology; and while I heard about some of them gossip of a rather malicious kind, I never heard that any one of them had read a book on child study. The other day I found in a paper on secondary education a lamentation to this effect: that the American schools have still many teachers who have no reflective theories on the aim with which they teach their subjects, and the educational values which belong to them. The author said: "I shall not soon forget the surprise with which an intelligent teacher said to me, not long ago, 'An aim! I have no aim in teaching; that is a new idea.'" "Such teachers of Latin and algebra," the author compassionately added, "meant that the choice of these subjects as fit subject-matter of instruction was no concern of theirs; they taught these subjects as best they could, because these subjects were in the course of study." Exactly such old-fashioned teachers were ours. My literature teacher was never troubled by the suspicion that literature may be less

useful than meteorology and organic chemistry, neither of which had a place in our school; and if some one had asked my Greek teacher, "What is the value of the instruction in Greek? What is your aim in reading Sophocles and Plato with your young friends in the class?" he would have answered that he had never thought about it, any more than why he was willing to breathe and to live. He taught his Greek as best he could in the place to which he was called, but he certainly never took it as his concern to reflect whether Greek instruction ought not, after all, to be discontinued; he left that to the principal and to the government. His Plato and his Sophocles, his Homer and Thucydides, were to him life and happiness, and to share them with us was an instinctive desire, which would have lost its enthusiasm and inspiration if he had tried to base it on arguments.

But this thought has led me from the negative characteristics of my teachers to a rather positive one, — yes, to the most positive one which I felt in them, — to the one which was the real secret of our German school: my teachers were enthusiastic on the subjects they taught, as only those who know them thoroughly ever can be. I had no teacher who hastily learned one day what he must teach me the next; who was satisfied with second-hand knowledge, which is quite pretty for entertainment and orientation, but which is so intolerable and inane when we come to distribute it and to give it to others. I had from my ninth year no teacher in any subject who had not completed three years' work in the graduate school. Even the first elements of Greek and mathematics, of history and geography, were given to us by men who had reached the level of the doctorate, and who had the perspective of their own fields. They had seen their work with the eye of the scholar, and thus even the most elementary material of their science was raised to the height of scholarly interest. Elements taken for

themselves alone are trivial and empty everywhere, and to teach them is an intolerable drudgery, which fills the school-room with dullness and the pupils with aversion. Elements as the introductory part of a scholarly system are of ever new and fascinating interest, more promising and enjoyable than any complex problems. A great poet once said that any man who has ever really loved in his youth can never become quite unhappy in life. A man who has ever really taken a scholarly view of his science can never find in that science anything which is quite uninteresting. Such enthusiasm is contagious. We boys felt that our teachers believed with the fullness of their hearts in the inner value of the subjects, and every new bit of knowledge was thus for us a new revelation. We did not ask whether it would bake bread for us. We were eager for it on account of its own inner richness and value; and this happy living in an atmosphere of such ideal belief in the inner worth and glory of literature and history, of science and thought, was our liberal education.

I know it would be wrong to explain our being three years ahead of a New England boy merely by the scholarly preparation of our teachers. A second factor, which is hardly less important, stands clear before my mind, too: the help which the school found in our homes. I do not mean that we were helped in our work, but the teachers were silently helped by the spirit which prevailed in our homes with regard to the school work. The school had the right of way; our parents reinforced our belief in the work and our respect for the teachers. A reprimand in the school was a shadow on our home life; a word of praise in the school was a ray of sunshine for the household. The excellent schoolbooks, the wise plans for the upbuilding of the ten years' course, the hygienic care, the external stimulations, — all, of course, helped toward the results; and yet I am convinced that

their effect was entirely secondary compared with these two features, — the scholarly enthusiasm of our teachers, and the respect for the school on the part of our parents.

No one can jump over his shadow. I cannot suddenly leave all my memories and experiences behind me, and when I behold the onward rush of our school reformers, I cannot forget my past; I may admire their good will, but I cannot accept their bad arguments. I do not speak here as a psychologist; I know quite well that some consider the psychologist a pedagogical expert, who brings the profoundest information directly from his laboratory to the educational witness stand. No such power has come to me. I do not know whether my professional brethren have had pleasanter experiences, but I have always found Psychology silent as a sphinx, when I came to her with the question of what we ought to do in the walks of practical life. When I asked her about the true and the false, she was most loquacious; but when I came to her about the good and the bad, seeking advice and help, she never vouchsafed me a word. I confess that I have, therefore, slowly become a little skeptical as to whether she is really more communicative with my psychological friends, or whether they do not simply take her perfect silence for a welcome affirmation of all their own thoughts and wishes. I thus come to the question of school reform without any professional authority; I come to it simply with the warm interest of a man who has children in the schools, who has daily contact with students just out of school, and who has not forgotten his own school time.

The most essential feature of all recent school reforms — or, with a less question-begging title, I should say school experiments, or school changes, or school deteriorations — has been the tendency toward elective studies. But I am in doubt whether we should consider

it really as one tendency only ; the name covers two very different tendencies, whose practical result is externally similar. We have on one side the desire to adjust the school work to the final purposes of the individual in practical life ; which means beginning professional preparation in that period which up to this time has been given over to liberal education. We have on the other side the desire to adjust the school work to the innate talents and likings of the individual, which means giving in the school work no place to that which finds inner resistance in the pupil. In the first case the university method filters down to the school ; in the second case the kindergarten method creeps up to the school. In the one case the liberal education of the school is replaced by professional education ; in the other case the liberal education is replaced by liberal play. If one of the two tendencies were working alone, its imminent danger would be felt at once ; but as they seem to coöperate, the one working from the bottom and the other from the top, each hides for the moment the defects of the other. And yet the coincidence is almost accidental and entirely superficial ; both desire to make concessions to individual differences. Peter and Paul ought not to have the same school education, we are told ; but the essential question what, after all, Peter ought to learn in school must be answered very differently, according as we look at it from the point of view of the kindergarten or from the point of view of professional life ; as there is indeed a difference whether I ask what may best suit the taste and liking of Peter the darling, or whether I ask what Peter the man will need for the battle of life, in which nobody asks what he likes, but where the question is how he is liked, and how he suits the tastes of his neighbors. The one method treats the boy as a child, and the other treats the boy as a man. Nothing is common to them, after all, except the

result that boyhood loses its opportunity for a liberal education, which ought to borrow from the kindergarten merely its remoteness from practical professional life, and from professional work merely its seriousness. Neither tendency stands alone in our social life. In short, the one fits the mercenary spirit of our time, and the other fits its spirit of selfish enjoyment. From the standpoint of social philosophy, mercenary utilitarianism and selfish materialism belong together ; everywhere do they grow together, and everywhere do they fight together against the spirit of idealism. But while they fight together, they march to the battlefield on very different roads.

Practical life demands division of labor, and therefore the specialization of the individual. The argument which urges the earliest possible beginning of this specialization is thus a natural one ; and the conviction that the struggle for existence must become more difficult with the growing complexity of modern life may encourage the view that the remedy lies in professional training at the expense of all other education. The lawyer and the physician need so many facts for the efficiency of their work that it seems a waste of energy to burden the future lawyer with the knowledge of natural sciences, and the future physician with the knowledge of history. If this is true, however, we ought to begin still earlier : on the first day in the kindergarten, I should show my little lawyer two cakes, and explain to him that one is his cake, and the other is not, — social information which does not lie in the line of my little naturalist ; and I should tell the other little fellow that one cake has plums, and the other has not, — scientific instruction which is without concern for the future lawyer. But even if I shape my school according to such schemes, do I really reach, after all, the goal at which I am aiming ? Does not the utilitarian spirit deceive itself ? And even if we do not acknowledge any other

standpoint but the mercenary one, is not the calculation very superficial? The laborer in the mill may be put, sometimes, by the cruelty of the age of steam, in a place where his personality as a whole is crippled, and only one small function is in use; but the higher the profession, the more nearly is the whole man working in every act, and the more, therefore, is a broad general education necessary to practical efficiency. The biologists tell us that the play of animals is a biologically necessary preparation for the struggle of existence, and that, in a parallel way, also, the playing of the child is the wise scheme of nature to prepare man in some respect for the struggles of life. How infinitely more does that hold for the widening of the mind by a well-planned liberal education!

The higher the level on which the professional specializing begins, the more effective it is. I have said that we German boys did not think of any specialization and individual variation before we reached a level corresponding to the college graduation here. In this country, the college must still go on for a while playing the double rôle of the place for the general education of the one, and the workshop for the professional training of the other; but at least the high school ought to be faithful to its only goal of general education without professional anticipations. Moreover, we are not only professional wage-earners: we live for our friends and our nation; we face social and political, moral and religious problems; we are in contact with nature and science, with art and literature; we shape our town and our time, and all that is common to every one, — to the banker and the manufacturer, to the minister and the teacher, to the lawyer and the physician. The technique of our profession, then, appears only as a small variation of the large background of work in which we all share; and if the education must be adapted to our later life, all these pro-

blems demand a uniform education for the members of the same social community. The division of labor lies on the outside. We are specialists in our handiwork, but our heart work is uniform, and the demand for individualized education emphasizes the small differences in our tasks, and ignores the great similarities.

And after all, who is able to say what a boy of twelve years will need for his special life work? It is easily said in a school programme that the course will be adapted to the needs of the particular pupil with respect to his later life, but it would be harder to say how we are to find out what the boy does need; and even if we know it, the straight line to the goal is not always the shortest way.

The one need of my individual fate, compared with that of other German boys, is the English language, and the one great blank in the prescribed programme of our gymnasium was the total absence of instruction in English. Yet I have such unlimited confidence in the wisdom of my teachers that I cannot help thinking they knew quite well how my case stood. When I was twelve years old, I can imagine, the principal of the school said in a faculty meeting: "This boy will need the English language later, to philosophize on the other side of the ocean, and he ought to begin now to learn it, in time for his professional work; to get the free time for it we must eliminate the Greek from his course." But then my dear little gray-haired Greek teacher arose, and said with indignation: "No, sir: the bit of English which is necessary to lecture to students, and to address teachers' meetings, and to write for *The Atlantic Monthly* can be learned at any time, but Greek he will never learn if he does not learn it now; and if he does not have it, he will never get that inspiration which may make his scholarly work worth calling him over the ocean. Only if he studies Greek will they call him to use Eng-

lish; but if he learns only English, he will never have the chance to use it." That settled my case, and so came about the curious chance that I accepted the professorship at Harvard without having spoken a single word of English in my life; and I still thank my old Greek teacher, who is long since dead, for his decision. Yes, as I think it over, I am inclined to believe that it is just so in most cases: if we prepare for the one thing, we shall have a chance for the other; but if we wisely prepare at once for the other, our chance for it will never come. Life is, after all, not so easily manufactured as the advertising circular of a private boarding school, in which everything is exactly adapted to the individual needs.

This elective adjustment of the studies to the later professional work and business of the man plays a large part in the theoretical discussions, and there acts effectively on the crowd through the promise of professional success; but it strikes me that this utilitarian appeal works, on the whole, for the interest of that other kind of electivism which promises ease through the adjustment of the school to the personal inclinations. It seems to me that, in the practical walks of education, this is by far the stronger impulse to election. Even in the college, where most boys have at least a dim idea of what they want to do in life, the election with reference to the later occupation plays usually a secondary rôle; liking is the great ruler. The university method were powerless in the school reform, did it not act as agent for the kindergarten method. This leading plea for electives takes the following form: All instruction must be interesting; if the pupil's interest is not in it, the whole instruction is dead matter, useless vexation. Everything which appeals to the natural tastes and instincts of the child is interesting. Instruction, therefore, must be adjusted to the natural instincts and tastes.

The logical fallacy of this ought to be evident. All instruction which is good must be interesting; but does it follow therefrom that all instruction which is interesting must also be good? Is it not possible that there are kinds of interest which are utterly bad and destructive? All that appeals to the natural tastes and instincts is interesting; does it follow that nothing is interesting which goes beyond the natural instincts? Is it not savage life to follow merely the instincts and natural desires? Is not all the meaning of education just to discriminate between good and bad desires; to suppress the lower instincts, and to reinforce the higher; above all, to awake new desires, to build up new interests, to create new instincts? If civilization, with its instruments of home and school education, could not overcome our natural tastes and instinctive desires, we should remain forever children whose attention is captured by everything that excites and shines. The street tune would expel the symphony, the prize fight would overcome the drama, the yellow press and the dime novel would be our literature; our social life would be vulgar, our public life hysterical, and our intellectual life a mixture of cheap gossip and sensational news with practical schemes for comfort and advertisement. Yes, instruction must be full of interest; but whether instruction is good or bad, is in the spirit of civilization or against it, depends upon the question what sort of interest is in the play: that which vulgarizes, or that which refines; that which the street boy brings from the slums to the school, or that which the teacher brings from the graduate school to the country classroom. The more internal the motives which capture the attention, the higher the mental functions to which we appeal, the more we are really educators. The platform is no variety show; the boys must be inspired, but not amused.

I am not afraid to push my heresy even to the point of seeing with serious

doubts the rapidly growing tendency toward the demonstrative method in scientific instruction. No doubt all such illustrations strongly appeal to common sense; our happy children, the public thinks, see and touch everything, where we had only words on words. But the words appealed to a higher power than the demonstrations: those spoke to the understanding, these to the perception; those gave us the laws, these the accidental realizations. No demonstration, no experiment, can really show us the totality of a law; it shows us always only one special case, which as such is quite unimportant. Its importance lies in the necessity which can be expressed merely by words, and never by apparatus. The deeper meaning of naturalistic instruction is by far more fully present in the book than in the instrument; and while it is easier to teach and to learn natural science when it appeals to the eye rather than to the reason, I doubt whether it has, from a higher standpoint, the same educational value, just as I doubt whether the doll with a silk dress and a phonograph in the chest has the same value for the development of the child at play that the simple little wooden doll has. The question of scientific instruction is, of course, far too complex to be analyzed here; the method of demonstrations has some good features; and above all, the other kind of instruction, to be valuable at all, needs much better teachers than those whom the schools have at their disposal. I wish only to point out that even here, where the popular agreement is unanimous, very serious hesitation is possible.

I have spoken of the damage to the subject-matter of instruction, which results from the limitation of the work to personal taste; but there is also a formal side of education, which is to me more important. A child who has himself the right of choice, or who sees that parents and teachers select the courses according to his tastes and inclinations,

may learn a thousand pretty things, but never the one which is the greatest of all: to do his duty. He who is allowed always to follow the paths of least resistance never develops the power to overcome resistance; he remains utterly unprepared for life. To do what we like to do, — that needs no pedagogical encouragement: water always runs downhill. Our whole public and social life shows the working of this impulse, and our institutions outbid one another in catering to the taste of the public. The school alone has the power to develop the opposite tendency, to encourage and train the belief in duties and obligations, to inspire devotion to better things than those to which we are drawn by our lower instincts. Yes, water runs downhill all the time; and yet all the earth were sterile and dead if water could not ascend again to the clouds, and supply rain to the field which brings us the harvest. We see only the streams going down to the ocean; we do not see how the ocean sends up the waters to bless our fields. Just so do we see in the streams of life the human emotions following the impulses down to selfishness and pleasure and enjoyment, but we do not see how the human emotions ascend again to the ideals, — ascend in feelings of duty and enthusiasm; and yet without this upward movement our fields were dry, our harvest lost. That invisible work is the sacred mission of the school; it is the school that must raise man's mind from his likings to his belief in duties, from his instincts to his ideals, that art and science, national honor and morality, friendship and religion, may spring from the ground and blossom.

But I go further: are elective studies really elected at all? I mean, do they really represent the deeper desires and demands of the individual, or do they not simply express the cumulation of a hundred chance influences? I have intentionally lingered on the story of my shifting interests in my boyhood; it is

more or less the story of every half-way-intelligent boy or girl. A little bit of talent, a petty caprice favored by accident, a contagious craze or fad, a chance demand for something of which scarcely the outside is known, — all these whirl and buzz in every boyhood; but to follow such superficial moods would mean dissolution of all organized life, and education would be an empty word. Election which is more than a chance grasping presupposes first of all acquaintance with the object of our choice. Even in the college two thirds of the elections are haphazard, controlled by accidental motives; election of courses demands a wide view and broad knowledge of the whole field. The lower the level on which the choice is made, the more external and misleading are the motives which direct it. A helter-skelter chase of the unknown is no election. If a man who does not know French goes into a restaurant where the bill of fare is given in the French language, and points to one and to another line, not knowing whether his order is fish or roast or pudding, the waiter will bring him a meal, but we cannot say that he has "elected his courses."

From whatever standpoint I view it, the tendency to base the school on elective studies seems to me a mistake, — a mistake for which, of course, not a special school, but the social consciousness is to be blamed. I cannot think much better of that second tendency of which I spoke, — the tendency to improve the schools by a pedagogical-psychological preparation of the teachers. I said that, just as I had no right of election over my courses, my teachers had no idea of pedagogy and psychology. I do not think that they would have been better teachers with such wisdom than without it. I doubt, even, whether it would not have changed things for the worse. I do not believe in lyrics which are written after the prescriptions of aesthetics; I have the fullest respect for the scholar

in poetical theory, but he ought not to make the poets believe that they need his advice before they dare to sing. Psychology is a wonderful science, and pedagogy, as soon as we shall have it, may be a wonderful science, too, and very important for school organizers, for superintendents and city officials, but the individual teacher has little practical use for it. I have discussed this point so often before the public that I am unwilling to repeat my arguments here. I have again and again shown that in the practical contact of the schoolroom the teacher can never gain that kind of knowledge of the child which would enable him to get the right basis for psychological calculation, and that psychology itself is unable to do justice to the demands of the individual case. I have tried to show how conscious occupation with pedagogical rules interferes with instinctive views of right pedagogical means; and, above all, how the analytic tendency of the psychological and pedagogical attitude is diametrically opposite to that practical attitude, full of tact and sympathy, which we must demand of the real teacher; and that the training in the one attitude inhibits freedom in the other. And when I see that teachers sometimes interpret my warning as if I wished merely to say, "I, as a psychologist, dislike to have any one approach the science with the purely practical question whether it bakes bread, instead of with a purely theoretical interest," I must object to that interpretation. I did not wish merely to say that the bread question would better be delayed; no, the teacher ought to know from the beginning that if he takes the bread which psychology bakes, indigestion must follow.

Yet I do not mean to be narrow. I do not think that if teachers go through psychological and pedagogical studies they really will suffer very much; they will do with them what they do with most studies, — they will forget them. And

if they forget them, what harm, then, — why all this fighting against it, as if a danger were in question? This brings me, finally, to my last but chief point: I think, indeed, that great dangers do exist, and that the psychopedagogical movement does serious damage, not so much because it affects the teacher, but because it, together with the elective studies, turns the attention of the public from the only essential and important point, upon which, I feel deeply convinced, the true reform of our schools is dependent, — the better instruction of our teachers. That was the secret, I said, in our German schools; the most elementary teaching was given by men who were experts in their field, who had the perspective of it, and whose scholarly interest filled them with an enthusiasm that inspired the class. To bring that condition about must be the aim of every friend of American school life. That is the one great reform which is needed, and till this burning need is removed it is useless to put forward unimportant changes. These little pseudo-reforms become, indeed, a wrong, if they make the public forget that true help and true reform are demanded. If a child is crying because it is ill, we may keep it quiet for a while by a piece of candy, but we do not make it well; and it is a wrong to quiet it, if its silence makes us omit to call the physician to cure it. The elective studies and the pedagogical courses are such sweetmeats for the school. The schools were bad, and the public was dissatisfied; now the elective studies relieve the discomfort of the children, in the place of the old vexation they have a good time, and the parents are glad that the drudgery is over. And when, nevertheless, a complaint arises, and the parents discover that the children do not learn anything and that they become disrespectful, then there comes the chance for the man with the psychological — and pedagogical — training; he is not a better teacher, but he can talk about

the purposes of the new education till all is covered by beautiful words; and thus parents and children are happily satisfied for a while, till the time comes when the nation has to pay for its neglect in failing really to cure the sick child. Just as it has been said that war needs three things, money, money, and again money, so it can be said with much greater truth that education needs, not forces and buildings, not pedagogy and demonstrations, but only men, men, and again men, — without forbidding that some, not too many of them, shall be women.

The right kind of men is what the schools need; they have the wrong kind. They need teachers whose interest in the subject would banish all drudgery, and they have teachers whose pitiable unpreparedness makes the class work either so superficial that the pupils do not learn anything, or, if it is taken seriously, so dry and empty that it is a vexation for children and teachers alike. To produce anything equivalent to the teaching staff from whose guidance I benefited in my boyhood, no one ought to be allowed to teach in a grammar school who has not passed through a college or a good normal school; no one ought to teach in a high school who has not worked, after his college course, at least two years in the graduate school of a good university; no one ought to teach in a college who has not taken his doctor's degree in one of the best universities; and no one ought to teach in a graduate school who has not shown his mastery of method by powerful scientific publications. We have instead a misery which can be characterized by one statistical fact: only two per cent of the school-teachers possess any degree whatever. If the majority of college teachers are hardly prepared to teach in a secondary school, if the majority of high-school teachers are hardly fit to teach in a primary school, and if the majority of primary-school teachers are just enough

educated to fill a salesgirl's place in a millinery store, then every other reform is self-deceit.

I do not feel at all surprised that many of my brethren who are seriously interested in the progress of education rush forward in the wrong direction. They have been brought up under the prescribed system with teachers who did not know pedagogy, and they feel instinctively that the schools are bad and need reform. It is only natural for them to think that the prescriptive system is guilty, and that pedagogy can help us; they are so filled with aversion to the old-fashioned school that they think only of the matter which they were taught, and the method after which they were taught; but as they have no standard of comparison in their own experience, they never imagine that it may have been the men alone, the teachers, who were responsible for the failures. These friends have never experienced what my classmates and I enjoyed, — prescribed courses with expert teachers. They do not and cannot imagine the revolution which comes into the school-room as soon as a teacher stands on the platform who has the inspiring enthusiasm for his science which springs from a profound scholarly knowledge. No pedagogical technique can be substituted for this only real preparation of the teacher; and I fear that pedagogy must become a hindrance to educational progress, if it ever causes the principal or the school board to prefer the teacher who has learned pedagogy to the teacher who has learned the subject he is going to teach.

But my German memories not only arouse in me a pessimism with regard to those pseudo-reforms; they give me also most optimistic hopes with regard to a point which may be raised as an objection to my views. The teaching staff is bad indeed, it has often been said, but how can we hope for an improvement? The boys leave the high school at eight-

teen years of age, the college at twenty-two; how can we hope that an average high-school teacher will devote a still larger part of his life to the preparation for his professional work, and will spend two or three years more in a graduate school before he begins to earn his living? This argument is utterly wrong, as it neglects the interrelation of the different factors. If we had thoroughly prepared teachers, the aims of the school would be reached here just as quickly as in Germany, where, as I have shown, the level of American high-school graduation is attained at fifteen years, and the level of American average college graduation at eighteen or nineteen. Time which, with the teachers of to-day, is hardly sufficient to bring a man through a good high school would then be enough to give him a college education, and the time which to-day is necessary to pull him through college should be enough to give him three years in the graduate school. I was twenty-two when I took my doctor's degree in Leipzig, and so were most of my friends. The change cannot come suddenly; but as soon as the public recognizes in what direction true school reform must lie, it can be brought about by a slow, persistent pushing along that line. If the schools insist more and more on the solid scholarship of the teachers, the time in which the ends of the school are reached will become shorter and shorter: this will give more and more room for the continuation of study on the part of the future teachers, and thus we should enter upon a beneficial revolution which would in a short time supply the whole country with efficient teachers. If we look at the situation from this point of view, we can hardly doubt that even those who have only the utilitarian interest in mind, — yes, even those who think of the mercenary aspect only, — that even those must prefer this true reform to the efforts of the "new education" men who operate with pedagogy and elective studies. Those three



years which every American boy loses through the bad preparation of his teachers represent a loss for the practical achievement in later life which cannot be compensated for by an early beginning of professional training through electives. It is a loss for the man, and an incomparable loss for the nation.

I merely indicated one other feature of our German education when I disclosed the secret of its efficiency. I said our parents reinforced in us respect for the school, and the home atmosphere was filled with belief in the duties of

school life. Our parents did not need mothers' clubs and committees for that, and there was little discussion about what children need *in abstracto*; but they made their children feel that the home and the school were working in alliance. We boys took all that as a matter of course, and what it meant I never quite understood before I crossed the ocean. I feel inclined to say that what our school children need is not only good teachers, but also good parents. However, as Lincoln said, one war at a time.

Hugo Münsterberg.

THE CONSULAR SERVICE OF THE UNITED STATES.

II.

THE SERVICE OF OTHER COUNTRIES.

INFORMATION in plenty is available about the methods of other countries in filling vacancies in their commercial service, and about promotion, tenure of office, work, and pensions. By implication, these are commended to us as examples, with slight recognition of the difference in ideas, institutions, needs, fiscal and economic conditions, and of the peoples themselves. The essentially aristocratic system of England, a country with almost a monopoly of shipping interests, dependent on outside supplies for most of the necessities of life as well as for its markets for manufactured goods, is brought forward as an example. The bureaucratic methods current in Germany, which has only recently assumed a place of importance in the commercial world, and has naturally organized its service upon existing models modified by its own peculiar conditions, are held up for admiration. We are commended to those of France, whose frequent changes of government have but

little effect upon the stability of mechanical methods. Each of these countries can no doubt teach much in those elements which must enter into all human conduct; but it would certainly be a sign of weakness for a people with a different form of government, without foreign shipping, and with only the beginnings, either in reality or necessity, of a foreign trade in manufactured products, to build upon any such rigid models.

It does not fall within the province of this article to examine all these systems. Modeled in general upon that of Great Britain, they are a curious mixture of the political and the commercial. The following table, compiled from our own Official Register and the British Foreign List, showing the number of paid consulates maintained by the United States and Great Britain, reveals some of the actual conditions:—

Consulates solely for Commercial Purposes.

	United States.	United Kingdom.
Austria	5	3
Belgium	4	1
France	26	24
Germany	32	10
Italy	12	9

	United States.	United Kingdom.
Mexico	18	3
Spain	10	6
Sweden and Norway	4	0
Switzerland	6	0

Consulates mainly political as to the United Kingdom.

China	10	23
Japan	3	7
Persia	1	6
Russia	4	13
Turkey	10	30

In like manner, British representatives in Algeria, Morocco, the smaller Balkan States, as well as in the Dutch, French, and Portuguese colonies, have less to do in the conservation of trade than in watching over political interests. In China, there are 11 assistants of the first class at salaries of £400 each, 10 of the second class at £350, and 27 student interpreters; in Japan, 10 assistants of the two grades, and 4 student interpreters. These are attached to the legations and consulates, being transferable from one branch to the other. In Siam, Persia, and Turkey are found the same order of minor officials, all sent from the home country. The number deemed necessary for commercial purposes is shown by the fact that only 16 are sent from home to the United States, three of these being in the possessions taken from Spain. On the other hand, we send to England, 25; to Canada, 49; to other British colonies and dependencies, 27: a total of 101. The two countries thus diverge in principle and policy at the very outset. Although the average salaries do not greatly differ, our officials are dependent upon theirs for living and position, while, except in a few prize places, the pay of those sent from England is a helpful auxiliary to private resources.

The United States service, organized primarily to supervise our import trade, maintains elaborate machinery, both at the place of origin and of destination, for determining prices. Under this unique fiscal policy, exports are purely an inci-

dent of commercial service. As Great Britain does not require official certificates to import invoices, her officials are supposed to promote the sale of British goods in the countries to which they are accredited. One system gives official help or encouragement to the purchase of foreign products for home consumption; the other promotes the sale in foreign countries of domestic manufactures.

Social conditions differ even more radically. In England, examinations fix a standard about equivalent to that demanded of a correspondence clerk in a great mercantile house, wherever situated, for which the fee is thirty dollars, by no means the sign of a field open to all comers. After the candidate has passed, he must have influence or money, generally both, to climb the consular ladder. Appointment in the first place, and promotion afterwards, are the rewards of social position and of political though not necessarily partisan activity on the part of somebody. If the brightest men from the universities, without money or influence, should seek places in the service, their chances would not be flattering. They would soon discover that the consular service, in only smaller measure than the diplomatic, is practically the monopoly of a class. However democratic it may be in theory, in practice it is exclusive. Nearly every man admitted to the foreign service, whether in one branch or the other, has means in himself or at his command, and, like well-connected young Englishmen, he supplements this by an improving marriage. Whatever fitness he may have for promoting commercial or political interests, he must have a fair equipment on the social side. Any one familiar with English life, social or political, has only to glance over the names in the Foreign List to see how completely the ruling families maintain their hold upon these services. This is a feature not likely to commend itself to our people, as those familiar with the character and abilities of our rich young

men may attest. For us, the civil pension at the end of a career is as far from a possibility as it is that a petty knight-hood or order should confer added dignity.

Those writers who advocate the adoption of every feature tried elsewhere might well remember that, even in these days of gush, there are essential differences between our ideas and institutions and those of England. It might also temper their enthusiasm if they would consult the great British merchants and manufacturers, who trade into every part of the world. From these come complaints of neglect, of impoliteness, of coldness and harshness, even of inefficiency. It is declared that the social position of consuls makes them stiff and unapproachable; that they do not keep in touch with trade interests; that they repel travelers and tradesmen; and that the system is too rigid to be useful. It is easy to understand how color may be given to such opinions when the method of selection is considered, and also when semi-diplomatic duties must often modify commercial zeal. While the examiner has taken the place of the patron, these places have not been thrown open to competition. The mode of selection has been changed, but under both systems the appointees are drawn from the same class. The excluded accept their fate without protest, even with grace. They know that in some branches of the public service merit, without money or influence, sometimes commands recognition, but that the foreign branches, with the army and the navy, are preserves for that merit which has other helpful resources. The new method is an improvement over the old, but nothing is gained by holding it up as a faultless example for another people in a different situation.

Even in the British service, consulates in places as important as Buda-Pesth, Berlin, Munich, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Dresden, Vienna, Zurich, Berne, Geneva,

Rome, Venice, Brindisi, and Rotterdam are not filled from home nor with paid incumbents. They are generally filled by native bankers or merchants, interested in English trade or life,—subjects of the countries in which they live. In like manner, Germany, France, and Spain give commissions either to natives who have gone to England early in life and thoroughly identified themselves with the country of adoption, or to local merchants who need know nothing about the countries they represent. Their duties are few, and they perform them, whatever they are, without salaries, fees, or allowances,—these being turned over to consuls general sent from home to London or Liverpool for the purpose of supervising the system.

They are known as trading consuls, and are a feature worth description. With the growing demand for social recognition this system has grown, until exequaturs are now held by nearly eleven hundred such officials in the United Kingdom. Official duties are the last thing in mind; perhaps nine out of ten have none more serious than the choice of a tailor to make a uniform, or the finding of their countries on the map. Invitations to annual balls or other functions given by the mayor, or the head of the municipality,—whatever his title and however small the place may be,—are keenly sought and much prized. In general, they are limited to the officials of the town and neighborhood, local notables, leading workers and subscribers to local charities, and the personal or business friends of the mayor, in office for the time. To these, by courtesy, foreign consuls are added. As a result, the supply of these officials comes from the local demand for a petty social place, not from the commercial needs of a foreign nation. Countries not yet represented are eagerly sought out, while the contests that succeed an incumbent's death or resignation are not always more modest or longer delayed than those which fol-

low vacancies in real offices. Petitions signed by those already within the magic or sacred circle are sent to the authorities of countries without a representative, or bereft of one; nor is it unusual for these officials organized into associations humbly to pray that the Sultan, or some king or queen, may decorate one of their number. In case of success, the baubles are noticed in the local press, and worn with becoming gravity at social and official gatherings.

Nor is such a body, resident in any town, wholly averse to the display of its marvelous uniforms. Trimmed most lavishly with gold lace, glowing with all the tints of the rainbow, cut and finished in every terrestrial fashion, often supplemented with the most curious head-gear, and the whole exhibited at a mayor's annual ball in all its gorgeousness, it is impossible for any ordinary description, by an average pen, to do justice to the effect. It reminds one of some scene in a latter-day pantomime. The modest court dress of a member of Parliament is cast into the shade, and no gold-chained lord mayor or mayor would think of entering into competition. The representative of the United States, — often the only real consul in a large city, — rendered conspicuous by plain evening dress, may view with awe and admire without envy this real triumph of the sartorial art. The annual dinners of these bodies contribute a picturesqueness seldom seen in our prosaic times.

Such commissions are often distributed in inverse ratio to the size or trade of the country. In England, Belgium has 47; the Argentine Republic, 18; Brazil, 29; Chile, 26; Denmark, 89; Greece, 35; Italy, 47; the Netherlands, 51; Peru, 19; Portugal, 50; Sweden and Norway, 96; Turkey, 30; Uruguay, 32; and Venezuela, 15. The little black republic of Liberia has 27, while the somewhat less sable republics of San Domingo and Hayti have to get along as best they can with 9 and 10 respec-

tively. Of the Great Powers, Austria has 33; France, 57; Germany, 82; Russia, 46; and Spain, 58. In the last-named group, there are probably 6 or 8 sent from home under the conditions already described. In England alone, there are approximately 40 real consular officers of various titles from all the countries of the world, other than the United States; that is, men sent from them as official business representatives. It no doubt serves some purpose to issue commissions thus lavishly; and the worthy men who hold them must find some profit in their acceptance.

When, however, systems with such features are constantly held up as examples for American imitation, it is easy to see how little use they really are. They will strike the average American as impossible. Seeing that he does not show an undue amount of respect even for the holders of real dignities, from the President downwards, he is likely to smile when told how seriously officials merely nominal take themselves, and how successful they are in inducing other people to accept them at the same valuation. It shows that other countries have weak places in their consular armor, and that, with all our faults, we may well go on and try to work out an intelligent, rational plan of our own.

I have sought throughout these papers to discuss all questions with fairness, though not without some wholesome plainness of speech. I am sincerely and deeply interested in it, not from any desire to magnify an office once held, but to see the system which includes it relieved of its abuses and made worthy of a great country, the importance of whose relations to the remainder of the world few men really appreciate. As what I have written has in it some element of destruction or tearing down, — always represented as a very easy process, — I now purpose to give some attention to the constructive side, and to suggest cer-

tain changes. It is my desire to invite criticism and discussion, elements absolutely essential to the correction of faults in existing methods or to the substitution of better ones.

III.

REORGANIZATION OF THE SYSTEM.

In a previous article I have dealt with our consular service as it is. It remains to make some suggestions of a constructive character. These must be merely a series of rough hints, with no attempt to cover details, though upon lines different from any existing system, because, so far as I know, they propose a novel method for dealing with the problem. I can only express the hope that they avoid cocksureness or those counsels of perfection which mar the symmetry and ruin the usefulness of much writing on public questions.

This service belongs logically to the Treasury Department, and much has been written about its transfer. It has long held relations with the State Department, while other countries put a like branch under the control of their Foreign Office. Besides, the Treasury Department is overwhelmed, — an accusation from which the older department is entirely free. For the present, therefore, this divorce may perhaps be delayed without causing much added unhappiness. It will always be well, however, in considering any scheme, related to it, to remember that a consular service is concerned almost wholly with commerce, and that diplomatic powers, even as incidents, should either be eliminated or restricted to narrow limits. If a Department of Colonies or Commerce should be organized, at any future time, the service might be transferred, to become the chief corner stone of a new executive department rather than remain the neglected or rejected of the diplomatic builders.

1. A scheme of reorganization, to proceed upon right and practical lines, ought to be simple. If it shall provide (a) for consuls general; (b) for consuls, of two classes; (c) for vice consuls, of two classes; (d) for a clerical force, as the staff, and for student interpreters in Eastern countries, it will be elaborate enough so far as those in the field are concerned.

There must be some recognized method or principle upon which these offices are to be created. This must include knowledge of their number and rank, make provision for a tenure, and prescribe a plan for filling the places. It will be necessary to know what the service now does as a whole, no less than in each country or group of countries; and to do this it is essential to take carefully into account our commercial relations with them, and to find out whether these are increasing and stable, or declining and unsettled; also whether the countries themselves are progressive or decadent. As the service is not to be of an ornamental character, the whole work should be done upon lines of absolute utility. There is no call to make a place here or there, for the nominee of a President of the United States, Senators or Representatives, or the managers or members of a victorious committee, or for all combined. Having learned everything involved in such an inquiry, it will be possible to fix a standard and to work to it.

The existing scheme is ineffective, badly organized, top-heavy; a system created and maintained, in general, for furnishing the largest possible number of places, with the least regard to practical results. These must be reduced on some definite plan. For example, there are more than a hundred commercial representatives sent from home to the United Kingdom and its colonies. More than half of these are useless. They are officials who do not promote commerce, while they may injure it. To

begin, then, with the twenty-five in England, Ireland, and Scotland, now all consuls, it will be possible to eliminate all but seven. This number will provide a consul general in London, and consuls of one grade or another in Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Bradford, Glasgow, and Belfast. Ten other places, sufficiently important or remote to warrant it, would be attached to these with vice consuls, sent from home, while eight would be abolished, because under the new scheme there would be nothing to do.

The south would be made tributary to London, with vice consulates at Southampton, Bristol, and Plymouth; the midlands to Birmingham, with vice consulates at Tunstall and Sheffield; the cotton centres to Liverpool and to Manchester, the latter with a vice consulate at Nottingham; the wool and woolen districts and all the north to Bradford; Scotland to Glasgow, with vice consulates at Leith and Dundee; and Ireland to Belfast, with vice consulates at Dublin and Queenstown. Consular agencies, of which there are thirty, all held by foreigners, would be abolished as useless. The whole number of places, including agencies, is now fifty-five; under this plan it would be reduced to seventeen, and it is not so certain that two more might not be spared without injury.

In Canada, besides agencies, there are forty-nine consulates of various grades, most of which are wasted. The need for a consul at Three Rivers, St. John's, or Victoria, B. C., is not greater than for one in Tucson or Cripple Creek. Courtesy to a sensitive neighbor, nominally foreign, and some other vague duties may make it necessary to have consuls at Ottawa, at each of the provincial capitals, and in the Klondike, but even they will have little to do. This will provide for nine, of whom three might be of second-class consular rank, and the remainder vice consuls, leaving forty free to return home. The service in Canada and

Mexico has been swelled because, although the places are small and insignificant, they are situated in towns fairly pleasant to live in and easy of access for vacation, business, or politics. Considerable economy of men and places may be effected in the West Indies, and some additions might be needed in Africa and Australia.

All consuls with relation to the United Kingdom (that is, those requiring recognition by its Foreign Office) would be treated as one body. Appointments would be made to vice consulates of the lower grade and promotions to the higher grade, or to consulates the incumbents of which would, in each case, move up into higher responsibility and pay. This process would go on strictly within the group of English-speaking countries. Under it a useful consul might begin his official life in Australia, or Canada, or Africa, or in the United Kingdom itself, to be transferred according to qualification and need. As the terms of those with consular rank expired, or as they died or resigned, the President would fill the vacancies automatically, without the necessity of sending the names to the Senate for confirmation. As a consequence, no inexperienced man could be appointed directly to the higher grades.

I have used the English-speaking countries merely to illustrate the proposed group system. It would apply to Germany, with which Austria, the Netherlands, and the countries of northern Europe might be grouped, under a consul general at Berlin; France and Belgium with their colonies, and Switzerland, would constitute another group, with direction from Paris; the remaining Latin countries and their colonies would form another, with direction from Rome or Madrid; Hungary, Greece, Turkey, and the countries around the eastern Mediterranean another, with a consul general at Buda-Pesth or Constantinople; and so on the world over,

the arrangement being a matter of detail and geography. In each group the number of independent consulates would be reduced, and the same methods of appointment and promotion would be applied. It would probably be discovered that an increase in the number and rank of consuls would be necessary in the Far East; but the proposed system is elastic enough to permit this.

For simplicity of management, for geographical propinquity, and for likeness or kinship in languages, this method would run through the whole scheme. Appointments to the lower grade of vice consuls would be accepted with the knowledge that service would be limited to the group, chosen or assigned. If the incumbents had or developed ambitions, they would realize that they must gratify them, say, within the English, the German, or the Chinese group. As the salaries and rank would be the same in all, there would be no good reason for seeking a transfer from one to another. All would serve in each grade, for a longer or shorter time; and none would miss this for any reason other than the exceptional one which now carries the West Point or the Annapolis graduate from one rank to another over intervening stops. When the vice consul had passed through both his own grades he would become a consul of the second class; if entitled to promotion before the expiration of his term, he would enter one of the first class, or become a consul general in due course.

The weak feature in the English system, universally recognized, is that, when an official has become really useful, say, somewhere in South America because of his proficiency in Spanish, he may be moved off to Germany or China, where his linguistic labor is practically lost to himself and his government.

All positions, except those of porter and office boy, ought to be filled by Americans sent from home. Without experience or a careful study of existing meth-

ods, it is impossible to understand how a conscientious consul, intent only upon doing the duty he is sent out to perform, is hampered. He is surrounded by subordinates who are strangers to him as well as to everything that his country means. As individual English, German, or Russian citizens, they may be worthy of the highest praise, and may occupy, as they often do, positions of trust in professional or public life; but as official representatives of the United States, as sharers with the consul, even in the smallest degree, of his peculiar work, or as aids in carrying it on with intelligence, they must be pronounced failures. Here, again, the fault is not in the men, but in the system. The niggardly policy that either makes their employment necessary or leaves Congress, or anybody interested, patient under its existence, is not creditable either to the liberality or good sense of a great people. For reasons obvious to every thinking man, the unfairness and absolute inefficiency of the system will increase rather than diminish as the American people enter upon direct competition with other countries. The conclusion is clear that a hundred consulates, properly distributed and manned throughout by Americans, are worth ten times their number filled, in our haphazard way, with foreigners in subordinate places.

If consular courts are to be maintained in the remote East, they ought to be administered by trained lawyers, so that judicial power may not be put into the hands of men without the proper training. Recent developments render this system less and less necessary, and it is gradually passing away; but while it remains the work ought to be worthily done by men having relations with embassies and legations, not with consulates.

It is a necessity that American student interpreters, who might be attached to consulates as well as legations, should be sent out to learn the languages and

everything relating to all Eastern countries. A practical way would be to choose these upon the recommendation of the presidents of leading colleges, preference being given to those which furnish the best facilities for pursuing the studies preparatory to the work. If found competent, such appointees might in due time be appointed to consulates in their own group.

Without entering into details, I estimate that this plan, followed out to its logical results, would provide for a service of about 150 officials of the various grades, of whom probably 15 would be consuls general, 45 consuls, and the remainder vice consuls. In addition, it would necessitate the appointment of probably 300 to 350 clerks and assistants, and 40 to 50 student interpreters for Russia, Turkey, and the countries of the remote East. As all these, without exception, would be sent from home, the number of Americans employed in the foreign commercial service would be greater than at present by 100 or 150. But each one would have a definite work cut out for him, and would be so directed by supervising officials that there would be no room for laggards or incapables.

2. Having provided and arranged the offices, their grades and order of succession, it is necessary to provide incumbents. Two classes of men in the United States, widely sundered in idea and motive, could furnish a ready-made plan for doing this. The spoils politician would not long hesitate to put his scheme into working order, and appoint out of hand, in the good old way. At the other extreme, the reformer would prescribe an examination, and fill the offices about as promptly, probably with a class of men somewhat less effective. The practical man, being neither spoilsman nor theorist, would be at a loss to know which plan would be the worse. In the one case, the country would get at least one man out of every three, of excellent ability, high character, mature age and

development, quick, watchful and ambitious, worthy of recognition by any government, far superior to the average chosen by other countries under *their* examination scheme. The same man would insist that he did not know what the result would be if the alternative plan were adopted and the service were thrown open to examinations, because it had not been tried; but he would incline to the belief that, if rigidly applied at a time of general change or removal, it would send over the world an undue proportion of immature men: of recent graduates from high schools and small colleges, and useless and idle rich young men, willing to take places deemed easy, most of whom would know next to nothing about the ideas or institutions of their own country; as well as some who would have no real interest in anything of a serious character.

The practical man, if it fell to his lot to inaugurate the proposed system, would choose seventy-five or one hundred really useful and honest officials — being a fourth or a third of the whole number sent from home — from those in office when the new law should go into operation. (At the close of each administration since Hayes left office this proportion could have been found.) From these he could fill the principal places in each group, thus getting at once officials of experience, whose qualifications no examination could increase or diminish. These would provide about half, including all consuls general and consuls, and some vice consuls. As any method would give the practical man the remainder, he would not much care how they were chosen. The places at his disposal would be the lowest in salary and dignity, and their incumbents, as the subordinates of those already in office, would be subject to a supervision impossible at present. He would appoint on probation for not more than a year, and would send no man under thirty years of age, and few under forty, which would be still better.

All quarrels between the two methods of appointment being avoided, the experiment would not be placed at the mercy of either spoilsmen or theorists. One must confess that it is difficult to understand why every critic of the consular service should insist that its places be filled exclusively by examination. It has nowhere been proposed that assistant secretaries, collectors of customs or internal revenue, postmasters of large cities, comptrollers, auditors, or commissioners under the federal or state governments, shall be brought under the civil service commission. Why, then, should responsible officials, of equal dignity and pay, accredited to foreign countries, with duties requiring tact and independence, be brought down to the level of clerks paid a thousand dollars a year?

3. Having provided for appointment upon practical lines, we must decide, on some principle, the matter of tenure. Nothing is clearer to the student of our conditions than that a system of life tenure, or assurance of it, has not been accepted by the people of the United States, and is not likely to be until there has been a revolution in institutions as well as in ideas. It is even represented in the military and naval services and in the federal courts; so far as the general political system is concerned, it is further away than at the organization of the government. As it is not a matter of might be or ought to be, but merely of what is, there is no necessity either to lament or to argue about it. "It is a condition which confronts us, not a theory." Whatever the reason for this opinion as to home offices, it is well founded so far as it relates to the foreign service. The man who remains away from his country, in any office, during a long period of years is prone to forget much and to learn little as to the real meaning of events and institutions at home. This does not mean that cheap, trueulent patriotism, so often the first and the last refuge of the demagogue

and the adventurer; it refers to knowledge of what his country has become, and real interest in it from every large point of view. The ability to maintain an interest in two countries at the same time and with equal intelligence is not given to many persons.

Before vice consuls are accepted or become eligible for promotion they should go into actual service for one year. After that, limit their terms to six additional years in the various grades through which they may pass, leaving neither the President nor the department any power to reappoint. During this term the official should return home for two visits, of at least three months each, not for his own pleasure, but in the performance of his official duties. Under the direction both of the department and of his immediate superior, the consul general, he would go into all the domestic districts having industries akin to those with which he was called upon to deal in his group. His usefulness at his post would be greatly increased, while he would maintain the closest touch with his own country. The present personal allowance of sixty days' leave of absence each year is excessive, and should be reduced by one half.

In like manner, he should be required to visit the principal places of his group or district every year, for the purpose of studying with care its manufacturing, commercial, and agricultural interests, so that he might report upon them, when necessary, in no chance or haphazard way. Relieved from the useless office drudgery now inseparable from his place, with an efficient staff of assistants, all drawn from home, the consul would be able, under the direction of the department and his consul general, to do his work with system and intelligence, and also to command the coöperation of his own subordinates.

Acquiring, in this way, a knowledge of the industries of two countries, the consul, at the end of his term, would return home in order to retire, to engage

in business or public life, fitted to teach others, by speech and writing, what he had learned for their advantage and for his own. He might be preferred again for consular service, — after a retirement of some years, — or for the diplomatic service, or for home offices. The ability for doing really good and high work which such a training would develop cannot be exaggerated, nor its results measured by any standard known to our present happy-go-lucky methods. Selected according to a rational system, always working under intelligent direction, with sufficient independence to afford scope for originality, and with fixity of tenure, the whole staff would pass back gradually, every seven years, into the currents of home life. As all intelligent men must, when working amid such surroundings and opportunities, they would return with increased patriotism and good sense, more truly American than ever before; so that five men, with knowledge and experience valuable to them as individuals and useful to their countrymen, would graduate out of the foreign service where one can now be expected. From such a source alone ought to come many valuable additions to economic literature, otherwise impossible.

4. In the case of an official so chosen, with tenure fixed and duties defined, the question of pay is important. A consul general of the first class — basing the classification mainly upon that of the diplomatic service — ought to be paid not less than \$10,000 a year. He is to live in London, Paris, Berlin, or St. Petersburg, the most expensive cities in the world. He should be enabled to do so without trenching upon his savings, or being forced to look upon his office as a source of fortune or profit. The second grade of consuls general should be paid \$7500 a year; consuls of the first class \$6000, and of the second class \$5000 and \$4000 in their respective grades; vice consuls of the first class \$3500, and of the second class \$3000, the latter to be

the smallest pay in the consular service proper. Assistants and clerks should have salaries somewhat larger than those paid to the clerks in the department, graded according to length of service. All should have proper allowances for travel to their posts, as the present meagre sea pay is a disgrace to the country.

Fees, whatever their amount or character, should be reduced to the lowest possible limit consistent with dignity and fairness to local officials in other countries, and should belong to the government. The fee system is dangerous and unjust. It is full of temptations at all times, and even more than usually so when applied by officials too remote for proper supervision or risk of public exposure. Even the fees for court commissions should be turned into the treasury. All advice, whether to citizens at home or to strangers, to merchants or to emigrants, whether by letter or in person, should be made part of the consul's official duty, to be rendered gratuitously at all times. Inquiries about estates should be freely and fully answered under strict regulations. If there is business involved, it should be referred to lawyers, indorsed by the department on one side, and by the consul or the mayor of the town on the other, all officials being prohibited from sharing in fees under any circumstances. These are matters of growing importance and interest. They cover duties in which the utmost care should be enforced in the regulations and in practice. Complaints of extortion or want of courtesy should be listened to with patience, and severely punished when proven.

It is easy to attach an exaggerated importance to notarial work. When our trade relations with other countries were few and restricted, it was natural to require consular verification before giving suitors a standing in court or legalizing wills and transfers of title. In new countries this business is insignificant; in those with a stable government, there

is a recognized and elaborate legal machinery in the form of notaries, commissioners, and justices of the peace,—officials who, under whatever name, are authorized to administer oaths. These are everywhere selected with great care, hold dignified places in social life, and have a tenure either permanent or for long periods. Identification by mayors or the chairmen of local governing bodies, under seal, is easy and inexpensive. Even if the consul must intervene, in exceptional cases, his act ought to be merely clerical, without requiring the appearance in person of the signatories who, in addition to paying a heavy fee, must often travel a hundred miles or more to acknowledge a deed or release a mortgage. This is due to no fault or extortion on the part of the consul, but is the result of ill-considered state laws made before this branch of business had become settled on business lines.

It is often easy to break agreements because of the absence of official certificates, now made difficult by remoteness from consuls or lack of knowledge of the requirements in a given state. In the main, the change is a matter for individual states, although the treaty-making power might be invoked to bring simplicity and system out of the present conditions. If we are to develop a great foreign trade, the enforcement of contracts by foreigners against our own people, and the reverse, should be made as simple as the same process is at home.

All the elements entering into remuneration should be considered. It is unjust to incumbents to send them abroad only to have fees cut off without notice, when they have fairly adjusted themselves to their income and surroundings. Generally speaking, when attention is directed to an abuse, the first inclination of both Congress and the department is to reduce or abolish the fees, without thinking of the effect or of the equities. Nearly every fault in the system has developed from the failure of Congress to

provide proper salaries, and the fees now existing should be abolished only after compensating advantages have been provided by an increase of salaries.

5. This would necessitate a change of management, or rather would create a central authority for the consular service. The existing system would break down utterly even under changes far less drastic than those proposed. It would need an assistant secretary who should devote his time and talents to the consular service. The second assistant secretary, except for formal work, does this for the diplomatic service; without the intervention of law, he has become in reality a permanent official. Another assistant, given power over a centralized, responsible system, would soon reach the same position. Carefully hedged about by law, as he would be, there would not be enough vacant offices at the disposal of the President, at any given time, to induce him to interfere with the machinery of the department in order to get places for supporters. The President and the Secretary of State—however often a new one might be appointed—would soon become so dependent upon this official that nothing could induce them to remove him, while the consular service would no longer be without a serious and responsible head.

This is not the place or the time to devote attention to the clerical force of this department, which, like that in all others, needs reorganization. It is now impossible to command a fair proportion of men with intelligence united to a wholesome ambition, founded upon ability to do something really well. And yet, without a staff so constituted, it is unreasonable to expect that any head, whether of department or bureau, with intricate and responsible duties, shall be able to do good work. It is the equality of the commonplace that rules in such a body. The pay and recognition of the purely mechanical are practically

the same as the pay and recognition given to those who might rise out of the ranks and show themselves capable of responsibility. A reward, common to both the inefficient and the useful, the contented and the ambitious, tends, here as everywhere, to produce a common minimum of work, and aspirations after a uniform pettiness. A mere clerk, however useful he may be in his own narrow groove, is probably worth no more than the \$1000 to \$1800 paid him each year, because, for the same pay, it would be possible to get a quarter of a million like him, by a thirty days' search; but the rare clerk, the one in a thousand fit to become head of a bureau, cannot be found and kept for the preposterous mercantile bookkeeper's pay of \$2100 a year. Generally such a place is taken, either as a temporary expedient by worthy men, or by those content to be dependents, without proper pride or possible efficiency. This applies not to the State Department alone, but to that vast overloaded, ill-digested public service concentrated all along the line in Washington. Without adequate supervision, with nothing to lift it out of the ruts, every executive department bids fair to remain, what it has become, a refuge for mediocrity, through which dry rot spreads like a contagion.

The best way to reform reports is to cut off nineteen twentieths of the number now prepared, and to improve the quality of the remainder. The secretary in charge of the service would naturally be chosen with reference to a knowledge of this work. It is most desirable that he should know how to deal intelligently with figures; so that, if he were a statistician of recognized position, he would never consent to manipulate them to suit the theories of a class or a party. The reduction in volume would make possible a selection of subjects and intelligence of treatment. The instructions would be transmitted through consuls general, with whom consuls and vice

consuls, within any given group, would coöperate so far as fitness or environment made this possible. The report, when printed, would not be the contribution of one man, but of several working together upon branches most familiar to them.

Those original and searching investigations of great economic problems and the principles that underlie them may safely be left to the enthusiasm and industry of private students, as few public officials can do the work. Reports on current commercial developments, even after eliminating the great mass of flimsy matter, have no large permanent interest, and are always far removed from literature; but under proper direction the country could get the best, latest, and most effective news about the things it most needs to know.

A confusing element in the present system is the lack of stability in regulations. All important matters ought to be settled by legislation, not left to the whim of a department. An effective, careful codification, made by competent men and ratified by Congress, would be the natural sequel to a proper reorganization of the service. The regulations ought to be subjected to the same process, made as intelligent as possible, and much reduced in number and bulk.

6. The system of official fees should be revised. The boast is often made that the consular service nearly pays the expenses of both the commercial and diplomatic branches. As this revenue is derived almost wholly from the fees for consular invoices, such a declaration is something for reproach, not for pride. These documents are issued in triplicate or quadruplicate, as the merchandise covered by them is to be landed direct at the seashore or shipped in bond inland. For this a uniform charge is made of \$2.50, when the value is \$100 or more. Before the goods can pass the custom house and enter into consumption an official invoice must be pro-

duced. If it does not precede or accompany their arrival, they are sent to the public stores at the importer's cost and risk until it is produced. Nor is the simple fee, paid by the shipper for these certificates, the whole cost to him. He incurs certain expenses for railway fares, and naturally charges for the time consumed in going to the consulate to make the necessary declarations, which, under the law, he must either do himself or go to the expense of authorizing an agent to act for him under a power of attorney. These swell the prices of the merchandise, and so add something to the total. The result is that, except for duties, all these items must bear their proportion of charges and profits, and the consumer, who finally settles everything, pays about \$4.00 for the \$2.50 received by his government. Secretaries of state and the treasury point with pride each year to the total of the fees, and would fain lead a confiding people to believe that their foreign services cost them nothing. The prudent American, who has not forgotten how to count the cost, may well conclude that 160 cents for a dollar is rather dear pay for the whistle. He would be justified in the conclusion that a more direct method of taxation, which would be rather cheaper in the end, might be devised by the law-making powers.

The abolition of the consular invoice will naturally carry the fee with it. As a method for determining values at the place of origin or manufacture, the invoice is both inquisitorial and ineffective. It is not made under oath; and if it were, the United States could not enforce abroad the penalties it inflicts at home. It can only reach the seller by penalizing the buyer, who, as all experience shows, is in most cases the author of the fraud. When merchandise arrives at its destined port, an elaborate and expensive system of appraisement is maintained for determining values; on the whole, it is a fairly

efficient and honest application of our methods. If no question is raised, the consular invoice becomes a simple bill of lading, and is unnecessary. In a dispute it counts for nothing; the fact that the value has been raised shows that it has been set aside by the appraising officer as fraudulent or incorrect, — something that a special agent of the treasury working abroad, or an appraiser at the landing port, has, in some way, discovered. The consul does not give evidence or investigate values, although he may collect price lists and turn them over to the proper officers of the treasury to which he is merely a clerical officer with an indirect official relation to it, and that by the courtesy of another department of the government.

Under an excellent regulation, made within the last few years, the consul may receive invoices sent by post, thus taking away even the nominal control formerly exercised, when oaths were exacted in some countries. If this privilege were so extended as to make it voluntary with the shipper, and not with the consul, a great deal of useless expense and annoyance would be avoided.

7. It is safe to assume that no effective reform will be adopted by Congress until public sentiment shall have prepared the way. The first thing is to bring home the fact that, for the good name of the country and the promotion of trade interests, something must be done. Congress will not do this for itself, working either as a body or in committee. It has no time and little knowledge, while many interests press for recognition. Perhaps the only way to get attention is by the appointment of a commission to report upon existing conditions, with suggestions for their amendment. Such a body, — made up of a Senator, a Representative, two men with experience in the service, and one nominated by commercial bodies, — fairly divided in party opinion, sitting at Washington during the whole of a long session

of Congress, could gather all the information possible to be obtained in this way. Supplemented by six months in the field, the examination of a hundred consulates, and a careful study of the methods employed by other countries, it would lay the whole question open, so that there would no longer be excuse for misunderstanding in the public mind, or inaction in either the executive or the legislative branch of the government; while, if the latter continued, a foundation would exist upon which to build an effective public sentiment.

With all due respect to the commercial bodies that pass resolutions, their methods are open to question. Their conclusions are not based upon facts or any realizing sense of the work necessary, and are wanting in originality or suggestion. Oftener than otherwise, some ambitious young man thinks he can gain local recognition by taking up this burning issue. He introduces a resolution in Cleveland or Richmond or Buffalo, and makes a speech. His associates, knowing little about its merits, accept it as a truism, — something akin to a declaration that the decalogue is a good thing, or to a reaffirmation of the Constitution of the United States. It is passed, as a matter of form, and the young man goes to Washington to meet congenial associates from other cities, on the same errand. The whole thing ends in newspaper interviews and smoke, both real and metaphorical. If these organizations would only conclude that something must be done, appoint their own commission on the lines suggested, and make the proper study, it would be more effective than for the President and Congress to do it; but to carry through such a plan would require the coöperation of the best business men in the whole country; if it should fall into the hands of self-seekers it were better left alone.

Even without agitation, commission, or new law, the same bodies might do something effective. If, three months

before a new President enters upon his office, they would lay before him a careful statement of the service, ability, efficiency, training, and honesty of a hundred of the best consuls, and insist upon their retention for at least three years, they would render good government an invaluable service, even if every recommendation were thrown aside. If, in like manner, they would prepare a list of a hundred useless consuls, and demand their immediate removal, giving reasons and assuming responsibility in each case, they would do still more for the same cause and the improvement of trade relations. While they keep themselves aloof from such practical politics, they will be impotent.

A movement of this kind would give the President, Congress, and the country a fair idea of what the consular system is, and what is needed in order to increase its efficiency. Such a plan, too, would divide responsibility between the legislative and executive branches of the government. In spite of the general well-meaning of Presidents, the pressure is so strong that, entering upon power, they are forced to maintain this important service as they find it, — a partisan machine. Two successive Presidents, of different party opinions, could effect an entire change in the system without the intervention of new laws: so long, however, as each only begins to think of reforms after he has newly welded abuses, it is idle to expect the support of one, still less of two in succession.

8. With a scheme like that outlined, a single presidential term — even if the incumbent were not wholly friendly — would give the service a stability and character which even an unfriendly successor could not wholly destroy. The power of appointment cannot be taken away, but it can be so regulated by law as to remove or relieve the partisan pressure. Its main attraction now is on the speculative side, an exaggerated idea of the opportunities which consulates give.

Once reduce to liberal, though far from extravagant salaries, and the average place seeker will be inclined rather to bear the offices about him than to fly to a remote foreign place which he knows not of. This tendency will be increased when he finds that he must take a position with modest pay, subordinate power, slow promotion, and limited tenure, in a country remote from home, friends, and ambition.

It is important to recognize that the defects of our present system are not limited to the mere abuse of the appointing power, but run through the whole. This is a favorable time for entering upon an agitation. Our people are just beginning to look for a larger share of the trade of the world. They are ready to discuss the whole subject with interest, and, as they want to do this with honesty and intelligence, will gladly learn how they can do so. While both writers and business men are prone to overestimate the influence of consuls and the commercial value of the system, it is probably true that as other countries employ such agents, so America

must for a time. This being the case, there is no reason why it should not be adapted to present needs rather than to run in well-worn ruts.

Personally, I have no ambition to pose as the author of any plan; still, I venture to hope that observation and experience have given an insight into the question in some of its bearings. Every line of these articles has been written with reference to the needs of the service and to the qualities required in the men who are to carry out a task not without its difficulties. I have endeavored to give fair consideration to the demands upon those who hold such places, to consider the drawbacks incident to official residence abroad as well as its attractions. It is not a patent scheme for reorganizing the system; it is merely a series of hints rather roughly thrown together. If it shall draw attention to an important though little understood question, my object will have been attained, even if I incur the charge of temerity for putting forth such suggestions. I trust that it may not be deemed either conventional or dogmatic.

George F. Parker.

WORSHIP.

I WANDERED down the dim-lit forest aisles,
 With brooding eyes and reverent slow feet;
 I saw the quiet arches overmeet,
 More fair than mediæval-built piles.
 I traced the shadowy cathedral lines,
 And heard the tiny choristers repeat
 Their Benedicite, upsinging sweet
 Above the surging octaves of the pines.
 Most holy high Cathedral of the Wood,
 Whose doors are ever open night and day,
 That they who will may enter, it is good
 In thy great nave to linger and to pray;
 Thence from the silence and the solitude
 To go ennobled on the daily way.

Edith C. Banfield.

THE FATHER OF ENGLISH PROSE STYLE.

IN all study of English literature, if there be any one axiom which may be accepted without question, it is that the ultimate standard of English prose style is set by the King James version of the Bible. For examples of limpid, convincing narrative we go to Genesis, to the story of Ruth, to the quiet earnestness of the Gospels; for the mingled argument and explanation and exhortation in which lies the highest power of the other side of literature, we go to the prophets, and even more to the Epistles of the New Testament; and for the glow of vehemence and feeling which burns away the limits between poetry and prose, and makes prose style at its highest pitch able to stand beside the stirring vibrations of verse, we go to the Psalms or the book of Job or the prophecies of Isaiah, or to the triumphant declaration of immortality in the First Epistle to the Corinthians. If the whole range of English prose style were figured in the form of an arch, the style of the Bible would be the keystone; and it would be there not only because it is the highest point and culmination of prose writing, but also because it binds the whole structure together. On the one side would be the writing which tends more and more to the colloquial, which, beginning with such finished and exquisite talk as Dryden crystallized in his writings, runs off into the slack and hasty style of journalism; on the other side, such more splendidly and artfully colored prose as Sir Thomas Browne's or the ponderous weight of Dr. Johnson, degenerating in the hands of lesser men into preciosity or pedantry. To bring the two sides into bearing on each other, we have the common standard; and the further any writing on either side falls away from that standard, the less it will have of the typical

excellence of the national style. With such explanations we fold our hands in the comfortable feeling that here, at any rate, is one question of literature settled for good: the standard of English prose style is the standard of the Authorized Version of the Bible; that style is so clear and so noble that there is nothing more to be accounted for.

Unfortunately for our rest, however, but fortunately for our appreciation of this great style, the matter does not end here; for the history of the Authorized Version throws much light on its style, and even to some extent explains its power. From the point of view of style, the King James version of 1611 shows only insignificant differences from the various versions of the sixteenth century: and these versions were the work, not of committees, but of individual men. Furthermore, as I hope to show, the style of all these versions is the style of Tyndale's version, though his version was in itself incomplete; and what is more interesting, the style of his translation of the Bible is indistinguishable from the style in various other pieces of writing which we have of his. Finally, as in the case of any great master of writing, the life of the man himself, his temperament, his purposes, all throw light on the quality of his writing, and in some degree explain his style; for no man who has the gift of style and does not think about his gift can help impressing himself upon what he writes. In the case of Tyndale, his whole character and life are so notable that no one who is familiar with the meagre record that we have of it will be sorry to think of him as having formed the style of the Bible, and to look to him therefore as the fountain-head of strength and beauty in the written English of to-day.

In order to make this connection clear, I will begin by trying to point out and name the characteristics of English prose style which we have in mind when we speak of the Bible as the standard of that style; then I will show that these characteristics correspond to more specific qualities in the style of the King James version; then that these latter qualities are all clearly to be found in Tyndale's version; finally, I will show how much light is thrown on these qualities by a knowledge of the humility and nobility and apostolic ardor of Tyndale himself.

In general, I suppose that in saying that the English Bible is the measure of English prose style, one would point out for the general qualities of that style simplicity and earnestness. In defining French prose style, one would think first, perhaps, of lucidity, added to keenness and subtlety; in defining German prose style, rather of thoroughness and the capacity for carrying strangely complicated burdens of thought; but in the case of English prose, since we have had neither an Academy nor a cloistered body of learned men for whom books have been chiefly written, if there is to be a standard which shall be a common measure for Dryden, Swift, Goldsmith, and Burke, or in this century for Macaulay, Newman, Ruskin, and Thackeray, we must find for that common measure a style which will be read by all classes of men, and which will carry the weight of high and earnest ideas. In France there is a gulf between literature and the peasants whom Millet painted; in England, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, one of the monuments of the language, was the work of a tinker; and one might recall, too, Stevenson's story of the Welsh blacksmith who learned to read in order to add Robinson Crusoe to his possibilities of experience. It is a striking fact that, as the generations pass by, the books which are still regularly and constantly reprinted are those

like Robinson Crusoe and Gulliver's Travels and the *Pilgrim's Progress*, which appeal not only to a highly educated upper class, but to the moderately educated middle and lower classes: in literature, as in everything else in England and America, the final appeal is to the broad democracy. In the second place, it is notable that the books which do survive, at any rate in the case of prose, — for in the case of poetry final causes are deeper and more complex, — are written so often by men with a purpose, men who have a mission to make the world better. In this century, for instance, it is significant that the masters of prose style have been such prophets, — or should we say sons of the prophets? — as Carlyle and Newman and Ruskin and Arnold. There is something in the genius of the people which brings the language to its noblest heights when it carries a message that is to arouse the people above themselves; and something in the genius of the language which makes it inevitable that when the language reaches these high points it shall show most strongly these two qualities of simplicity and earnestness.

In the style of the English Bible it is obvious that these qualities of simplicity and earnestness are dominating and general. A closer analysis adds as the most notable characteristics, on the one hand, the convincing directness of statement and the constant use of imagery, both of which may be ascribed for the moment to the original writers; and on the other hand, the simplicity of the words, the earnestness and dignity, and the sustained and strongly marked rhythm. As we are concerned here with the Bible only as a work of literature, I may merely note in passing that the directness of statement gives to the style an unsurpassed power of carrying its readers with it; that all the books of the Bible are set forth as statements of facts, never as an apology or justifica-

tion of the facts; and that the effect of this confidence is to give to the Bible a virility and robustness which in themselves make it a worthy model of a great national style. The constant use of figurative language to expound hard doctrines, too, as in the discussion of faith in the Epistle to the Hebrews, or in the first verses of the Gospel of St. John, explains the power that the Bible has had to speak to all generations, and to set each generation to puzzling out for itself an interpretation into its own ephemeral habits of thought; for concrete things — the lilies of the field, the sowing of the seed, the morning stars — are to us the same things that they were to the men of nineteen hundred or four thousand years ago, whereas abstractions inevitably pass with the generation for whose particular stage of knowledge and thought they were made.

When you turn to the other points, and first to the words, you note at once their simplicity, and that they are pre-vaillingly Anglo-Saxon. The mere fact that they are Anglo-Saxon, rather than French or Latin, means nothing; the significance lies in the fact that Anglo-Saxon words still stand for the concrete, tangible objects of life, and that our words of theorizing and abstraction we have drawn from the Latin; it is the difference between such phrases as "this is my body which is given for you" of the Gospel, and "not only in quality of external signs and sacramental representations, but in their essential properties and substantial reality," of the theologians. In the Bible, the way in which the words carry to all men, whether learned or ignorant, the same sense of reality, of the actual things of life, depends on the fact that they are words of the simplest kind, naming the things which are the stuff of every-day experience. Their simplicity not only makes them sure of being understood by all men, but also of meaning always the same things to all men. With this sim-

plicity of language goes always an immense earnestness and dignity of style: the translation as we have it seems fused and transfigured by the glow of an inward fervor. Whether it be in the domestic details of Jacob's family life, or in the love of David for his son Absalom, or in the world-sweeping imagery of Job or Isaiah, there is the same unstudied, unforced heightening of the substance by the form. These translators could find nothing trivial in the word of God, and their reverence lifted everything to the same plane of earnest and inspired dignity. To a more technical analysis this earnestness and dignity are shown in the rhythm, which is more strongly marked and sustained than in any other work of English prose. This rhythm throbs not only in Job and in the Psalms, where the parallelism of Hebrew poetry produces in English a very firmly stressed balance, but also in the cooler and quieter passages of the narrative books, such as Genesis, and Samuel, and St. Luke. As a whole, it is of course a truism that the Bible is musical and rhythmical beyond the ordinary use of the language. At times, as in the prophets or in St. Paul's Epistles, it has a fire and vehemence which leave no line between prose and poetry; but even in the narrative the earnestness and glowing faith of the writers and translators, needing a stronger medium than the subdued rhythm of ordinary prose, struck out the intenser vibration which brings the style near to the stronger and more rapid movement of verse.

Such, then, we may consider the general characteristics of the style of the Bible. Obviously such a style can be, for ordinary writers with ordinary purposes, only a standard: it is not often that there arises a man of the weight of character and the sustained enthusiasm, or a subject of the lasting and dominant interest, that such a style demands. To go back to the figure, the style of the Bible is at the apex of the arch, the most necessary,

yet, as the highest, a unique example of English prose. Nevertheless, though the days of the apostles, as of the giants, have passed by, yet the standard remains; and directness of statement, lasting power of convincing, simplicity of words, earnestness and dignity, and a moving rhythm have been the qualities of every prose style which has become classical in English literature.

Now, these qualities all appear together, for the first time in English, in Tyndale's version of the New Testament, and they appear also in his own writings as well as in his translations. Tyndale's active life, it will be remembered, fell in the first third of the sixteenth century: he was at Oxford about 1500, and at Cambridge when Erasmus was teaching there about 1510; he published his first translation of the New Testament in 1525; and he was martyred in 1536. Before this time English prose hardly existed. Caxton set up his printing press about 1476; but the style of his greatest prose author, Sir Thomas Malory, for all its charm and sweetness, is nearly as archaic as Chaucer, and it has far less relation to the realities of our life to-day. In general, those of Tyndale's contemporaries who had the education necessary to make literature — and it is rare that literature is made except by educated men — were at that time writing in Latin, the universal language of the educated; they looked down on English as the speech of the unschooled, of the hewers of wood and drawers of water. Sir Thomas More, writing for educated men, put his *Utopia* into Latin; and as late as 1544 Roger Ascham apologized for writing his *Toxophilus* in English. I suppose that, to some fastidious churchmen of the time, it may have seemed a blasphemous irreverence to put the word of God into a language that was used only for the commonest needs of life. Tyndale, however, passed by all such narrowness of sympathy and taste;

borne on by the great purpose of making "the boy that drove the plough know more of the Scriptures" than the learned doctors of his time, he had no theories about the dignity or suitability of the language of his day. He did not hesitate to use the words which served the ends of a vigorous people, living an active and expanding life, to set forth the great and vital truths of the Scriptures; and he was justified by the result. In his great achievement of making the English Reformation inevitable, he incidentally and quite unconsciously was the pioneer in adding a new language to the field of literature.

In the case of the Bible it is possible to show pretty closely the indebtedness of the Authorized Version to Tyndale's translations. Briefly, the history of the successive versions of the sixteenth century is as follows: the King James version of 1611 is based (indirectly, through the intermediate Bishops' Bible of 1568) on the Great Bible of 1539; the Great Bible is a revision of Matthew's Bible of 1537; Matthew's Bible reproduces Tyndale's version as far as it went, — that is, the whole of the New Testament, and the Old Testament through the second book of Chronicles. Of the other versions which contributed in some degree to the final state of the Authorized Version, Coverdale's Bible of 1535 was a revision of Tyndale's with the help of the German translation; the Geneva version of 1560 was another revision of Tyndale's and of the versions based on his, this time by the extreme Protestants during the exile; the Rheims and Douay version, which was sent out by the Roman Catholic seminaries in France to offset the Protestant versions, had so little circulation, and is so grotesquely different, that we may neglect it here. How closely all these versions except the last followed Tyndale any one may see for himself by comparing a page at random in the English Hexapla, which prints in parallel columns the versions

of Tyndale and of Cranmer, and the Geneva, the Rheims, and the Authorized; in places, especially in the Epistles, one can go four or five lines at a time without finding a single change. Here are two well-known passages from Tyndale:

"And ther were in the same region shepherdes abydinge in the felde and watching their flocke by nyght. And loo: the angell of the lorde stode harde by them and the brightnes of the lorde shone rounde aboute them and they were soore afrayed. But the angell sayd unto them: Be not afrayed. For beholde I bringe you tydings of greate joye that shal come to all the people; for unto you is borne this daye in the cite of David a saveoure which is Christ the lorde. And take this for a signe: ye shal fynde the chylde swaddled and layed in a manger. And streight waye ther was with the angell a multitude of heavenly sowdiers laudinge God and sayinge: Glory to God on hye and peace on the erth: and unto men reioysinge."

And:—

"But now is Christ rysen from deeth and is be come the fyrst frutes of them that slept. For by a man came deeth and by a man came resurreccion from deeth. For as by Adam all dye: even so by Christ shal all be made alive and every man in his awne order. The fyrst is Christ, then they that are Christis at his commynge. Then commeth the ende when he hath delivered up the kyngdome to God the father when he hath put doune all rule auctorite and power. For he must raygne till he have put all his enemyes under his fete.

"The last enemye that shal be destroyed is deeth. For he hath put all thinges under his fete. But when he sayth all thinges are put under him it is manyfest that he is excepted which dyd put all thinges under him. When all thinges are subdued unto him: then shal the sonne also him selfe be subjecte unto him that put all thinges under him that God maye be all in all thinges."

Examples like these may be found anywhere in the New Testament, or in Tyndale's translation of the Old Testament so far as it goes. They would show that the style which Tyndale set in the beginning the successive revisers after him scrupulously respected. By one of the curious unfathered traditions which make up so much of the literary history of the sixteenth century, Coverdale has been generally credited with adding the "grace" of style which is said to mark the Authorized Version. "Grace" is not a very happy term for any style so robust and earnest, but Coverdale may well share with the other men who worked over Tyndale's words some of the praise for the perfect flexibility and smoothness attained by the final version: it is enough credit to their discretion and literary sense that they did not blunt the clearness and force which Tyndale left as the crowning virtues of his noble prose. His indebtedness to Wiclif's version it is hard to fix, for in the one hundred and fifty years between them the language underwent great changes, and, moreover, Wiclif had only the Vulgate to translate from. It is safe, however, to ascribe to Tyndale the important qualities of the style,—the energy, the contagious earnestness, the resonance and vibration that give it power over the deeper feelings, and the lasting vividness of wording by which it holds its place in modern literature. Tyndale, then, in his version determined the style of the English Bible.

What pitfalls might have been in his way we realize when we examine the Rheims version. This translation was sent out in 1582 by the English priests in the seminaries of France to counteract the influence of the Protestant versions, which they could no longer hope to see crushed out. It was such a version as the priests thought could be put into the hands of the laity without tempting them to heresy, so that it was explicitly guided by

a theological purpose. The results of the purpose show in such passages as this: "And beneficence and communication do not forget, for with such hosts God is promerited. Obey your prelates and be subject unto them;" which stands for the passage in the Authorized Version: "But to do good and to communicate forget not: for with such sacrifices God is well pleased. Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves." Here the very narrowness of the theology betrayed itself: the good fathers were so eager that their flocks should not stray from the narrow borders of the truth as they saw it themselves, that they could be content only with the intellectual precision of theological terms. The "hosts" is for "hostiis" in the Vulgate, a word that had gathered as definite a theological meaning as had "prelates;" and they used these narrow theological terms, which had for them the only meaning that the church would allow the words to bear, to their own confusion; for such a version was worse than nothing, to spread among the common people. Perhaps nothing explains more palpably than this translation why the Roman Catholics never regained their hold on England. Tyndale passed far above all such pitfalls: he says in his Prologue to the five books of Moses: "which thing only moved me to translate the New Testament, because I had perceived by experience how that it was impossible to establish the lay people in any truth except the Scriptures were plainly laid before their eyes in their own tongue, that they might see the process, order, and meaning of the text." His purpose was too high, too large, to lead him into any danger of forcing personal or local or ephemeral meaning into the words of the Scriptures; he set it forth in as broad and natural words in the English as he had found it in the Greek or the Hebrew. Instead of narrowing the significance of a simple palpable fact or a figure of speech, as in "The spirit

of God moved upon the water," in the first verse of Genesis of his version, or in "We always bear in our bodies the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life of Jesus might appear in our bodies," in his translation of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, he reproduced it exactly as he had found it in the original, leaving it free from all theological interpretation, to speak for itself to different men and different generations.

To go on, however, this same lucidity and simplicity, transfused with a contagious energy and warmth of feeling, are found just as clearly in Tyndale's own writings. He is so intent on establishing the lay people in the truth that his style is as simple and as limpid as Swift's, though incomparably warmer. Here is an example of his writing, the close of his Prologue to the second book of Moses: —

"If any man ask me, seeing that faith justify me, Why I work? I answer, Love compelleth me. For as long as my soul feeleth what love God hath shewed me in Christ, I cannot but love God again, and his will and commandments, and of love work them, nor can they seem hard unto me. I think myself not better for my working, nor seek heaven, nor an higher place in heaven, because of it. For a Christian worketh to make his weak brother perfecter, and not to seek an higher place in heaven. I compare not myself unto him that worketh not. No, he that worketh not to-day, shall have grace to turn, and to work to-morrow; and in the mean season I pity him, and pray for him. If I had wrought the will of God these thousand years, and another had wrought the will of the devil as long, and this day turn and be as willing to suffer with Christ as I, he hath this day overtaken me, and is as far come as I, and shall have as much reward as I: and I envy him not, but rejoice most of all as of lost treasure found.

"For if I be of God, I have these

thousand years suffered to win him, for to come and praise the name of God with me. These thousand years have I prayed, sorrowed, longed, sighed, and sought for that which I have this day found; and therefore I rejoice with all my might, and praise God for his grace and mercy."

He is so singly intent on making the love of God a working force in the world, and he is so bent on making everything clear to people little used to abstract thought, that his style takes on a quality of firmness and openness of construction that keep it from being archaic. It shows in itself, as in this example, the same power of convincing directness, of simplicity, and of exaltation and glow that I have pointed out as the crowning virtues of the style of the Bible.

But it is possible to go even further. It is true of all literature that there is no good style which is not a sincere style, which is not intimately individual; therefore, if we accept Tyndale as the originator of the moving power which we find in the style of our English Bible, it must be possible to go further and point out in the man himself the qualities which confer this power. I have no space here for a detailed account of the man's life: of how, after getting all the education which the English universities could afford him and coming under the influence of Colet and Erasmus, he became from the time of his early manhood possessed with the mission of spreading the truth of the gospel through the whole nation; of how, when refused permission to make his translation in London, he went into exile in Germany, and there, laboring under hardships and persecutions, he finished the New Testament and sent it secretly to England; and how, laboring quietly and humbly to complete his task, he was finally betrayed, imprisoned, and put to death. The story is best read in Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, where it is told with many sympathetic touches of reality. Foxe says of him:—

"Such was the power of his doctrine and the sincerity of his life that during the time of his imprisonment (which endured a year and a half) it is said he converted his keeper, the keeper's daughter, and others of his household; also the rest that were with Tyndale, confined in the castle, reported of him that if he were not a good Christian man, they could not tell whom to trust.

"The Procurator General, the Emperor's attorney, left this testimony of him, that he was 'homo doctus, pius, et bonus'—a learned, a good, and a godly man."

Everything that we know of Tyndale tells the same story: his whole life was devoted to his mission; but when he was not called on to testify, he was retiring and deeply humble. Simple-minded, trustful, full of the warmest feelings and affections, he was earnest and glowing in his service of God, broad-minded and single in his clinging to the simplest and highest truths of the gospel. The strength and depth of his belief carried him unflinchingly to his death at the stake. Even in his polemical discussions with Sir Thomas More, he stands out in contrast to that gentlest and most humorous man of the times for his good sense, for his self-control, for his broad spirit of tolerance and love. For prototypes of him we must go back to the days of the apostles. There is a striking resemblance between the temper of Tyndale's own writings and that of the Epistles of St. Paul, a likeness in the habit of thought, in the swift passage from argument to exhortation, in the unconscious personal references, in the eagerness to impress the truth upon the minds of his readers; and on the other hand, nowhere does the style of the Bible attain a higher earnestness and pitch of feeling than in the translation of the Epistles of St. Paul. It is not fantastic, I think, to argue that this likeness in style is based upon a likeness of character: both were educated men, both were filled with the 'spirit of God,

both were impelled to spread the word of God beyond the limits which had been set by the authorities of the day, both in the end gave their lives for their mission. If there has been an apostle since St. Paul's times, it surely is Tyndale; for he had the single love for mankind, the consuming faith, the insight through accidents to the essentials, that made him the man who should bring back the power of the gospel to England. Not every man with a love for his fellow men can do them all the good he wishes; nor does a perfect faith and an insight that cannot be baffled carry with it always the power of bringing light to other men's minds: it was Tyndale's endowment for his mission that he added to zeal love, — the quality which in some ways is better expressed by our broader word "charity," — and to them both a scholarship and soundness of judgment that sent him directly and surely to the heart of the problem of giving a new life among his own people to the truths that so deeply moved him. When one has once grasped this nobility and power of Tyndale's character, all difficulty, I think, disappears in understanding how it was that his style of writing stamped itself so indelibly on the style of the English translations of the Bible. Indeed, prophesying after the fact, it seems inevitable that such strength of feeling and loftiness of purpose must have determined the way in which the great originals should express themselves in the new language. Given truths of such lasting and overwhelming importance, shut up in languages which the people could not understand, it is clear that a mere man of letters or a scholar would in no way have been equal to the occasion. Here was a case when the scholar and the man of letters must be also an apostle inspired with the ardor of the apostolic spirit; and when the scholarship and the instinct for style were so inspired and turned to the service of opening the word of God to a fresh and vigorous nation the

product besides its main purpose became also a great monument of literature.

I cannot close more fitly than by setting forth again this character of the man and of his mission; and to do so I know no passage so illuminating as a letter printed by Foxe in his *Book of Martyrs*, which Tyndale wrote from Antwerp to Frith when the latter was in prison, before his martyrdom. This letter cannot be assigned to Tyndale beyond all possible question, for writers in those days were accustomed to put words into the mouths of the people whom they wrote about; but apart from the testimony of the letter itself, and from the way in which it is written, there are various other references to it in Foxe which seem to remove all danger in saying that it is Tyndale's. At any rate, it is worth quoting, if for no other reason than to rescue from oblivion what is at once so noble and so beautiful a piece of English prose and so perfect a portrayal of Tyndale: —

"Brother Jacob, beloved in my heart: there liveth not in whom I have so good hope and trust, and in whom my heart rejoiceth, and my soul comforteth herself, as in you; not the thousandth part so much for your learning, and what other gifts else you have, as because you will creep alow by the ground, and walk in those things that the conscience may feel, and not in the imaginations of the brain; in fear, and not in boldness; in open necessary things, and not to pronounce or define of hid secrets, or things that neither help nor hinder, whether it be so or no; in unity, and not in seditious opinions; insomuch that if you be sure you know, yet in things that may abide leisure, you will defer, and say (till others agree with you), 'Methinks the text requireth this sense or understanding.' Yea, and if you be sure that if your part be good, and another hold to the contrary, yet if it be a thing that maketh no matter, you will laugh and let it pass, and refer the thing to other

men, and stick you stiff and stubbornly in earnest and necessary things. And I trust you be persuaded even so of me : for I call God to record against the day we shall all appear before our Lord Jesus, to give a reckoning of our doings, that I never altered one syllable of God's word against my conscience, nor would this day, if all that is in the earth, whether it be pleasure, honour, or riches, might be given me. . . .

"Finally if there were in me any gift that could help at hand, and aid you if need required, I promise you I would not be far off, and commit the end to God. My soul is not faint, though my body be weary. But God hath made me evil favoured in this world, and without grace in the sight of men, speechless and rude, dull and slow witted; your part shall be to supply what lacketh in me; remembering that as lowliness of heart shall make you high with God, even so meekness of words shall make you to sink into the hearts of men. Nature giveth age authority, but meekness is the glory of youth, and giveth them honour. Abundance of love maketh me exceed in babbling. . . .

"The mighty God of Jacob be with you to supplant his enemies and give you the favour of Joseph; and the wisdom and the spirit of Stephen be with your heart and with your mouth and teach your lips what they shall say and how to answer all things. He is our God, if we despair in ourselves, and trust in him; and his is the glory. Amen.

"I hope our redemption is nigh.

WILLIAM TYNDALE."

After such words, one can add little. I think that I have shown that Tyndale's own style at its best rose to the level of the English Bible; and his own purpose and character were so noble and powerful that they may well account for the splendid style of his translation. His achievement for English prose style always reminds me of the noble passage in *The Virginians* in which Thackeray, speaking of Washington, points out that in the war which began in the backwoods of America, and spread thence over two continents; which divided Europe; which deprived France of all her American possessions, and in the end England of most of hers, — that in all this great war the man who came out with the highest fame and the most glory was the man who fired the first shot. So in the case of Tyndale and the art of writing in English prose: after nearly four centuries, in which the English language has been enormously expanded; in which it has been exposed to the barbarisms of slang or of the modern scientific diction, and to the Latinisms of an undiluted classical education; in which the style now has been trimmed by the academic rules of Dryden and Dr. Johnson, now has run loose in the rambling euphony of the *Religio Medici* or the exquisite discursiveness of De Quincey, — after all the action and the reaction of time it is still true that the type of prose style which no good writer can forget, about which all varieties of prose style centre, is the style of the first man who ever used printed English to speak to the nation as a whole.

J. H. Gardiner.

THE BACHELOR IN THE WOOD.

BEAUTY I trod, who trod in bridal woods
A midnight galaxy of violets,
A milky way of flushed spring beauties, starred
With pleiads of all-golden addertongue, —
How could that blossomed fire be else than this,
The height of a woman's ankle in the wood?

Passion I breathed, who found all air a harp
To passionate brown thrushes shaken and thrilled,
The pauses in that magic minstrelsy
Filled with a music's echo of cardinals, —
How could that warbled fire be else than this,
The height of a woman's lips within the wood?

But love, but love, how shall I find it here,
O April, Aphrodite, here alone?
Those send the bees to find their sister flowers,
These sing unto their mates; but love, my love?
Is it where the hawk hangs on the moving cloud,
The height of a woman's heart above the wood?

Joseph Russell Taylor.

LITTLE MORTALS.

I.

THE ETERNAL MASCULINE.

THEODORE BLINKS sat swinging his legs from the cornice of the new house, — or rather, from what was destined to be the cornice of the new house. At present, it consisted of but a few boards lightly nailed together, and projecting beyond the framework of the second floor. His position, to an impartial observer, must have seemed somewhat precarious.

The sun was gone, and a solemn moon was slowly rising in the sky, peeping between the rafters and boards of this skeleton dwelling, and finally casting its glance, with grave disapproval, full upon

the boy. He felt the moon's disapproval, and promptly became more reckless. Besides, two figures in petticoats stood below, and the awed admiration he felt sure their faces expressed urged him on.

"I bet I can get up on the ridge-pole!" he called down to these two little beings, whose feet were on terra firma, but whose hearts were in their mouths. For they both loved the brave boy who essayed such valiant deeds.

"Oh, *please* don't!" pleaded Lucy, clasping her hands. Her head was thrown so far back that her pigtailed reached her waist; her round blue eyes were raised beseechingly.

But Marcia danced about in an ecstasy of terror and pride and delight. "Yes! Yes! Do!" she cried.

The boy regarded them both for a moment with lordly benignity, though the expression of his face was not revealed to the maidens below. Then, swinging around, he balanced himself delicately on the crosspiece, made his way from beam to rafter, and began the ticklish ascent.

The figures in petticoats stood motionless, tense, the light head and the dark both thrown back now, the blue eyes and the brown both uplifted to that manly form silhouetted in black against the moonlit sky; crawling up the thin ribs of the skeleton house, squirming against them, clinging to them, evading by scarce a foothold those inky interludes of nothingness which waited to swallow him.

The moon also was looking at him: its gaze was fixed in sinister meaning; its light danced uncertainly from rafter to rafter, slipping from the edge of the substance to the edge of the void and uniting the two, as though to deceive the boy.

Infinite terror, unbearable suspense, clutched at the hearts of the maidens below,—clutched them so that they could not stir, even to beat.

Suddenly the clutch relaxed, and with a great bound the two hearts, all swollen with pride and delight, leaped up right into the throats of the girls, strangling them until they gasped for breath.

"He's up," breathed Lucy.

"I knew he could! I knew he could!" Marcia shouted, dancing again.

But the boy did not rest long at the end of the ridgepole, nor did he deign to swing himself, riding it safely as one might a barebacked horse, along its length. He rose upright, and, balancing himself with outstretched arms, his figure swaying a little from side to side, began to walk to the roof-tree at its centre.

"Oh, don't! Oh, don't!" Lucy murmured. She fell to praying for the boy; inarticulately, and with a passionate ear-

nestness which may have atoned for her utter lack of faith. For to the Deity she said: "Please don't let him fall! Oh, please don't let him fall!" And to herself she said: "I know he will fall! Oh, I *know* he will fall!"

Marcia neither murmured nor prayed. An image of stone she stood, with lips set hard and eyes unswerving from the boy; and as she looked, a tiny flame of ambition came creeping, creeping into her mind. It dropped little sparks through every vein of her body, and grew until it was a great fire, setting her brain ablaze, and lighting her thoughts into lurid boldness.

To think and to do was all one with Marcia. And Lucy did not miss her. That small person was still alternately praying and impiously declaring her unbelief in prayer; still alternately screwing her eyes up tight and opening them wide; still enduring that renewed clutch on her heart which would not let her breathe.

Marcia had reached the second floor. Oh, the terror of the slipping light and the black, black darkness; the awful eye of the moon transfixing her; the whitish shine of the skeleton beams inviting her, luring her — to destruction!

But stronger than fear of all these horrors was the power which invited and lured her to the ridgepole, — to the middle of the ridgepole, where the boy sat, lordly and safe, swinging his legs, and wondering why only one figure regarded him from below. Not that he cared, — not he!

For against the lurid background made by her flaming mind Marcia saw herself sitting beside him: his equal in courage and achievement, his comrade in danger and exaltation; above all, the blessed recipient of his praise. This vision enticed her on, stayed her slipping foot, nerved her palsied hand, steadied her swimming senses. And at last Lucy saw a figure in petticoats lying along the ribs of the roof, slowly wriggling upwards, sitting

across the end of the ridgepole! Ah, the bitter self-abasement of Lucy! She could never, never do that, — *never!* And the boy would despise her: she must live on to see the exaltation of Marcia. Even if Marcia got killed, she would have died for *him*. And toward so happy an end as this Lucy's thought fluttered fearfully. If she only could — but she knew she could n't.

Marcia, on the end of the ridgepole, felt she had reached her limit. She could get no nearer to the boy than that; even sitting across the pole, she dared not wriggle herself over to his side; she knew she would fall. But surely she had done enough to win the boy's lasting admiration.

Theodore, in order to demonstrate his complete indifference to the invisible incense of praise and adoration rising from below, had turned himself about, and so sat with his back to Marcia. How surprised he would be when she called to him! — very gently, of course, lest, being startled, he should fall.

He would scarcely be able to believe it; then he would be filled with a tender admiration; then he would help her down, so carefully and so gently. With him to guide her she would feel quite safe. But she was really sorry for Lucy. Poor Lucy! She had no spirit, though, and could n't expect to be the boy's companion in high exploit.

"Teddy!"

Her voice was very low, but it frightened her. The boy did not hear it.

"Teddy, — oh, Teddy!"

"Hello! Where are you? Hiding down there in the house?"

He knew it was Marcia's voice. He would n't be surprised if she was up to some mischief. He tightened his legs about the pole and peered down into the cavernous inside of the house. If she threw a chip to him, he would catch it; if she shouted "Boo!" he would n't budge.

"No, Teddy. I'm up here, — at the

end of the ridgepole." She too tightened her hold. That tremor of delight at the thought of his seeing her there threatened to shake her off.

"Aw! come off!" Theodore Blinks swung himself around cautiously; and then he beheld Marcia, — yes, a figure in petticoats, straddling the ridgepole!

That was a sight for masculine eyes. But wrath must be kept down for the moment by caution. The figure in petticoats, unduly startled, might descend too precipitously from its wholly unsuitable altitude. When he got her down, he'd show her!

The boy stared hard a moment without speaking. Then he said, "Sit still and hold on tight till I come."

Perhaps the voice froze her; perhaps the sinking weight of her heart held her. She sat very still.

Theodore did not walk on the pole toward her; he worked himself along quietly, and did not speak again until he could lay his hand on her arm. Then he said: "Now I'll try to get you down. *Do just as I tell you, and don't stir unless I say so.*"

Although still so high in body, Marcia's spirits were lying low. She had no thought but obedience, no hope but safety. The cold authority of the boy's voice steadied her nerves, but it paralyzed her hopes. They fell down like shot birds.

Slowly, very slowly, the two descended. Lucy would have liked to run away; she felt as though she could not bear it. Yet she was riveted to her post of observation; fear and suspense and curiosity held her fast. But she was going away — somewhere. She would tell them she was glad they were safe, and then they would never see her again. Her fate was so pitiful that tears filled her eyes at thought of it.

Suddenly Lucy screamed; then stood rigid in strained listening. To that crash of something falling through the house had succeeded a terrible silence. She hardly dared lift her eyes again to

where the figures had been. She did lift them, though, and the figures were still there.

"Hold fast; it's only a plank falling." But Marcia herself had come very near falling. It was lucky the boy's nerves were steady, and his hand was strong.

On they came, nearer and nearer the earth, nearer and nearer Lucy. Proud little words of greeting walked in and out of her head. None were sufficiently distant and yet indifferent enough. They should not know that she cared; perhaps they would miss her a little when she was gone.

"There! and it's lucky for you you ain't smashed to pieces!"

Marcia's feet were on the ground, but she trembled so she could hardly keep them there; and the boy was wrestling with an almost irresistible impulse to shake this intolerable creature by the arm he still grasped, — shake her hard and long, until his outraged feelings were jostled out of him, and her abominable pride and impudence were jostled out of her.

However, he released her arm with a jerk, and, stepping back a pace, burst out scornfully: "I s'pose you think you're awful smart; but you could n't walk on the ridgepole, anyway, and you could n't 'a' got to me if you'd 'a' died for it. You ain't anything but a girl, anyway, and girls have n't got any business trying to do things boys do. *Now* you go home to your ma, and ask her to keep you there!"

Lucy could scarcely believe her ears. With wide eyes she watched the retreating figure of Marcia, — Marcia, whom she had thought exalted above all girl-kind, now fallen lower than any. To the outraged lord before her she dared not speak, but waited meekly, with eyes downcast. And she felt unspeakably thankful that she had been afraid.

Theodore Blinks also watched Marcia's retreating figure.

"There, she's gone, an' good rid-

dance! That kind of girl ain't no good. Come along, Lucy."

Happy Lucy, slipping her hand into his, trotted at his side until they reached her gate. There the boy said good-night, turned away, and then turned back again.

"Say, Lucy, did n't I look pretty high, up there?"

Lucy shivered. "Yes, awful high."

"Did you think I was going to fall?"

"I was awful afraid."

The boy laughed scornfully. "Aw! that ain't nothing." He hesitated a moment. "I s'pose you would n't have durst, would you?"

"Oh my, no!"

Theodore stood reflectively on one foot, kicking against the gate with the other.

"Want ter go berryin' to-morrer?"

"Yes, Teddy."

"All right," and with a "Whoop!" he sped down the road.

II.

WITCHCRAFT.

When one is engaged in the intricacies of theological discussion, the cows may linger as they will over the sweets of the roadside. And the July twilight lingers also, transforming hitherto unseen cloud-bits into spirits floating through ether, the beauty and the joy of them translated for mortal eyes into ineffable, heavenly tints and lights.

Could the thought of God be translated into mortal symbols, might not the light-crowned summits of purple hills seem fit resting places for the feet of a Deity passing through such a world as this, — a world enwrapped in July twilight?

It was this question, considered literally rather than symbolically, which engrossed the attention of two small boys who should have been absorbed, rather, in getting the hotel cows under cover for the night.

The older of them — and even he was yet very young — held to the affirmative with a zeal which lent to his whole ragged little figure an odd air of nervous energy.

"Of course God could walk on top o' those hills. He could reach between any two o' them easy as not; an' if He could n't, He 'd make it so He could, — an' so He could, anyway!"

Hieronymus Tubbs waved his stick, as he spoke, toward the hills which rose beyond the meadow levels where he walked. His uplifted face wore the evening light, and his eyes shone with the excitement of debate. He had quite forgotten the cows.

"No, He could n't, either."

This disputant was even smaller than Hieronymus, but he spoke in a matter-of-fact way which gave his words great weight, and his quiet blue eyes seemed to measure, as though with reference to some actual basis of comparison, the distance between the glowing summits before him. Timothy Parsons was carried away by no flight of fancy from the actual business in hand, and the cow which ventured nearest received an energetic thwack from his stick.

Hieronymus jerked excitedly at the string which, with precarious clutch, held his trousers in place.

"Not those hills! Why, they ain't anything to Him! You take those mountains back of the hotel, and maybe He could n't, — lest He wanted to make them different, or Himself, or something. But those hills there He could reach between, just as easy. Look at those two little fellows, now: 't ain't any way between them at all, — not for God."

Timothy regarded them critically, squinting his eyes up to measure with greater exactitude.

"No, I tell you, He could n't, — not even between them two little ones."

The blood flew to Hieronymus's head. He spoke in utter scorn: "I s'pose you think He can't do anything He wants?"

"I s'pose He's made things the way He wants," was the calm rejoinder.

"Well, anyway, you don't *know*. You ain't ever *seen* Him."

"Yes, I have too, — often."

Hieronymus stared. It was possible, of course, — anything is possible. And Timothy had talked all along as if he really knew, somehow. Now his calm assurance was explained. But one must not be too credulous.

"When did you see Him?"

"Oh, lots of times."

"Where did you see Him?"

"He's staying up at the hotel."

Although this statement might seem quite credible to adult minds, Hieronymus whistled in surprise. For a time he walked on in silence. The majestic conception of Deity stepping from radiant hilltop to radiant hilltop was fading reluctantly from the mind of the boy. His eyes were clouded, and he gazed before him somewhat wistfully. Still, fallen as were his ideals, great interest attached to the gleanings of information.

"How high *is* He, then, Timothy?"

"Oh," — Timothy looked about him for some just means of comparison, and finally hit upon a great elm which in solitary grandeur crowned a knoll ahead, — "'bout as high as that tree."

Hieronymus looked earnestly at the tree, and then back to his hilltops again.

"He could n't, then," the boy admitted.

The light was gone from the hilltops; it was time the cows were home. But the twilight still lingered, and over the knoll where the elm tree grew appeared the figure of a young girl. She was dressed all in purest white, and her hair was like the deepest shadows which nestled among the hills. Timothy recognized her at once, and nudged Hieronymus.

"That's the witch," he said.

"Who — *that*? How d' you know?"

"The hotel folks says so."

The girl came nearer, and spying the

cows paused doubtfully, gathering up her skirts as though for flight. But when her eyes lighted upon the keepers of the beasts, the fright in them gave way to amusement. If the keepers were so very small the danger could not be so very great, or thus she seemed to argue. So the girl came forward smilingly toward the lads, the sight of whom had partly driven from her mind a certain perplexing problem which she had walked out alone to consider.

She must decide sometime. But how could she decide until — until she knew? Men are so impatient. If he would only wait till she had time to make up her mind! So, knowing he would join her on the piazza and suggest a stroll, the girl had slipped away alone into the twilight, and now wished he would follow and find her. If he wanted to, he could. This was a way they often came together; and when at his side she was not afraid of the cows. She was not walking quite as fast as a runaway should.

Hieronymus, never having seen a witch before, stared hard at the girl. He did not feel afraid. He had never dreamed witches looked like that. In the picture books they were old and scrawny and ugly. He thought he liked witches. Timothy, though he had already readjusted his ideas upon the subject, was scarcely less interested. In truth, he adored the witch, and found reality at once stranger and sweeter than fiction.

"Don't let your cows hurt me, will you, boys?"

"No, ma'am, they won't hurt you."

The boys stood still as she passed, and then looked after her. She made a luminous spot in the great stretch of dusk. Her voice lingered in the still air like the silvery ringing of fairy bells.

Down the path through the fields came another figure, very different from that which had vanished. It was clad in black, and it stooped, as though with weariness.

Timothy nudged Hieronymus again.

"That's the angel," he said. "I heard the witch say she was an angel."

The old woman drew slowly nearer. She was not afraid of the cows. Upon the boys she smiled very gently. And though she was not beautiful nor clad in white, when she smiled they recognized her right to angelic identity. Still, the picture books were sadly astray in this matter of witches and angels. Hieronymus felt a sense as of something lost and something gained. If angels could go with wrinkled faces and clad in black, witches could be very, very beautiful, and could lead captive the fancy of any small boy who chanced to pass one by. For the witch he would do anything. Ah, if one of the cows had but been fierce, that he might have saved her from it! Perhaps, if he had been in trouble himself, he might have thought of the angel, but of course this did not occur to him. And as he stood there, just where the path branched, he would have followed the witch into the luminous west, rather than have gone after the angel as she walked toward the darkening north.

They had not gone far beyond that split in the path before Timothy's powers of identification were again called into play. Across the field came a very tall being, stalking rapidly. He walked with the mien of one who has some end in view other than the pleasure of a lonely evening stroll; and he was looking eagerly about, as though this end were something movable, which might escape him.

Timothy stood still, and spoke low.

"That's God," said he, and felt called upon to make no explanation. Was he not the tallest of beings? It was sufficient.

Perhaps the deepening twilight lent an almost superhuman loftiness and dignity to the very tall figure approaching, for Hieronymus reflected that it *was* just about as tall as the great elm tree. And — no, tall as it was, it could n't walk on the tops of the hills. He gazed stead-

ily, and though the dusk was gathering closer, and though that face was so far above his, its look of eager watchfulness and seeking did not escape him.

"He's going after one of 'em," he whispered to Timothy.

"I guess it's the witch," Timothy whispered back.

And straightway fear came upon the hearts of both. For what destruction might not fall upon a wicked (though beautiful) witch, if thus sought and captured! Within the mind of Hieronymus was born the desire to save her; even though she merited destruction, he would save her! The sound of her silvery voice, the vision of her beautiful face and luminous garments, were with him yet. What though she was wicked and a witch? He loved her!

And of course the angel could suffer no harm.

The tall figure paused before the lads, as though wishing to ask some question, yet hesitating to do so. In the deepening dusk it towered mightily. Hieronymus felt his heart in his mouth, but he dared not risk delay. A valiant lover he, courting instant annihilation for the sake of his lady; for if He *were* seeking the witch, and found Himself misdirected —

Hieronymus jerked his thumb over his shoulder, pointing down the path the angel had taken. "She went that way," he said, and then he took to his heels. Timothy could mind the cows; he, Hieronymus, must seek to escape the wrath to come. For the figure had followed the angel, and the boy felt sure — quite sure — that it desired to follow the witch!

V. Yeaman Remnitz.

MR. CHARLES W. CHESNUTT'S STORIES.

THE critical reader of the story called *The Wife of his Youth*, which appeared in these pages two years ago, must have noticed uncommon traits in what was altogether a remarkable piece of work.

The first was the novelty of the material; for the writer dealt not only with people who were not white, but with people who were not black enough to contrast grotesquely with white people, — who in fact were of that near approach to the ordinary American in race and color which leaves, at the last degree, every one but the connoisseur in doubt whether they are Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-African. Quite as striking as this novelty of the material was the author's thorough mastery of it, and his unerring knowledge of the life he had chosen in its peculiar racial characteristics. But above all, the story was notable for the passionless handling of a phase of our common life which is tense with potential tragedy; for the attitude,

almost ironical, in which the artist observes the play of contesting emotions in the drama under his eyes; and for his apparently reluctant, apparently helpless consent to let the spectator know his real feeling in the matter. Any one accustomed to study methods in fiction, to distinguish between good and bad art, to feel the joy which the delicate skill possible only from a love of truth can give, must have known a high pleasure in the quiet self-restraint of the performance; and such a reader would probably have decided that the social situation in the piece was studied wholly from the outside, by an observer with special opportunities for knowing it, who was, as it were, surprised into final sympathy.

Now, however, it is known that the author of this story is of negro blood, — diluted, indeed, in such measure that if he did not admit this descent few would imagine it, but still quite of that middle

world which lies next, though wholly outside, our own. Since his first story appeared he has contributed several others to these pages, and he now makes a showing palpable to criticism in a volume called *The Wife of his Youth, and Other Stories of the Color Line*; a volume of Southern sketches called *The Conjure Woman*; and a short life of Frederick Douglass, in the Beacon Series of biographies. The last is a simple, solid, straight piece of work, not remarkable above many other biographical studies by people entirely white, and yet important as the work of a man not entirely white treating of a great man of his inalienable race. But the volumes of fiction are remarkable above many, above most short stories by people entirely white, and would be worthy of unusual notice if they were not the work of a man not entirely white.

It is not from their racial interest that we could first wish to speak of them, though that must have a very great and very just claim upon the critic. It is much more simply and directly, as works of art, that they make their appeal, and we must allow the force of this quite independently of the other interest. Yet it cannot always be allowed. There are times in each of the stories of the first volume when the simplicity lapses, and the effect is as of a weak and un instructed touch. There are other times when the attitude, severely impartial and studiously aloof, accuses itself of a little pompousness. There are still other times when the literature is a little too ornate for beauty, and the diction is journalistic, reporteristic. But it is right to add that these are the exceptional times, and that for far the greatest part Mr. Chesnutt seems to know quite as well what he wants to do in a given case as Maupassant, or Tourguénief, or Mr. James, or Miss Jewett, or Miss Wilkins, in other given cases, and has done it with an art of kindred quiet and force. He belongs, in other words,

to the good school, the only school, all aberrations from nature being so much truancy and anarchy. He sees his people very clearly, very justly, and he shows them as he sees them, leaving the reader to divine the depth of his feeling for them. He touches all the stops, and with equal delicacy in stories of real tragedy and comedy and pathos, so that it would be hard to say which is the finest in such admirably rendered effects as *The Web of Circumstance*, *The Bouquet*, and *Uncle Wellington's Wives*. In some others the comedy degenerates into satire, with a look in the reader's direction which the author's friend must deplore.

As these stories are of our own time and country, and as there is not a swash-buckler of the seventeenth century, or a sentimentalist of this, or a princess of an imaginary kingdom, in any of them, they will possibly not reach half a million readers in six months, but in twelve months possibly more readers will remember them than if they had reached the half million. They are new and fresh and strong, as life always is, and fable never is; and the stories of *The Conjure Woman* have a wild, indigenous poetry, the creation of sincere and original imagination, which is imparted with a tender humorousness and a very artistic reticence. As far as his race is concerned, or his sixteenth part of a race, it does not greatly matter whether Mr. Chesnutt invented their motives, or found them, as he feigns, among his distant cousins of the Southern cabins. In either case, the wonder of their beauty is the same; and whatever is primitive and sylvan or campestrial in the reader's heart is touched by the spells thrown on the simple black lives in these enchanting tales. Character, the most precious thing in fiction, is as faithfully portrayed against the poetic background as in the setting of the *Stories of the Color Line*.

Yet these stories, after all, are Mr. Chesnutt's most important work, whether we consider them merely as realistic fiction, apart from their author, or as

studies of that middle world of which he is naturally and voluntarily a citizen.

We had known the nethermost world of the grotesque and comical negro and the terrible and tragic negro through the white observer on the outside, and black character in its lyrical moods we had known from such an inside witness as Mr. Paul Dunbar; but it had remained for Mr. Chesnutt to acquaint us with those regions where the paler shades dwell as hopelessly, with relation to ourselves, as the blackest negro. He has not shown the dwellers there as very different from ourselves. They have within their own circles the same social ambitions and prejudices; they intrigue and truckle and crawl, and are snobs, like ourselves, both of the snobs that snub and the snobs that are snubbed. We may choose to think them droll in their parody of pure white society, but perhaps it would be wiser to recognize that they are like us because they are of our blood by more than a half, or three quarters, or nine tenths. It is not, in such cases, their negro blood that characterizes them; but it is their negro blood that excludes them, and that will imaginably fortify them and exalt them. Bound in that sad solidarity from which there is no hope of entrance into polite white

society for them, they may create a civilization of their own, which need not lack the highest quality. They need not be ashamed of the race from which they have sprung, and whose exile they share; for in many of the arts it has already shown, during a single generation of freedom, gifts which slavery apparently only obscured. With Mr. Booker Washington the first American orator of our time, fresh upon the time of Frederick Douglass; with Mr. Dunbar among the truest of our poets; with Mr. Tanner, a black American, among the only three Americans from whom the French government ever bought a picture, Mr. Chesnutt may well be willing to own his color.

But that is his personal affair. Our own more universal interest in him arises from the more than promise he has given in a department of literature where Americans hold the foremost place. In this there is, happily, no color line; and if he has it in him to go forward on the way which he has traced for himself, to be true to life as he has known it, to deny himself the glories of the cheap success which awaits the charlatan in fiction, one of the places at the top is open to him. He has sounded a fresh note, boldly, not blatantly, and he has won the ear of the more intelligent public.

W. D. Howells.

THE VIGIL.

NAY, Lord, I pray thee call not me to fight!
I have crept out of day to bless the night.
Hush, Son, and gather courage for the light!

But see, I weary ere I have begun!
Give thou the battle to some worthier one!
When have I offered thee to choose, my Son?

Look how my eyes with loneliness are wet!
But give me once warm arms and lips close met.
Into the desert, Son, thy way is set!

Nay, then, thou leanest on a broken reed!
 Music and mirth and fire and friends I need.
They walk alone whom I have called to lead!

How shall I lead who only know to stray?
 Am I to shepherd them, who lose the way?
Yet I require them of thee in that day!

What if I will not? Let me be as these
 That laugh and breed and die and have good ease!
Nay, Son, the eye once bared forever sees!

This only, Lord: what shall my gladness be
 Who fight disheartened in life's phantom sea?
To make the bridge whereon they cross to me!

What am I, Lord, that I should strive with fate?
 Bring on the dawn, before it be too late!
My Son, the dawn shall come, and thou wilt wait!

Yea, Lord, and I lie broken in thy hand.
 Heat me white hot to forge as thou hast planned.
Fear not, my Son, but I shall understand!

Melt out my yielded soul in one red stream,
 Perchance through thy white furnace hope may gleam—
My Son, a rest thou hast not dared to dream!

Josephine Dodge Daskam.

THE REAL STEVENSON.

THERE is no real Stevenson, if we are to take the word of a recent essayist. In a capricious but singularly suggestive criticism of the Scottish writer he remarks: "He is the Improvisatore, and nothing more. It is impossible to assign him rank in any line of writing. If you shut your eyes to try and place him, you find that you cannot do it. The effect he produces while we are reading him vanishes as we lay down the book, and we can recall nothing but a succession of flavors. It is not to be expected that posterity will take much interest in him, for his point and meaning are impressional. He is ephemeral, a shadow, a

reflection. He is the mistletoe of English literature, whose roots are not in the soil, but in the tree."

The admirers of Stevenson are inclined to wince at this passage, and yet it is easy to understand the critic's point of view. He has reached it through dwelling too exclusively upon Stevenson's extraordinary talent for literary mimicry,—a talent which was equaled only by his faith in the value of imitative writing to the young author. The well-known paragraph in *A College Magazine*, describing how he "played the sedulous ape" to various men of letters, closes with the dictum: "That, like it

or not, is the way to learn to write; whether I have profited or not, that is the way." Stevenson's self-confidence is nowhere more infectious than in these lines. Yet they betray a peculiarly narrow view of the function of literature, and have done much to warrant the unfortunate impression as to his own unreality. The "art of literature" — to use one of his favorite expressions — is not so wholly mimetic, surely, as the art of acting; and even the actor learns as much from "imitating nature," as Sir Joshua Reynolds would have termed it, as from imitating other actors. Like all artists, the actor learns by both methods, one correcting the other. The case of the writer is precisely similar. The value of literary mimicry in forming the hand of the young author is sometimes indubitable, — witness the early work of Thackeray, — but it may easily be overindulged. There is little question that Stevenson "played the sedulous ape" too long. He kept dipping into other people's inkstands long after he had a shining one of his own.

Hence the fact that, with all the lucidity, the delicacy, the piquancy of expression which delight everybody worth delighting, his twenty-two charming volumes are haunted by echoes. The very versatility with which he turned from one type of literature to another has served to emphasize the imitative, experimental character of much of his work. He was essayist, critic, biographer, dramatist, moralist, adventurer, fabulist, poet, romancer, — in love with "the art of words and the appearances of life." Believing that the inconstant public deserved its money's worth in pleasure, he played "tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral," and many another genre that would have tickled the fancy of Polonius. And all in all, how admirably he did it, this clever performer who tried so hard to please;

now and then flashing into genius and creating a rôle, achieving on the whole, as the years went by, a more simple and noble and genuine method, until finally, in that first, and, alas, only act of Weir of Hermiston, he was master of the boards at last!

The value of the Letters which Mr. Colvin has so skillfully selected and arranged for us¹ lies primarily in their power to set one face to face with the real Stevenson. They summon, as it were, the strange bright histrionic figure from before the footlights, and allow us to chat with him in the greenroom. He flings himself into a chair in front of us, and lights a cigarette. He is an odd creature, with his lean painted face and wonderful restless eyes! But was there ever a more captivating frankness, a more sincere modesty? How fascinated he is with his art, its theory and practice; how fine his admiration for those elder and better players who achieved so easily and unconsciously the effects he would give his life to compass! It may be that you are unlucky enough not to like the part for which he happens to be cast to-night. He may not like it, either. But then, "a moment of style" may always come; he has not yet earned his "honorable discharge;" and now he has shaken hands with you, and is back upon the stage again, versatile, spirited player that he is; and this time your heart goes with him, were he the sorriest ventriloquist in the world. Back of the endless disguises which his actor nature as well as his theory of art has compelled him to assume, what genuine and unforgettable human quality!

However the literary critics may differ upon the interesting if somewhat academic problem of Stevenson's artistic originality, there is no question as to the unique personality of the man. His intimate friends have borne constant tes-

¹ *The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson.* Selected and edited by SIDNEY COLVIN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1899.

timony to his irresistible charm, and readers of the Vailima Letters and the later essays can readily believe it. Yet the two stout volumes now given to the world by Mr. Colvin are significant if not essential additions to that image of Stevenson which is traced upon the minds of many of his contemporaries. "The illusive and questionable personality of Stevenson" — to quote again from Mr. Chapman's essay — is perhaps a justifiable phrase, if one is merely trying to peer behind the romances for the man who wrote them; but the author of these Letters, surely, is as veracious a figure as Dr. Johnson.

Mr. Colvin's excellent introduction, and his editorial comments which preface the twelve chronological sections of the Letters, enable the reader to follow without confusion the rapid shiftings of scene and circumstance with which Stevenson's invalid existence was sadly familiar. Though he confessed himself a somewhat irregular, irresponsible letter-writer, he had many correspondents throughout most periods of his life. From his student years at Edinburgh to the last day of his Samoan exile there are many keys in which he composes, but the instrument — if one may say so — is invariably the same. The kindness, the sweet nature, the gay invincible courage, are always there. It is curious to note in some of his earliest letters the union of passionate moral earnestness with romantic, almost morbid sentiment, — as if Gladstone and Laurence Sterne were walking arm in arm within the heart of the young Scotchman. He outgrew the boyish morbidness easily enough, but to the end of his days the preacher and the pirate in him struggled for the mastery of his imagination, and the preacher had the "under-hold." The sermonizing letters, like his sermonizing essays, show him at his best; and though he often mounted a singular pulpit, he liked to choose his texts from St. Paul.

It is in this ethical impression given

by the Letters that their chief present significance lies. They tempt the reader, indeed, at every turn, to open old favorites among our letter-writers, to see if Lowell was really wittier, Keats more poignant, Byron more unconventionally at ease, Fitz Gerald fuller of delicious humor, or Gray a more discriminating yet enraptured lover of that art of literature for which, like Stevenson, he half apologizes. Comparisons like these will be made and remade by many generations of book-lovers. The Letters of Stevenson will ultimately take their place as literature, and there are sound reasons for thinking that that place will be a high one. But it is instructive to notice that the judgment passed upon these volumes within the first few months after their appearance has concerned itself mainly with the man Robert Louis Stevenson, rather than with his adventures and endeavors on the wide stage of literature.

"R. L. S." was; that is what one finds one's self saying. He was no bright ghost. He made a great and memorable fight for the things dear to us all, happiness and usefulness and honor. Like his own ideal parson, he blew the trumpet for good. Instead of faith pitifully smaller than a grain of mustard seed, he had "faith as big as a cigar case." He had "no Timon to give forth." "Sick and well, I have had a splendid life of it." It is for words like these that the Letters will be read by Stevenson's contemporaries. The undefeated optimism, the communicative courage of the man, will move thousands of readers who find his actual literary output a trifle disappointing. No writer of his day, it is true, afforded more exquisite pleasure to the people whom he would have liked best to please. No one gave to his fellow craftsmen a more constant and potent example of the religion of good workmanship. Nevertheless, time has already placed an interrogation point over many of his pages. Their delicate

artificiality betrays now the device; their fragile beauty "smells of mortality." The mere admirable fooling of his earlier volumes begins to leave us unmoved to mirth. The storms have struck hard against many of the toy boats that he set adrift; and some of the great ships that he launched with such a touching combination of boyish ardor and manly effort have never sailed back with any cargo. In one of his last letters he wrote: "I think of the Renaissance fellows and their all-round human sufficiency, and compare it with the ineffable smallness of the field in which we labor and do so little. I think David Balfour a nice little book and very artistic, and just the thing to occupy the leisure of a busy man; but for the top flower of a man's life it seems to me inadequate. Small is the word; it is a small age, and I am of it. . . . We take all these pains, and we don't do as well as Michael Angelo or Leonardo, or even Fielding, who was an active magistrate, or Richardson, who was a busy bookseller. *J'ai honte pour nous*; my ears burn."

There is doubtless a humorous self-depreciation here, as well as some evidence — how rare in him! — of a lowering vitality. Yet it may be that he is right. Out of all the sumptuous volumes of this delightful writer, the twentieth-century reader may select only a dozen essays, a half dozen short stories, and two or three longer ones. (This will be very stupid in the twentieth-century

reader, but why should stupidity die with us?) It is as impossible to forecast Stevenson's literary fate as it is to predict what he might have accomplished, had not death claimed him at the very moment when his work was most rich with the promise of new power. But whatever happens, it has already become his gracious fortune to be loved. However well or ill he may have succeeded in his difficult profession, at least he did his best. "I did my damnedst, anyway," he says of the toil that it cost him to write *Pulvis et Umbra*. The essay was composed during that iron winter that Stevenson passed in the Adirondacks. Its fame is already assured, if noble thought and finished style can confer assurance. Since Cardinal Newman wrote that passage in Part VII. of the *Apologia*, beginning, "To consider the world in its length and breadth," no one has painted with a more grave and terrible beauty the mortal struggle of man. But the excellence of *Pulvis et Umbra* is not here in question; one can think only, as he reads the Letters, of the indomitable spirit in the frail body, of the man who "did his damnedst, anyway." And there is a paradox which would have delighted Stevenson himself in the fact that this martyr of style, a very nympholept of art, is loved to-day by countless persons who do not know or care whether there be such a thing as art, but who know that Robert Louis Stevenson was a gallant man and a good one.

A BISHOP AND AN ARCHBISHOP.

A STRIKING contrast might be drawn between Bishop Whipple, clad in his buckskin suit and fur overcoat, astray from the road and overtaken by darkness on the Minnesota prairies, in his cutter, with the thermometer thirty degrees be-

low zero, and Archbishop Benson, gently ambling through Hyde Park, of an afternoon, on his favorite mare Columba. And yet the two men had much in common, and they might have exchanged bishoprics without serious detriment to

either charge. The Bishop of Minnesota¹ is, the late Archbishop of Canterbury² was, a strong, masculine personage, having no touch of genius, and yet perfectly fulfilling Dr. Johnson's definition of "a mind of large general powers accidentally determined to some particular direction."

It would be difficult to name any pursuit in life, excepting perhaps the fine arts, in which Bishop Whipple would not have achieved distinction. He began life, his college course at Oberlin having been interrupted by ill health, as a man of business and a politician; and when, in 1848, he decided to study for the ministry, that keen judge Thurlow Weed expressed the hope that "a good politician had not been spoiled to make a poor preacher." His logical intellect and power of statement would have made him a great lawyer: there are many anecdotes which illustrate his diplomatic powers, and the bishop has actually practiced medicine and surgery and dentistry for the benefit of his Indian friends.

The same many-sidedness characterized Dr. Benson. In fact, he went beyond Bishop Whipple in this respect, for he had a distinct artistic faculty, which showed itself especially in his intense love of architecture, and of all that is fitting and beautiful in ceremony. "I the wooden benches in Wellington College Chapel," wrote one of his friends after his death, "there is a tiny line of dogtooth moulding inserted among the plain lines which finish off the backs of the seats. I feel almost sure this was his doing, it is so exactly like him; it is a mere nothing, and yet gives a certain distinction to the woodwork. It was this little touch of distinction which characterized everything he had to do

with. Such things as the tone of a bell, or even some detail in dress or jewelry or furniture, were all matters to which he was keenly alive. He was an admirable draughtsman, and, had he not been an archbishop, would have made a first-class architect."

This appreciation of detail was a source of weakness as well as of strength in the archbishop. "We chaplains," writes one of them, "used, in our irreverent moods, to make merry over the fact that, a moment after he had proved to us conclusively that he had not a single free minute in which to see some person who wrote for an interview, he would become absorbed in some detail which to him seemed for the moment all-important. The carpenter would arrive to hang a picture, and everything would give way to the absorbing interest in the picture being exactly straight. But," he adds, "though we made merry, we learned by degrees to discover that this was one of the secrets of the archbishop's extraordinary success in dealing finally and conclusively with the most difficult problems. Again and again I have felt the shame of being convicted of slovenly work and imperfect information where the archbishop had already grasped each detail." Such excessive care for detail is hardly inseparable from a lack of the sense of proportion, and it is evident that the archbishop had this defect. Bishop Whipple is entirely free from it; and we may conjecture that he is free also from that quickness of temper which Dr. Benson never entirely conquered, and which, since it seems to have followed periods of great depression, was probably almost as much physical as mental. For many years he was a schoolmaster,—first as an assistant at

¹ *Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate. Being Reminiscences and Recollections of the Right Reverend HENRY BENJAMIN WHIPPLE, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of Minnesota.* New York: The Macmillan Company. 1900.

² *The Life of Edward White Benson, Sometime Archbishop of Canterbury.* By his Son, ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1899.

Rugby, and subsequently as the head of Wellington College; and it is on record that he once caned an innocent boy without giving him an opportunity to explain, but he begged the boy's pardon afterward; and the radical honesty and sweetness of his character are proved by the fact that he was, in spite of this defect of temper, a popular and even beloved schoolmaster. The following pathetic entry is taken from his diary under date of Whitsunday, 1888: "The great festivals seem always to come round with special trial and disappointment. I have spoiled my peace of mind, and that of others for many days to come, by a just displeasure pushed too far."

But the most important respect in which the characters of the two bishops are alike is that of commanding personality. The Englishman, like the American, was a born leader, and never at a loss when there was occasion to say or to do something. "On a certain degree day in 1850, or thereabouts, a West African undergraduate named Crummell, of Queen's, a man of color, appeared in the Senate-House to take his degree. A boisterous individual in the gallery called out, 'Three groans for the Queen's nigger!' A pale, slim undergraduate, very youthful-looking, in the front of the gallery, who appeared to be taking no particular interest in the proceedings, became scarlet with indignation, and shouted in a voice which echoed through the building, 'Shame, shame! Three groans for you, sir!' and immediately afterward, 'Three cheers for Crummell!' This was taken up in all directions, and the original offender stooped down to hide himself from the storm of groans and hisses that broke out all around him."

Here is an incident in later life, described by a workingman in a letter to the archbishop's son and biographer: "I believe many of us, perhaps the majority, thought he had a workshop training in his early years, because he appeared to have the faculty of looking

at things with a 'workman's mind.' I have seen hundreds of gentlemen *try* to do this, in my time, and fail, but your father did it unconsciously. To give an instance. Two of our committee were secularists. Once, at a meeting, when your father was speaking about a *life to come*, one of them, who was in the chair, dissented audibly. It was a social meeting (of men and women) following a tea, — he had had tea with us. Now, most clergymen, hearing an ejaculation of that kind, would have solemnly repeated the statement and enlarged upon it. Your father did nothing of the sort. He simply nodded his head backward to the chairman behind him, laughed, and, with a knowing kind of look at his audience, said to the chairman, 'Come, it won't do, you know;' meaning that the chairman's denial of a future life would n't 'go down' with *that* audience, at any rate."

Side by side with this anecdote may be placed Bishop Whipple's account of the manner in which he once prevented an Indian outbreak. "Courteousness of speech," he says, "is a marked characteristic of the Indian. It is an act of great rudeness to interrupt another, and the last words of every speech are, '*I have done*.' Knowledge of this fact once enabled me to settle a serious difficulty. The Indians at Leech Lake had heard — as was the fact — that the government had contracted to sell all of their pine without their knowledge and consent." An uprising was imminent, and the Indians had already killed the government cattle. Bishop Whipple was requested by the President to go to Leech Lake and negotiate with the Indians. "It was in the dead of winter, the thermometer below zero, and the snow deep. It was a journey of seventy-five miles through the forest, and it took us three days to reach the lake. The Indians came to their council in paint and feathers, angry and turbulent." Flatmouth, their chief, made a violent speech, to which

the bishop replied briefly, as follows: "I shall tell you the truth. It will not be pleasant to my red brother. When you killed those cattle, you struck the Great Father in the face. When you stole those goods, you committed a crime. I am not here to tell you what the Great Father will do. He has not told me. If he does what he ought to do, he will arrest those who have committed this crime, if it takes ten thousand men."

"As I expected," the bishop relates, "the chief was very angry, and, springing to his feet, began to talk violently. I folded my arms, and sat down. When he paused, I said quietly: 'Flatmouth, are *you* talking or am *I* talking? If *you* are talking, I will wait till you have finished; if *I* am talking, you may wait till I have finished.' The Indians all shouted, 'Ho! ho!' Their chief had committed a great breach of courtesy toward me, their friend."

"Overwhelmed with confusion, Flatmouth sat down, and I knew that the ground was mine. I then told them that when I heard of the pine sale, I wrote to Washington and protested against it; that I went to the man who bought the pine, and told him that I should oppose the sale, and carry the matter into the courts."

The upshot was that the Indians remained peaceable, and the bishop succeeded in preventing the sale.

The parallel might easily be pushed too far, but, before dropping it, we will note, for the benefit of those who love horses and dogs, that both men had a belief in some kind of future existence for dumb animals. Bishop Whipple tells us of his horse Bashaw, — "own cousin to the celebrated Patchin [probably Mambrino Patchen, the famous Kentucky sire]. He was a kingly fellow, and had every sign of noble birth, — a slim, delicate head, prominent eyes, small active ears, large nostrils, full chest, thin gambrels, heavy cords, neat fetlocks, and was

black as a coal. He was my friend and companion for over fifty thousand miles, always full of spirit, and gentle as a girl. . . . He saved my life when I was lost on the prairies many times. A few months before he died, at thirty years of age, I sent him to a friend in the country to be pastured. One day some colts in the same meadow were racing, and Bashaw, who had been noted for his speed, with all his old fire joined in the race, beat the colts, and dropped dead. I wept when the news came to me. . . . These sentient creatures of God suffer because of man's alienation from God; their wrongs cannot be righted in this world. They have *memory*, — memory which binds our lives in an harmonious whole, — which has the prophecy of a future life."

So much for the American; now let us hear the English bishop. On August 21, in the year 1888, he writes in his diary: "Coming away with Nellie [his daughter] from the workhouse at Croydon, down a little rough, irregular street, Braemore stumbled, and fell on her knees on the sharp, loose stones. She twice plunged forward in the attempt to rise, and then did rise most gallantly, and stood frightfully injured. We could scarce get her a few yards to a stable court, and the veterinary thinks the poor creature must be destroyed. She saved Nellie from being killed or dreadfully hurt by lifting herself up in such torture. Nellie would have gone on her head, if she had not. Her instinct was to stand up on her feet with her mistress on her back, whereas it would have been easier for her just to lie down and roll over, if obedient habit had not forced her effort out of her, — and she will have to be shot for her dutifulness. 'Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,' — and no one will persuade me that Braemore comes to an end there."

It must be remembered that we are dealing in one case with an autobiography, and in the other with a biography.

Bishop Whipple is a man of action, not given to self-analysis. He does not tell us, for example, by what mental processes he came to abandon business and politics for the ministry. He has none of that egotism of genius which gives a charm to certain autobiographies, and which reaches its highest point in the *Apologia* of Newman. This failure to analyze the working of his own mind makes the book less interesting than it would otherwise have been, though perhaps it tends to increase rather than to diminish one's respect for the writer. We cannot quite forgive him, however, for not going more into detail. Even in the account of his midwinter journeys in a sleigh, the bishop passes over things which the reader longs to know. Who, for example, would not like to read a fuller account of the following experience? —

"I had to drive nearly one hundred and fifty miles whenever I visited Fort Wadsworth. Upon one of these visits I was unable to cross the Pomme de Terre River, for, although ice had been formed, it was not strong enough to bear my horses. The river was very broad, and as the nearest house was twenty miles back, there was nothing for me to do but to spend the night by some haystacks. The thermometer stood below zero, and a blizzard raged in full fury till morning. It was an experience which nearly cost me my life, and I was ordered by my physician to France."

Everything that the bishop tells us about the Indians is interesting, and most of all this illuminating paragraph: "There are conflicting feelings in the Indian's heart toward his white brother, for whom he has an inborn reverence; and there is an instinctive sense of what he should be to him. But his knowledge of what he has really been, and still is, clouds his mind so that he is swayed by a mingled sentiment of love and wrath toward him."

In the early part of the book, speaking of his life in Chicago, where, before

he was made bishop, he established a free church, Bishop Whipple says: "Volumes would not hold the experiences of those days. So often the shadows were shifted to show that in the most brutalized lives there were traces of God's image left." And then he proceeds to relate a most interesting incident. We trust that a second edition will contain more of these stories and details; room for them might be found by severely editing the latter part of the book, which contains a rather bare and unprofitable summary of events.

On the other hand, the life of Archbishop Benson is a biography, — and a biography executed with the greatest skill and modesty, and with an impartiality which, considering that the writer is the bishop's son, excites wonder and admiration. Had it been an autobiography, it would probably have been less interesting; for, strangely enough, the archbishop, with all his artistic faculty, did not possess an attractive style. He had, however, a gift for detached sentences; and his intellect was of that fertile, subtle kind which comes out best in letters and in memoranda. The book, consequently, is rich in memorable sayings and descriptions. We quote one such, made after a visit to Lord Carnarvon at Highclose: "One has nowadays great heartaches in these glorious homes, with their strong heads, real pillars of the civilization that now is, and their most delicate, stately women, and children whose sweet proud curves of feature show the making of many generations, and readiness for responsibility from almost tender years; — are all these glories going to keep together? If not, how will they go down? By brute force or by silent self-exilings?"

Posterity will perhaps find the work too long. Had it consisted of one large volume instead of two large volumes, it would probably have been better for the archbishop's future fame. But for ourselves we make no complaint.

Henry Childs Merwin.

COLONIAL CIVIL SERVICE.

THE general demand that our new possessions shall be administered by able and competent officials, and the widespread interest shown in the methods by which modern colonizing nations have sought to insure efficient colonial service, are signs of a healthier tone of public feeling toward the problems of good government which ought to rejoice the hearts of all save confirmed national pessimists.

Mr. A. Lawrence Lowell, in his *Colonial Civil Service*,¹ which is by far the most exhaustive book on the subject yet published in England or America, says all progressive nations have agreed that only on certain conditions can an efficient tropical colonial service be maintained. These conditions are security of tenure, large salaries, and liberal pensions.

There can be no judicious administration without knowledge of the languages and customs of the natives, and no able man will waste the time required in special preparation unless he has some guarantee that, at the end of a few years, he will not be turned out of a position where he is just beginning to be of value, with a stock of knowledge of little use to him in any other career.

Large salaries and liberal pensions are necessary to tempt men of the best calibre — men who might be reasonably sure of success among the crowded ranks at home — to enter upon a profession uncongenial to most men, on account of the sacrifices which it entails.

These are the conditions under which alone a colonial service can flourish. The qualities that it demands, by the united testimony of English, French, and Dutch authorities, are character, physi-

cal vigor, a high order of general education, and some technical training. Place an untrained man, suddenly appointed, in a position where thousands of natives are under his control, says Mr. Lowell, and he will be "perfectly helpless, however great his natural capacity. He knows neither the language nor the customs of the people, nor does he comprehend their thoughts, and the consequences of his ignorance may be disastrous. Well-meaning but inexperienced officials could easily provoke an insurrection like the Indian Mutiny, without being in the least conscious that they were drifting into danger." A Dutch colonial official of thirty years' experience considers that breadth of education is of immense importance. When a man is stationed at a lonely post, away from Europeans and surrounded only by natives, he is thrown upon his own mental resources; and if he has not broad interests, he tends to become narrow and to "lose his civilization." Strength of will, courage, coolness, and readiness are qualities which are absolutely essential in dealing with Asiatics, and in the tropics physical vigor is the necessary condition of mental vigor. Over and above these requirements, a colonial career should be entered young, not only because in youth languages are acquired with greater rapidity and facility, but because of the greater flexibility and adaptability to new conditions. When we come to the selection of officials, Mr. Lowell says there are but two methods possible, — arbitrary choice by the authorities or open competition. "Either one or other of these systems, or some combination of the two, must be adopted." After selection, the question arises, How shall the future officials be trained for their

¹ *Selection and Training of Officials for the Colonial Civil Service in Holland, England and*

France. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1900.

special work? Shall they be free to study where and what they please, provided that they attain a certain standard; shall they be required to enter a specified colonial school; or shall they go at once to the colony, and serve an apprenticeship there before entering upon their active duties?

The system in force in England today for the Indian civil service, which for many reasons is the one most important for us to consider, is open competitive examination for candidates not under twenty-one nor over twenty-three years old.

The subjects in which the men are examined are included in the ordinary courses of a university, but the severity of the examination papers is such as might be expected in an American college for graduation honors or a Ph. D. degree. None of the subjects is compulsory, and none is connected with the future work of an Indian official.

This is in accordance with the theory of Lord Macaulay's famous report on the subject, which is given in full in an appendix to Mr. Lowell's book. After saying that in a competitive examination, where many must necessarily fail, it would be unfair to require subjects so exclusively technical that unsuccessful candidates would have a right to complain that they had wasted time in studies which could never be of use to them, the report continues: "We believe that men who have been engaged up to one or two and twenty in studies which have no immediate connection with the business of any profession, and of which the effect is merely to open, to invigorate, and to enrich the mind, will generally be found in the business of every profession superior to men who have at eighteen or nineteen devoted themselves to the special studies of their calling."

This examination passed, the successful candidates are obliged to spend a year in special studies before going to India. These studies include Indian law

and native languages. Probationers are allowed to study where they please; but if they pass the year of probation at a university, they receive £100. At the end of the year a non-competitive examination is held, which to some extent determines rank in the service. After this the probationers go at once to India, having entered with a good salary on a lifelong career which offers great prizes. On reaching India, an apprenticeship must still be served before sufficient experience is gained to fit the young officials to fill even minor posts, and they are considered to be merely in training for two years after arrival.

The Dutch system is very different from the English, although competitive examinations are held yearly in Holland and in the Dutch East Indies. But the two great principles which govern the English examinations are lacking: first, that a high standard of general education should be required; and second, that no technical preparation should be demanded which would be wasted in case the candidate failed.

The only guarantee of a general education exacted in Holland is a high-school diploma, and the subjects of the examination are exclusively technical, including Dutch East Indian law, Indology, and two native languages, all of which are compulsory. These subjects demand at least three years of special study; and although attendance at the Delft Colonial School is not obligatory, it has become a practical necessity, as nowhere else in Holland are the requisite subjects properly taught. With a few exceptions, chiefly in the judicial service, every Dutch East Indian official below the rank of governor general must have passed the "Grand Examination." Since 1893, the requirements for the judicial service are a university doctorate of laws, and a pass examination in Indian languages held by university professors, who recommend successful candidates for appointment.

Much complaint has been made of the narrowness of Dutch colonial officials, and in May, 1899, a reform commission, composed of men of great colonial experience, brought in a report advising a complete reversal of the present system. Extracts from this report are given by Mr. Lowell, which are instructive. It complains that the present Dutch method "does not give the slightest guarantee either of a diversity of information, or of a high degree of education or of character. Its first defect is that it lays exclusive stress upon Indian studies." These, in the opinion of the commission, should be "reduced to a minimum, sufficient as a foundation to build upon in active life." The report recommends that the selection of officials should be transferred from the end of the course of special training to the beginning, so that those who have successfully completed their preparation should be certain of appointment. The suggestions of this commission have not been acted upon as yet, although they have aroused great interest in Holland.

Mr. Lowell gives an interesting account of French colonial experience, which, however, he regards as of small value to other colonizing powers, because, in the selection and training of the colonial service, as in so many other departments, "France has been a laboratory of political experiments," no one of which has lasted long enough to be really valuable. The French colonial service is recruited in four ways: by appointment from the army and navy, by open competition between candidates possessing certain diplomas, by promotion from subordinate clerkships, and by the graduates of the colonial school. Admission to this school depends on competitive examination, and it was originally intended that it should be the main source of supply for the colonial service; but year by year the regulations have been modified, apparently through no fault of the school, until at present it supplies not over one

sixth of the lowest grade of officials. Compared with English requirements, the French scheme of education at this school is narrow and overspecialized; but it possesses one great advantage over the Dutch system, as it is far less technical, and therefore unsuccessful candidates do not waste nearly so much time.

The practical application of the theories which Mr. Lowell deduces from his study of foreign methods will be, to the majority of American readers, by far the most interesting part of the book. Our present system of competitive examinations, he points out, even if applied, would not serve to fill satisfactorily a colonial service. It is based on the assumption that there are plenty of men in the country whose occupations fit them to perform government work; "but there are no men in the United States whose ordinary avocation is ruling Asiatics, or whose normal occupation involves the art of administering dependencies." Therefore a special training is necessary. The experience of England and Holland establishes the same principles, which are, first, that colonial officials should be men of broad general education; second, that the selection should not depend upon special preparation for colonial work, but should precede such training; and third, that much technical preparation is unnecessary, before candidates go to the colony to begin an active apprenticeship on the spot. Mr. Lowell believes that it would be impossible, even if advisable, to attempt to apply the English system in the United States. A standard of examination so high that it would practically exclude all but college graduates would be considered as class legislation, and as "un-American" in the extreme. Also, the patronage theory is so deeply imbedded in our habits of political thought that no method of selection which left this out of consideration could hope to be permanent or safe from attack. Some plan must therefore be found which "yields something to the

desire for patronage in appointments, and to their equal distribution throughout the different states. Such a concession may violate one's ideal of what things ought to be in a model republic; but we live in a world of facts, and the problem before us is to find a practicable scheme which will bring the colonial service to the highest possible standard of character and efficiency."

With these facts in mind, Mr. Lowell suggests the establishment of a Colonial Training College, like the old East India College at Haileybury, in England, which is described at length in a chapter by Professor H. Morse Stephens. Admission to this college being secured by appointment, as is the case at Annapolis and West Point, the desire for patronage would be partially satisfied; rigorous examinations would eliminate the bad elements, and a good degree of general education might be insured, as it is at West Point and Annapolis. Neither of these institutions has ever been considered "un-American," nor is there a possibility of class discrimination at such a college.

One of the benefits of a special college is that it enables the different members of a particular service to estimate the character and capacity of one another, and the *esprit de corps* fostered is of distinct advantage to the service. A four years' course would be advisable, three fourths of which should be given to general education, and the remainder to technical studies, including languages, laws, history, customs, and institutions. All who graduate should be insured positions in the colonial civil service.

As it is not estimated that we shall require annually a large number of new American officials for the Philippines, such a college would be too small to produce its best results unless it could either be connected with West Point or Annapolis, or could educate men for some other career. "There would ap-

pear to be an appropriate service for this purpose. If, as is very generally believed, the United States is likely, in the near future, to increase her commerce with the East, we ought to have a numerous and wholly efficient consular service in China and the neighboring countries; and it does not seem wholly utopian to suggest that our Asiatic consuls might be trained in the same college as the colonial civil servants. There are many points in their education which would be the same; and in fact, whether we exclude the Chinese from the Philippines or not, some of the colonial officials there ought, in any case, to learn their language."

There is no reason why candidates sure of appointment to the colonial civil or consular service should not pay at least something for their education. At the English college at Cooper's Hill, where men are admitted, after competitive examination, to be trained for the Indian Forestry Department, students pay over nine hundred dollars a year, during their three years' course: this, however, includes board as well as tuition. The French school charges about one hundred and twenty dollars a year for tuition only, and the Delft school about eighty dollars.

Of course it is impossible to select all the members of such a colonial service as we require, on any one system, at such short notice. If a colonial college were established to-morrow, it would take some time to train candidates; and when trained, they would lack the necessary experience to hold positions of great responsibility in a country which presents grave problems, and where there is no body of precedent to follow. Until we have had time to build up a trained and efficient service we must do our best with the material available. Both England and France have found military appointments to civil offices satisfactory in unsettled and lately annexed provinces. But their experience has proved it wise

to replace military administrators by trained civilians as rapidly as the state of the country permits. It goes without saying that as large a use as possible should be made of Filipinos in the civil service; but it must be remembered that the Philippines contain eighty-four different races, and it has never been safe to trust Asiatics to rule justly over

those who differ from them in language, race, and custom.

One thing is certain: we shall accomplish no lasting good in the Philippines, whatever form of government we establish, until we put our colonial service upon a permanent basis, and make it, in fact and in theory, consistent with our national dignity and duty.

Elizabeth Foster.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Now that the calendars and the catalogues of the seedsmen have announced the spring, I have begun looking over last year's crop of gardening books, and wondering sadly whether this year's must not, like most second crops from gardens, be rather small potatoes.

How good they were! The other day I was reading over again Elizabeth and her German Garden (or was it *A Solitary Summer*? It does not matter), and it almost persuaded me that the possession of a garden was the only reasonable aim of civilized woman. If you had that, with a few babies and visitors enough to quarrel with, just to keep you from stagnation, it was clear that you might snap your fingers at the world. To be sure, there was a serpent, as there always is in gardens. Mine, I notice, appears in the form of a perennial striped snake, who eats up an equally perennial nest of young song sparrows under a peavine, and who is miraculously renewed every season, in spite of the fact that he seemed to die the year before, under the stones I threw at him. Elizabeth's took the form of a gardener. He was, of course, the real owner of her garden, and only of his kindness allowed her to walk there; and I suppose it is her misfortune that she is high-born and a German, and therefore so afflicted with

that painful disease known as a Sense of Propriety that not even a garden can cure her. She says she should love to hoe, but she does not dare; for "with what lightning rapidity would the news spread that I had been seen stalking down the garden path with a hoe over my shoulder, and a basket in my hand, and weeding written large in every feature! Yet I should love to weed." Poor Elizabeth!

I read this to Theodora, who was sitting by the other window, pencil in hand, trying to decide whether she should put sweet peas or stocks in the bed next to the pink and white hollyhocks.

"I suppose there must be something disgraceful about weeding," I mused. "But how often, Theodora, we have weeded! Do you remember the sweet peas and the melons we hoed, the hottest day last summer? And the tomato worms we killed? The green stuff squirted out of them and made us very sick, but we should not have enjoyed those tomatoes half so much if we had had a gardener to kill the worms. On the whole, I am glad I am so mildly inoculated with the virus of propriety that I can still hoe. I am glad I am not aristocratic."

Theodora tore herself away from her seed catalogues, drawn by the irresistible attraction of a pet aversion. (If this

sounds paradoxical, I cannot help it. So is truth.) "I have no patience with Elizabeth!" she cried. "She is a snob. And as you would naturally expect of a snob who has the privilege of living in a garden, she is obtuse. Do you remember how she goes through the village on chilly days, when her temper is bad, dispensing jelly and criticism in equal quantities, and she thinks the people are beasts because they prefer the jelly? Then she says if she were poor, she 'would sit, quite frankly poor, with a piece of bread and a pot of geraniums and a book.' I wonder how she thinks she would get the time. And she fairly hugs herself with conceit because she would rather lie on the grass all day than talk to her neighbors. Now I put it to you: is that a thing to get vain about? It is ridiculous! It is even immoral!"

I mildly pointed out the fact that it was not unknown for us ourselves to go up into the woods of a summer morning, and lie for hours on a certain bearberry bank, looking up at the sky, without so much as speaking to each other. But Theodora properly remarked that this was quite beside the point, since the question was not what one did, but the spirit in which one did it; and I was compelled to admit that aristocratic sensibilities were out of place in a garden.

"Perhaps they are grafts of that Tree of Knowledge whose fruit cast Adam and Eve out of Eden," I suggested.

"When you think of it, is there anything quite so democratic as a vegetable?" went on Theodora. "A stump speaker, a small boy, even a cat has his own awe; but where will you find a weed with any scruples about thrusting itself into the most select circles of vegetable society? And last year, for all I could see, our roses grew as comfortably among the potatoes as anywhere else; and the honeysuckle deserted that elegant trellis we built for it, to go and twine itself around a sunflower. It did not seem

to care in the least that the ultimate destiny of its beloved object was the henyard. No, a garden, properly interpreted, is a school of republicanism."

These curious and interesting experiments in the innate democracy of vegetables to which Theodora referred were conducted last season in our garden, under the auspices of an aged Portuguese farmer whom we hired to do our planting in our absence. It was his evident belief that the palate should not be pampered at the expense of the nobler senses even in a vegetable garden; so, all summer long, bunches of marigolds and cinnamon pinks blossomed in among our cabbages, and a bed which we had fondly designed for late lettuce offered instead an æsthetic display of pale pink poppies. Yet the little girl who lives with us assures me that none of the flower fairies have turned-up noses. She ought to know, for she ate fern seed every night before she went to bed; and if that won't make a person see fairies, I should like to know what will.

"Yes," repeated Theodora, "a snobish person who lives in a garden must certainly be obtuse. It shows a lack of sensitiveness to one's surroundings."

And now that she spoke of it, I began to believe that it might really be true that Elizabeth and her compeers were a trifle behind the times. Since they have called the world's attention to gardening as a popular subject for literature, — in fact, shouted it from the house-tops, — there may be hopes of something even better in that line this year, after all; something more original, more significant of the present age. For instance, *The Effect of the Emancipation of Women upon Gardening* ought to prove an inspiring theme. Or, since long titles have come into fashion, why not have a book called *The Confessions of a Free American Woman who Dared to Hoe*?

There is no copyright on these titles. They are quite at the service of any

serious-minded person of a literary turn who properly appreciates the charms of weeding.

To me, I confess, much of the noteworthy fiction of to-day is oppressive, irritating to the nerves, even when the gentle art of torturing the gentle reader (the art which of late years has risen to such high esteem) is not in overt exercise. And this in no small degree from the very success which attends its anxious effort to reflect the familiar face of the actual.

There are many pictures, of course, in public galleries and other respectable places, which one would be reluctant to have upon one's sitting-room walls for steady contemplation. But there is one in particular which I can never see without an instant sense of fatigued protest, — the portrait of an eminent philanthropist, depicting him with scrupulous verisimilitude "in his habit as he lived," down to the very shoes which he wore (shining, new, and obviously uncomfortable), the glossy beaver he had just laid aside, and the exact pattern of the aggressive red carpet upon which he stood. It is all very real; one might easily mistake it for life, — almost as easily as one mistakes the sham policeman in a waxwork show; but one turns from it, hastily, to some head, — some ruffian head, perhaps, — half lost in unctuous shadow, and draws the long breath of refreshment and relief. Oh, the subtle restfulness of it, after the other! And how nobly clear it remains in the memory! While of the eminent philanthropist I for one remember little more than the hat, the shining shoes, and the red carpet.

What is the occult power to oppress which lies in this skillfully counterfeited red carpet, and these shoes so simulated by art that they almost creak? I cannot think that some mere flaw of temper causes the unreasoning irritation with which I contemplate them; nor that

which sometimes comes over me when the illusion of modern fiction is at its height, and the re-created workaday world is vividly real about me. Is it not rather an instinctive craving for the disentangling of the essential from the superfluous, for enfranchisement from the tyranny of accessories, and a latent consciousness of failure in the art which leaves me to be still baffled and confused by obtrusive irrelevances?

But the gentle art of torturing the gentle reader, it is needless to say, is very frequently indeed in overt exercise. A novel is "powerful," as everybody knows, in proportion as it awakens unrest and deepens dissatisfaction with the existing scheme of things, — as it furrows the brow, harrows the nerves, constricts the heart. The more painful, depressing, hopeless, life may be made to appear, the better!

Furthermore, it is all brought so very close to us! In the great fiction of the world, there is, I think, a certain effect of aloofness. In reading the cleverest of our own there often comes to me an absolute feeling of physical proximity, its detail is so minute, so multiplied, — we are made to visualize it all so sharply. Mr. Howells's stories, for instance, charming as in many ways they are, one instinctively throws aside when one craves solitude. His people seem so near, so real, so insistently every-day!

If we consider, I venture to say, we shall find that we know the faces of none of the characters of the great fiction of the past as we know, or may know, those of the brain-children of the typical latter-day novelist, — not even Beatrice Esmond, not Don Quixote himself. Nor are we made aware of any very minutely distinguishing traits, mental or physical, pertaining to them. Radiant, heroic, grotesque, repellent, as the case may be, they are satisfyingly apparent, sufficiently real, but they are a little removed from us; their outlines are slightly indefinite, like those of a composite pic-

ture. Perhaps, indeed, we never lose the latent consciousness that they are composite pictures, — that each is not one, but many. Certainly, I have never had, while setting myself to learn their life histories, the vague feeling of unworthiness which one has in listening to gossip about one's neighbors, — as I have had more than once in the case of the scrupulously individualized heroes and heroines and satellites of to-day. And never have Rosalind, Hamlet, the deathless Don — nor even Becky Sharp and Mrs. Gamp — harassed me by their presence!

There is an old objection to the novel, perennially revived by well-meaning people, though, in the sense in which they mean it, it hardly applies to any fiction of to-day which is worth considering. "Novels," they say, "give such false views of life!" Well, one is almost tempted to answer, "That is what novels are for!" Though in thus answering one would speak with a haste perhaps even more unjust than David's. Yet the reflection of the hard facts of life is so far, as it seems to me, from being the chief end of fiction, that one feels that the reality-scorning romance of the dressmaker's journal or the "family story paper" comes nearer to fulfilling its true function than most of to-day's novels of the higher sort. For it, after a fashion, does relieve the pressure of the actual (assuredly the primary object of fiction), while they deliberately press the actual upon us with even sharpened sting.

THE wilderness is full of prophets, each crying out his conviction **The Need of a New Joke.** as to the most pressing demand of the hour. We are told that we need a new faith, a new social system, a new political machinery at home, a new national policy abroad, a new literature of our own, and a reform in dress. In spite of the length of the list, one fundamental lack has not been mentioned. No one has pointed out our need of a new joke.

We are weary of the old ones. It is sad to find again in fresh print the worn pleasantries about the master of the house who comes home late and is unable to fit his latchkey; about the new woman and the new man; about the countryman with his antiquated carpetbag in the perils of the town; about the nose of the Jewish clothes dealer; about woman's fear of a mouse; about the poor restaurant; about the tramp and the pie; about the quarrels of husband and wife; about the Irishman and politics; about the negro and the hen-roost; about seasickness; about kissing; about Queen Victoria; and about the mother-in-law. We and our fathers before us have laughed patiently at them all. There is ancient authority for saying that there is a time to weep as well as a time to laugh, and perhaps nothing more imperatively calls for tears than this constant dropping of old jokes, inquisition-wise, upon the mind.

Weariness of the old humor is not the only reason for our demand for the new. Deeper than the sin of repetition is the sin of not showing profound insight into the incongruities of things. On the part of nation and of individual the depth of humorous insight measures the depth of appreciation of life. The witticisms of the fool in *Lear* and of the grave-diggers in *Hamlet* show not only Shakespeare's sense of the comic, but also Shakespeare's keenest sense of the tragic. Molière's trenchant wit amounts to a philosophy in its criticism of false ideals. Perhaps nothing more fatally betrays the eclecticism of our American character than an examination of our famous American humor. Any list of our most popular jokes will prove to be a series of chance shots, betraying neither conviction nor steadfast perception, only a momentary sense of the superficial incongruities of life.

There are, of course, exceptions. Certain touches of satire in our comic papers suggest an underlying thought that

we could not spare. We would keep the wistful pictures of the little street Arabs, and all glimpses into the heart of poverty that mean a stirring of our national conscience. It is well for laughter to be touched with tears. We would keep the satire on foreign fads and fashions, such as the worship of foreign adventurers, religious or secular, and the marriage that means the cry of American money for European titles. We would keep all shrewd comments on our besetting national sins, from the working of machine politics to the details of our late war in the interests of humanity. Many are the manifestations of our folly, and "the chastening stripes should cleanse them all."

In fact, it is for further work of this kind that we plead, for deeper manifestation of a central common sense, for humor with a larger consciousness in it. Possibly, we need not so much a new joke as a new joker. It is no accident that great periods in bygone days boast great humorists, men of deep laughter who helped set straight the world, — Aristophanes, Rabelais, Shakespeare, Molière. Listening to them, we are aware of a sense of incongruity that has permanent value, full of intellectual keenness or of sympathy, and we know that there is demanded of us, not the random laughter of fools, but the collected laughter of the sane. No country ever offered a richer opportunity for a satirist than America offers now. Where shall we find him?

"When the true jester comes, how shall we know him?" By the keenness of his vision, and the power of his thinking, and the quiver of his lips when he smiles.

KIPLING once wrote a story of the East End of London which may no more be forgotten than his Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney or Without Benefit of Clergy. The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot narrates how a rough woman,

Badalia Herodsfoot by name, spoke her mind to a charity worker; how she came to be tacitly accredited the chief charity-dispensing agent of her district; and how, in the midst of her work, a tragic fate suddenly overtook her.

Badalia did not respect the intelligence of the charity workers.

" 'You give Lascar Loo custids,' said she, 'give her pork wine. Garn! Give 'er blankits. Garn 'ome! 'Er mother she eats 'em all and drinks the blankits. Gits 'em back from 'the shop, she does, before you come visiting again, so as to 'ave 'em all handy an' proper; an' Lascar Loo she sez to you, 'Oh, my mother's that good to me,' she do. Lascar Loo 'ad better talk so, bein' sick abed, 'r else 'er mother would kill 'er. Garn! You 're a bloomin' gardener — you an' yer custids! Lascar Loo don't never smell of 'em, even.' "

Whether Mr. Kipling has ever studied the charity problem of the East End of London at close range, I am not aware. It does not matter. He has studied life, he has studied human nature; he knows them both through and through. Knowing them, he has done more in the space of a few pages of fiction to illuminate the London charity problem (and so the charity problem of the English-speaking world) than a whole army of special students or active charity workers by written or spoken testimony.

More recently, Mr. Arthur Morrison, in a small volume of short stories entitled *Tales of Mean Streets*, pictured the weaknesses, follies, sins, and crimes of the people who come under the jurisdiction of London charity, with an almost appalling insight and frankness. Under the spell of such convincing realities as these of Mr. Morrison and Mr. Kipling, who are too thorough artists to attempt to point a moral, one does not stop to think or to care whether dialect is accurate, local color faithful, plot plausible, morale uplifting, outlook optimistic, or to raise any of the natural queries regard-

ing a work of fiction ; but the inference is inevitable that modern charity is often a tragedy, and often a farce.

Years before these two men thus put the thinking world in their debt, an American author, of an entirely different type, — no less a person than Ralph Waldo Emerson, — delivered himself more directly to the same effect : —

"I tell thee, thou foolish philanthropist, that I grudge the dollar, the dime, the cent, I give to such men as do not belong to me, and to whom I do not belong. There is a class of persons, to whom by all spiritual affinity I am bought and sold ; for them I will go to prison, if need be ; but your miscellaneous popular charities, the education at college of fools, the building of meeting-houses to the vain end to which many now stand, alms to sots and the thousandfold relief societies, — though I confess with shame I sometimes succumb and give the dollar, it is a wicked dollar, which by and by I shall have the manhood to withhold."

Robert Louis Stevenson, in an essay on Beggars, restated the thought of Emerson and amplified it in his inimitable way.

"Gratitude without familiarity," he says, "gratitude otherwise than as a nameless element in a friendship, is a thing so near to hatred that I do not care to split the difference. Until I find a man who is pleased to receive obligations, I shall continue to question the tact of those who are eager to confer them. What an art it is to give even to our nearest friends, and what a test of manners to receive ! How, upon either side, we smuggle away the obligation, blushing for each other ; how bluff and dull we make the giver ; how hasty, how falsely cheerful, the receiver ! And yet an act of such difficulty and distress between near friends it is supposed we can perform to a total stranger and leave the man transfixed with grateful emotions. The last thing you can

do to a man is to burden him with an obligation, and it is what we propose to begin with ! But let us not be deceived ; unless he is totally degraded to his trade, anger jars in his inside and he grates his teeth at our gratuity. . . . We should wipe two words from our vocabulary, — gratitude and charity. In real life, help is given out of friendship, or it is not valued ; it is received from the hand of friendship, or it is resented. We are all too proud to take a naked gift ; we must seem to pay for it, if in nothing else with the delights of our society."

We have been depriving ourselves this long time of much wholesome enjoyment, and have been doing serious injustice to an important manifestation of human thought, by taking too strenuously and soberly the great body of written work we class as scientific, failing to see in it a noteworthy and valuable addition to the world's stock of imaginative literature.

In this matter we are deceived a little, doubtless, by the open lack of correspondence between the outward forms of expression made use of by science and the canons of literary art. The scientific treatise, while usually — not always — telling its story in a straightforward way, is, as a rule, regardless of the literary values of words, careless of symmetrical arrangement, and disdainful of any devices of rhetoric that might give color and perspective to style.

Looking beneath expression to thought, however, we shall find science on every hand subdued to the moulding power of imagination. The instinct for order and symmetry, for proportion and unity, the feeling for plot and plan, the love for struggle and climax, make themselves felt even where the attempt is made entirely to shut out any such influences. Not only the constructive imagination is at work, which even the scientific purist will allow as a legitimate means to research, but the fictive imagination, which

Herbert
Spencer as
a Novelist.

does not confine itself to joining links already at hand, but is ready to supply them outright, when wanting.

A noteworthy instance of the use of imagination in science is the work of Spencer, which, professing to be a purely scientific account of the world's development, is in reality one of the greatest achievements of human imagination in this or any time. While all science is, as we are obliged to acknowledge, somewhat affected by the imagination of the scientist, there are differences in the degree and amount of that affection, roughly apprehensible, by means of which we may judge a work or its author as more or less regardful of the scientist's ideal of objective truth. Look, for example, from Spencer to Darwin. As the starting point of their respective efforts, each conceived a design bold in scope and loftily imaginative. Spencer's embraced the universe; Darwin's was little less comprehensive. But in working out these great plans, what a contrast in method! Darwin gives himself up, year after year, to the first-hand investigation of certain limited groups of concrete phenomena; Spencer easily contents himself with such researches of others as suit the general outline of his purpose, and even with the constructions of his own fancy. A comparison of the two great principles arrived at by each, respectively, as the result of his labors, affords additional evidence of a striking diversity in method and turn of mind. Darwin's law of natural selection is "explanation" in the true sense of the term: the phenomena we are in doubt about are brought into relation with phenomena we know familiarly and have accepted. Spencer's principle, on the other hand, is not explanation, but formulation; it substitutes concept for process; it presents, instead of the "efficient cause" of

modern science, the "formal cause" of mediæval philosophy.

To appreciate Spencer's work at its true value, we should compare it, not to the *Origin of Species*, but to the *Comédie Humaine*. It is not, strictly speaking, a scientific treatise, but a novel, — or series of novels, — a wonderful imaginative construction, wrought out through long years of unwearied devotion to a central thought, presenting, in successive fragments of mighty mould, the many varying aspects of a fundamental unity. While desiring, with the scientist, to anchor his work in the concrete and objective, Spencer is yet rather the novelist in his use of concrete material. Ranging easily over great masses of detail, he chooses with freely selective hand, apparently rather at the call of a sense for illustrative and decorative values than from a delicate appreciation of the objectively probable and true.

The evolution philosophy, as developed by Spencer and his followers, is distinctively novelistic. Older theories of the universe and humanity presented their objects in relations of coexistence; evolution is a theory of sequence. It is not a picture, but a story, in which we follow man and the course of the world through the changes and chances of time, through collision and conflict, to a definite and heart-stirring climax. And this story is not framed after the model of the drama, properly so called. Like the novel, it is more crowded with characters than the drama allows. Its flow is more copious, — rich in minor incident and episode, easily prone to interesting digression. In it are shown the tangled combinations of little causes familiar in life, but not permissible in the contracted spaces of the drama; and it proceeds in more leisurely fashion to its climax, through liberally allowed periods of time.

